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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIX

HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1929

No. 1

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JOSEPH WALFORD MARTIN, *Editor*

Associate Editors

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J. T. GOLDING

THOMAS WISTAR, JR.
Art Editor

A. R. CRAWFORD
Book Reviewer



WILLIAM M. MAIER, *Business Manager*

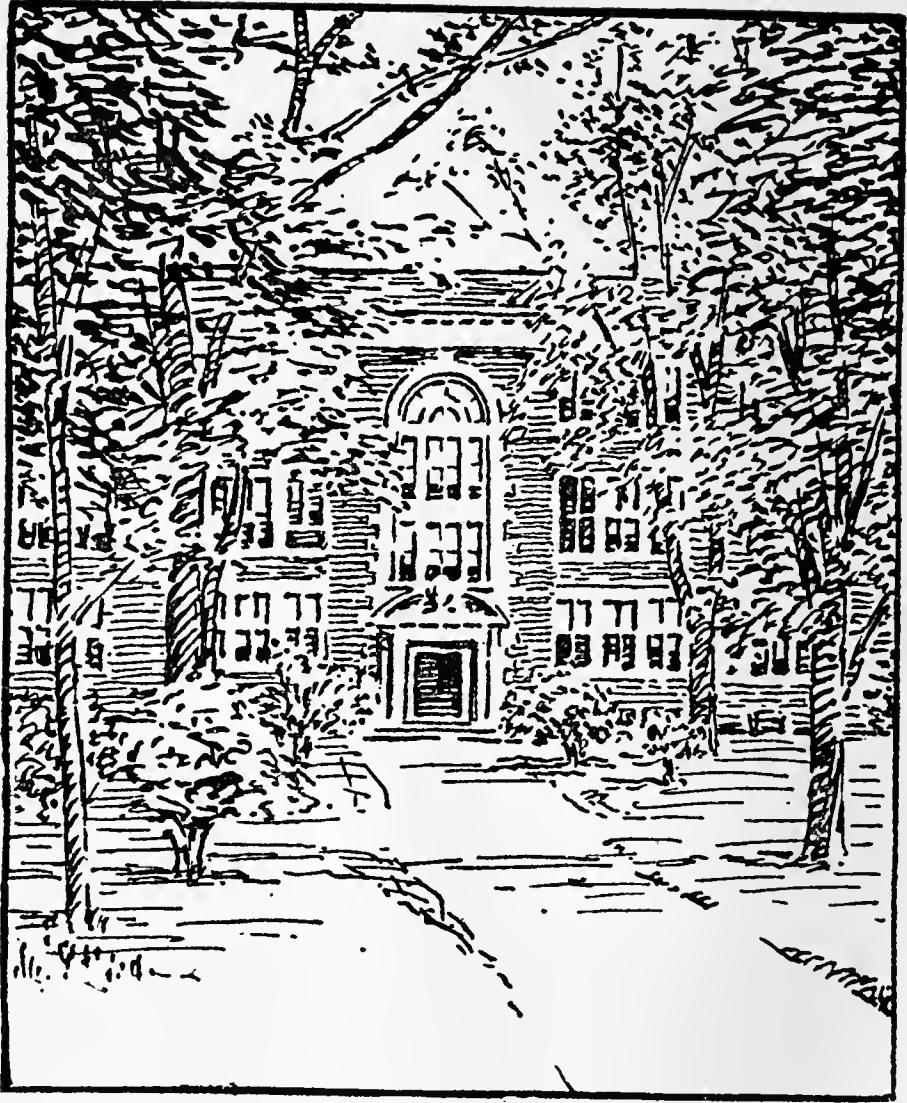
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Associate Business Managers

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Haverford Trivia*

Incentive

My Haverford—a strange miscellany of ideas and musings, a curious accumulation of little landscapes and miniature impressions that forever flit across the camera obscura of my mind. Sometimes I see an ivied gateway girt with the mellow light of two lanterns, or moonlight filtering through spring branches, or again a shadowy bridge, ancient and time-hallowed. Sometimes, I feel the presence of a sea of faces in a square, bare room, or hear the clear, reverberating note of a distant bell, but when, flat on my back in the May sunlight, I seem to breathe the mystic aroma of her new-mown lawns, I am invariably seized with the insane and foolish desire to celebrate the smallest blade of grass on her greensward and render due honor to the grasshopper upon my sleeve.

Evening

Against the salmon-pink haze of sunset, it towers, that stolid gray cathedral spire with its great four-sided vane. Above, the heavens have become azure and the Evening Star is faintly twinkling. Far across the Campus comes the faint barking of a dog. All is still. . . . Night is falling like a faded petal.

But the denizens of the Campus have gone to Bryn Mawr to the “movies”.

Solace

The other day, depressed (at Collection), I sought to cheer myself by thinking over the joys of our college lot. But there was not a one of them for which I really

* These are quite brazen, albeit humble, adaptations of those charming bits of prose poetry published under the name of *Trivia*, by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

seemed to care a damn—not Athletics with her laurel crown, nor the false idols of the *littérateur* and journalist with their exacting sacrifices, not the silver-toned rank of the politician, nor the consciousness of work well done, no, not even the unselfish joy of fellowship.

Then I bethought me of Reflection—the nice and ethereal happiness of meditation and the knowledge of intellectual integrity which follows in its train. This was enough, this Joy increased by Age, this sombre and seldom-practiced vice, this pure and unadulterated conceit.

The Society of Friends

I have my Quaker moments; and as I sat in the severe interior of the Meeting House and listened to the rustling of pages and the unrest of young bodies coerced into this convocation of silence, I felt a vivid assurance, in spite of the veneer of indifference, that “the peace which passeth all understanding” was in our midst. We had not come together under this roof to worship any far distant and ominous Creator, any Deity of wrath and bolts of fire; but to hold converse with a serene and quiet Old Gentleman, who, perhaps, would not look so out of place in homespun breeches and broad-brimmed hat.

Alumni

They sit forever just over the horizon of our ken, that grim and relentless circle of living dead. On our cardboard stage we dance, we juggle our little concerns, but they are not deceived. They too, have juggled, but they are kind; and so they gravely applaud us with benign and godly gestures.

J. T. Golding.

Saturday Afternoon

IT WAS one of those intriguing incidents which provide an endless bone of contention between belief and scepticism; it could have been the doing of either a far-sighted, purposeful Providence, or a blinded and perverse Chance. Hen Farrell was inclined to suspect the latter (with just the bare possibility that the Deity might be scoring off a personal grudge against him) as he mournfully watched his brown grip and his last crony go swinging off to the station together, bound on a week-end. Damn it all, it *was* a gripe. Baseball team away, track team away; not even a date for the evening, or anyone to play bridge or tennis with now. *And broke*—which was, of course, the real reason why he was stranded here at all. And this Saturday, too, just when spring was at its finest, it did seem a crime not to have any means provided for enjoying it. He swore fervently.

Judged by all generally accepted undergraduate standards, Farrell was undoubtedly a success. True, a too-thorough and unfriendly probing beneath his dashing and energetic hail-fellow-well-met attitude might have divulged no particular aptitude or interest in anything other than being the perfect college man; but this, after all, was beside the very obvious point that he *was* one. Unconsciously he had discovered what one might cynically describe as the secret of campus prestige—loafing gracefully through all merely intellectual tasks so as to possess an abundant surplus of energy for the really important things of “college life,” such as the undergraduate paper, the Mandolin Club, or managing the hockey team. Possessed of no great ability in any one line, his never-ending push for distinction in a wide variety of activities and his power of taking them all seriously, had by the end of his senior year given him a quite satisfying position upon the campus. If not a

college figure who *was* something, he was at least one who had *done* something.

That really made it all the worse—so ignominious to be stuck here in the dorm with nothing to do, like a freshman on his first Sunday at college. He groaned soulfully, and in one more half-hearted attempt to stave off boredom, put one of the half-dozen uncracked records on the phonograph and lit a cigarette. It was a failure; the atmosphere was all wrong for the Cotton Pickers—but what else to do he hadn't the slightest idea. There was, of course, the inevitable pile of English themes, philosophy theses and economics reports—but then you were only supposed to work during the week; even the faculty recognized Saturday afternoon as consecrated to recreation. . . . Yes—but how the hell could you go in for it with all your friends away and no place to go yourself? This stuff about a college education fitting a man to enjoy his leisure more was the bunk, all right—like most of the other sales-talk about the after-life value of going to college. What would it all be to him a few months from now, when he'd be through with college forever, except a pleasant four years of football games and dances and bitching parties to look back on? A glorious four-year loaf—more freedom and better times, probably, than he'd ever have again—what else had he gotten out of it? After all, what else did *anyone*, who wasn't going in for law or for medicine or (the damn grinds!) for teaching, get out of it? . . .

The final despairing moan of the phonograph record suddenly recalled him from this unwonted philosophizing to the annoying fact that he was still programless and fearfully bored. Really, the situation was becoming desperate—he might even have to break all accepted rules of collegiate behaviour and do some work. . . . It might not be so bad if he compromised and did something not immediately necessary—such as finishing that

play of Shaw's he'd gotten by at the last exam without reading. The book was somewhere around. . . . With a sense of daring innovation he set about finding it. . . .

Somehow the experiment was a success. He finished *Arms and the Man*, dashed almost avidly through *The Man of Destiny*, and with a half-anxious, half-apologetic glance at his watch, hungrily started *You Never Can Tell*. Halfway through it the phone rang, and with sundry profane mumblings he clattered downstairs to answer it. A feminine voice and asking for him.

"Yeah, on the phone."

"This is Leonore, Hen." Pause as per formula. "How's college?"

"Still here. How're you?"

"Just fine. . . . Why, Hen, I wondered if you could come over and play a little bridge this evening. We'll probably dance a bit afterwards, but it'll all be quite informal. I know it's awfully short notice, but—"

"Gosh, I'd like to awfully much, Leonore, but I'm just up to my ears in work. I'm frightfully sorry—"

It was done. The first time in four years he had refused a date for any reason at all, except already having one. Why hadn't he stopped to think before throwing away a chance like that? Hellishly stupid. . . . Why had he done it? . . . It had its compensations, though—now he had the whole evening to himself. . . . It would have been a wet affair, anyhow, that party. Leonore was rather tiresome and a poor bridge player herself, . . . and her friends were all bores. . . .

And now that play. . . .

J. W. M.



Janus

Portrait Statuette in a Base and Two Faces

THE BASE

The saxophone gave its final "TWEET-tweet" and the drummer beat a vigorous roll for intermission. The crowd sidled through one another towards the punch or chairs along the side-lines. With two walls at their back to fortify them, a pair of men stood their ground in a corner, one of them quite apparently much bored, the other with a bright and observant eye upon everything. The observant one was J. Henry Richardson, a writer of magazine tales; he was on the hunt after material and atmosphere for a college story, and at the moment had his eye out for likely types. His companion was a nephew, to whom he had attached himself over the week-end, as a person on the inside of college life, who could give him sidelights and local color for his work, and direct him to places where he might find the most of what he

wanted. When he had heard of the dance, he had hailed it as a windfall, and had dragged the secretly unwilling *Herr Neffe* to it—the perfect place for college life at its gayest, most insouciant, of course.

J. Henry Richardson was a bit disappointed, at first—the orchestra sounded little better than one he had once heard while collecting material in a cheap dance-hall, and the crowd as a whole were like anything but John Held's drawings. There were perhaps ten or a dozen unusually pretty girls, the rest were such as might come from any respectable suburban home. The boys, too, were not all they should have been—nice boys, but without that dash, that careless don't-give-a-damn air that should distinguish America's more socially and educationally fortunate youth from his brother of the bank or the delivery truck.

Finally J. Henry Richardson struck oil. After ten minutes of fruitless inquiries about the various promising-looking specimens, only to be answered by the nephew that this one was a freshman, or that one an obscure sophomore, a member of the debating team, and not much liked, he saw a big, handsome youth, with blond hair and a square jaw, squeezing through the mob, dragging after him one of the prettiest girls of the evening. "Who's that?" said J. Henry Richardson.

His nephew brightened. "That's George Foster. Senior. Best pole-vaulter in college. He's quite well liked, too, though he rooms with a crazy sucker that spends all his time drinking beer or else over telling the boys jokes in the 'College Weekly' room. But Foster's all right. He's quite popular—holds a bunch of offices and all that—but every so often he gets in hot water for trying to debunk the college or the faculty or both. But I don't really know him very well."

"That sounds as if it might be something in

my line," observed J. Henry Richardson. "I'd like to meet this boy. So they both plowed toward the seats where the blonde boy and his pretty girl had ensconced themselves. The nephew stammered through his introductions, and J. Henry Richardson noted with joy that the hero's appearance completed the picture he had been seeking—the light hair was Duco'd, his tie was mathematical in its perfection, the vest was dazzling in its whiteness.

The writer told his purpose in coming to the dance, or a mild version of it. Foster smiled a little. "I'm afraid you won't find a great deal to write about in this one-horse college," he said. "The most exciting thing that's happened in months was when one of the boys threw some Limburger behind the radiator to gripe the housekeeper, and you can't make a great deal of story out of that."

"Do you have to work much here?" asked J. Henry Richardson.

"Quite a bit. Not as much as we might, but enough to keep us busy," replied Foster. After a little more trivial conversation, about teams, new buildings, etc., J. Henry Richardson withdrew, with every detail of his find's conversation and appearance imprinted on his mind. And the girl! What a marvelous heroine she was going to make! J. Henry Richardson set himself to his typewriter with a will.

I

J. HENRY RICHARDSON'S FACE

Andy yawned, stretched himself, and looked at the clock. Ten A. M. "Hell. Slept through Greek Art. Oh well, who gives a damn? Jack!" he bellowed through the door at a white mound in a bed.

"Yeah?" came sleepily from the mound.

"Where's the gin?" said Andy. "I need waking up. Get your lazy limbs out of bed anyway. It's ten o'clock."

With curses of protest, the mound resolved itself into Jack, a slim figure in silk pajamas, who rummaged leisurely through the evening clothes scattered about the floor, finally extracting a hand-beaten silver flask from a pocket, and handing it to Andy, who took a long pull at it before climbing out of bed. There he stood—a blonde Viking, born to command, the hero of Ridgewood College. He knew it, too, and it was a pleasant feeling, to know that they all stood at his beck and call—Jack, his classmates, the very faculty itself. It was not for nothing that he had studied a hail-fellow-well-met, cheery word for everybody, respectful politeness to the profs, and the haughtiest word of command on the campus to freshmen. Not in vain had he broken the college pole-vault record. And his brother cavaliers dreaded the moment when Andy, the all-powerful Andy, the best dancer in Ridgewood, should cut in on their very pet girls.

"We can't be bothered to go to old Smith's philosophy class," announced Andy oracularly. "The old beggar's sure to try and make us think on our own, and who wants to waste time doing that, with Mary, Betsy, the track meet, and the dance to think about? And thank heaven I did sleep through Woods and his damn Greek Art. That guy gives me the *biggest* pain—always stopping off and discoursing about Plato, or 'Who knows what eschatology means' or something. He's paid to tell us about Greek art so we can pass examinations; now why in hell doesn't he do it?" During his speech, Andy pawed about in the closet, among a dozen suits, his and Jack's, and finally emerged with one. "I've got your brown herringbone," he said, "hope you don't mind. I have seven suits in there, *all* waiting to be

pressed. But I'll be kind and wear one of my own neckties. And now let's get going—you know we have to drive in town to meet those wenches at noon, and the cigarette-lighter in the car needs fixing, and I have to get my topper that Roberts borrowed. Give me some more gin."

"Better not take too much," counselled his roommate. "Remember the meet this afternoon."

"Aw, who's afraid of Pierson? He needs a hook-and-ladder outfit to clear ten feet," scoffed Andy, taking a copious shot.

At length the two emerged from their rooms and went down to the college garage, stopping only to slap a few classmates on the back and dump over a freshman's bed *en passant*.

Arrived at the garage, they mounted into a green Pierce-Arrow roadster, and were soon rolling down the broad highways toward the city. As they slowed up for a stop-light, Andy's oratory flowed again. "Got a notice from the Dean yesterday, for cutting too many classes. I don't hold it against him, though—expect Prexy put him up to it. This new Dean's all right—I'm glad to see them put in a guy that played football and did things while he was here, and that knows how to mix with the boys, and be a good fellow." As he let in his clutch to start out again, the great car jumped and shuddered a trifle. "Damn! Wish to Gawd the old man would trade this thing in! She's a year and a half old already—how can you expect a guy to maintain his reputation around college with a heap like that?"

Finally they reached the heart of the city, and pulled up at the curb in front of a hotel sufficiently exclusive so as to be able to have only one small door, sandwiched in between a florist's shop and a railway tourist office. Shortly after entering they were greeted by two girls. Andy smiled casually and greeted them with noncha-

lance which was intended to convey the fact that he was only there because he had nothing else on earth to do—which was far from being the fact. In truth, the man who wouldn't have walked twenty miles at any time merely to look at Mary Gaylord was not quite human. And Andy had only *driven* ten, for a whole afternoon's date with the most delectable hazel-eyed, head-to-match, girl in the state and neighboring counties in New Jersey! It took Andy to do something like that.

In the interim Jack was occupied with Mary Gaylord's blonde friend, whom he had met at a fraternity dance in a slightly under-the-weather state, just as she was about to offer a drink to one of the chaperons. Jack had saved the day by stepping in and absorbing the drink himself, and having sampled her male parent's good gin, had asked her for a date on the spot.

So everybody was happy. After a short consultation, the four of them sauntered down to the grill room, where a lively orchestra led by a Hebrew gentleman brandishing a fiddlestick was turned on full swing. Here Andy whispered to a waiter, and in a twinkling a table for four was standing waiting for them, though for anybody less mighty than the dictator of Ridgewood College there would not have been a seat on the map. Now Andy could wield his blandishments, which few women had ever resisted. Triumph had been so easy for him that he had come to think of himself as perfectly safe—impregnable to the female sex, except as his temporary whim dictated. That he could ever take a serious interest in a woman, or be more than momentarily intrigued, appeared to him outside the bounds of possibilities for years to come. And yet, as he looked at Mary, he was not so sure; those laughing red lips, that perfect nose, those deep hazel eyes seemed to promise a danger which was strange to Andy, but fascinating. If all

dangers were as attractive as this, there would be more wars, thought Andy. All this passed through his mind in more or less slow and orderly fashion, but then suddenly something leaped, inside him. The rest of that afternoon and evening remained a blur in his mind afterwards. He had a sort of confused idea that the fiddle-waving Hebrew had done it by making his band strike up "My Heart Stood Still." Auto-suggestion, or something—he was really conscious only of the sudden conviction that nothing else mattered anymore, except Mary Gaylord and being with her. It was not even a desire to possess her—only the absolute surety that the world would diverge from its orbit if he, Andy, should be forced to leave her side, even for an hour. Among Andy's vague recollections of that day the separate, trivial events hardly registered—a faint impression of driving the Pierce Arrow out the highway at dizzy speed, of argument with a cop, —here came the distinctly remembered pang of separation while he changed to his track suit—of winning the pole-vault after a struggle with the despised Pierson (*what* was that about Pierson and the hook-and-ladder?). More agony when he changed into his evening-clothes—what if the world should get too far out and hit the moon before Andy got to her again? Jack told Andy afterwards that he drank a great deal of gin at the dance in the evening, and threatened to fight Roberts who wanted to cut in; Andy himself could never have told you. He seemed to remember holding a flask several times to Mary's lips, because then she smiled at him. The two of them went off in the Pierce-Arrow after the fourteenth dance, and nobody concerned would speak a word about where they had been when Andy reeled in at five next morning. But Jack heard him utter in his sleep ". . . Mary Gaylord . . . to have and to hold. . . . till death do us part . . . I do . . . " The dictator of Ridgewood College had fallen.

II

GEORGE FOSTER'S FACE

"GEORGE!" bellowed a voice at the door, "get the hell out of bed! You'll be late for chapel!" Foster, '29, came to with a mighty effort, jumped out of bed, and wriggled hurriedly into a shirt, a pair of dirty corduroys, and a leather jacket, at the same time contriving to cast a glance at the clock on the dresser. Eight-sixteen. Four minutes was just right to get to chapel in. Foster and Daniels, the owner of the bellowing voice, walked across the campus together to chapel.

A collection of sleepy-looking students, most of them in the same rumpled, tieless condition as Foster, roused themselves from the perusal of newspapers or from frenzied last-minute looking over of French vocabularies long enough to sing *Yield Not to Temptation* (specially chosen by the Dean as appropriate for the morning before a dance) in a feeble and discordant voice, with side grimaces at the mistakes of the poor youth playing the piano. Next, a white-bearded gentleman known as Prexy gave a short but scholarly address, directed largely against the nefarious sporting practice of pitching pennies against the Chapel steps. Finally, after much watch-looking and apologetic coughs from those of the faculty on the platform who had immediate classes, the college dispersed in various directions—Foster to an English seminar which passed while he defended Ralph Waldo Emerson against an Anglophile classmate who maintained that America has produced no great philosopher. The rest of the morning passed quickly, with a succession of classes. As the last bell rang, George suddenly seemed to remember something painful, and, violating the tradition of the leisurely senior, dashed madly to his room.

Daniels who was lying on the bed, deeply engrossed in Schopenhauer, looked up inquiringly, "Why the wild rush?"

"I just remembered the bloody dance tonight!"

"Well, to look at you one might think you were actually *going* to it!"

"Christ yes! that's just the tragedy. You remember Emma Smith—my cousin from Milwaukee? The good-looking dumb one, whose old man subscribes to the *Merk* while she reads the *Post*? The one that thought Lessing was a Czechoslovakian scientist? Well, I got a letter yesterday evening, and of all the prime pains in the neck she, has to come barging in and have to be taken to the dance! Which of course means track meet and all. When in hell do the cars run for town?" Daniels told him. In mad haste Foster grabbed the cleanest-looking shirt from a tangled mass on a chair, shined a well-worn pair of black shoes on a less immaculate shirt, yanked a tie from the mirror, and at the same time dived into a suit. The next moment he was off, stuffing wallet, pencil, change, handkerchief, watch and commutation-ticket into various pockets as he ran.

"Put in your shirt-tail when you get to it!" yelled Daniels after him.

George just managed to catch the interurban trolley, then pulled up his tie, rearranged the contents of his pockets, and in various other ways continued to initiate his travelling companions into the intricacies of the college man's toilette until he reached town. He asked a policeman the way to the Belvedere Hotel, and after one or two false starts managed to arrive there with nothing worse than a cursing from a truck-driver for not watching his step. After sundry intensely blasphemous remarks to himself on good-looking dumb cousins from Milwaukee, he found the young lady, who was the object of his expedition, in the lounge. As J. Henry Richardson has so aptly described her physical appearance, no more need be said on the subject. Foster

looked in his wallet, jingled his change, and said "Uncavalierlike as it may seem, I'm afraid we shall have to eat at the Automat, unless you want to take a chance at the tea room near college—it appears that I came off with a dollar and seventy-five cents in my pocket, thirty of which we need to get out there." So to the Automat they went, and after standing in various lines for twenty minutes, finally lunched on apple pie and coffee, and thence by trolley again to college.

Foster deposited Emma in the care of the reluctant but ever-helpful Daniels while he changed for the track meet which came next in the day's history. On his descent in shorts, Emma unleashed a rainstorm of conversation: "Oh, I didn't know you were in it this afternoon—what do you do? Pole-vault? Oh, that's where you jump over the bar into the sawdust, isn't it? Oh, with a long pole to help you—that ought to be easier, isn't it? And if you knock down the bar it doesn't count? How stupid, after all the work of getting up that high! You're going to win, of course?"

"I haven't the chance of a fried smelt in hell" said George, not in his best Bergerac manner.

By this time they had arrived on the field, and George, again shunting off Emma on poor Daniels, began stepping off starting marks on the vaulting-track, trying them, moving them forward and back, watching his team-mates' step as they got their marks, hefting his bamboo pole, and finally trying a vault or two. For half an hour he and the other pole-vaulters did this and other things, stamped nervously about, and knocked cinders from their spikes, until at last the judges appeared and the meet was on.

George was right. He did not win. But at least he was the last Ridgewood man left, after his team-mates had one by one dropped out. When, after an hour and a half's vaulting, ten feet nine proved too much for him,

there were but three men left, so that Ridgewood was in the scoring column of the pole-jump (as the Oxonian English professor insisted on calling it), after all.

For the third time Foster had to change garments, this time into boiled front for the very bad buffet supper which was about to be served on the lawn. At any rate, he was thankful not to have to pay anything for it. Daniels tied his tie for him, and all was ready for the big evening.

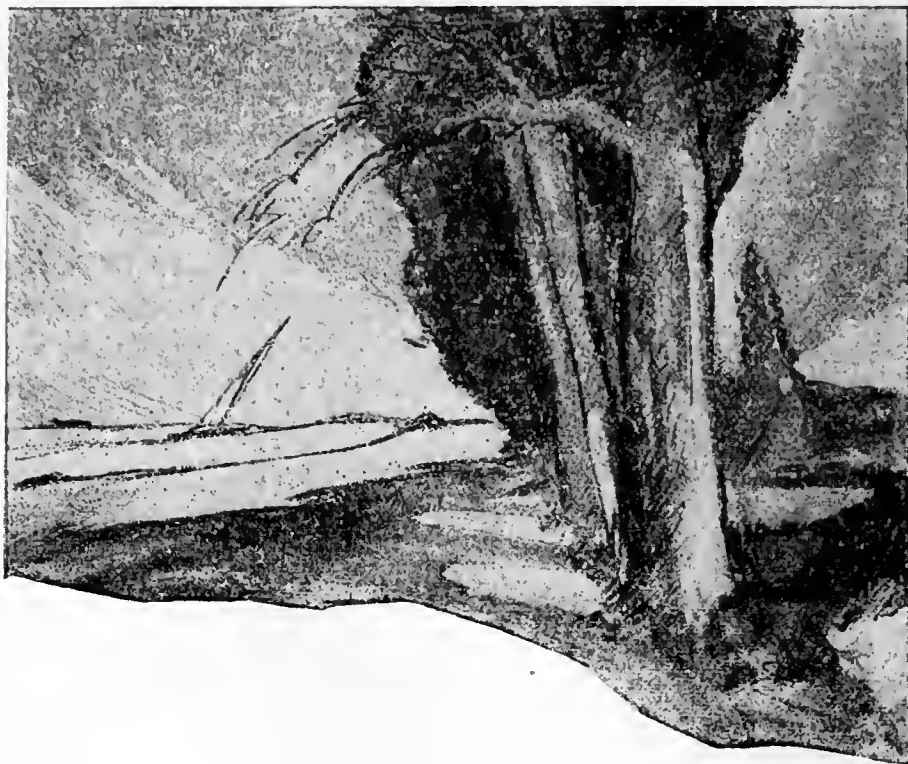
Emma prattled on, uninterrupted except by an occasional explanation from George, to the effect that the orchestras at the dances were never any good because the faculty forbade colored orchestras, or that he did *not* think Nat Shilkret divine, or that yes, Packard roadsters were smooth looking but usually had to be towed in after six months, and so on. Daniels had had a drink, and Emma smelt it on his breath (as that young gentleman had neglected to chew the proper amount of Life-savers, from an aversion to the taste of clove) and told George she was surprised, he had seemed like such a nice boy. So the evening passed. One of the bolder sophomores poured half a pint of gin into the punch. It already had tasted sufficiently like carbolic acid, so the attendant, turning around to find his punch spiked, carried out the bowl amid a chorus of female giggles and sophisticated, world-weary male groans of disgust, and poured the whole into the barberry-bushes before the building. He returned and distilled some unpolluted carbolic acid and lemon peel, and so the evening continued to pass. The only event out of the ordinary was George's meeting with J. Henry Richardson ("I write for 'True Fiction Stories'," said J. Henry—"Oh . . . Really now, after all, isn't this a bit dull for a story?" said George Foster, with a slight lift of his left eyebrow.)

At last it was all over—Emma sent home with some girl-friends who were also stopping at the Belvedere,

the last of the carbolic acid handed out, and all the rest of the sad breaking up that ends a dance. George unbuttoned his wing collar—that last final act that writes irrevocable *Finis* to a party—and cursed the evening to Daniels. . . . “Well, only two weeks more till we graduate from the dear old place— No more blue May skies through class-room windows. No more sailing through the air on a bamboo stick for the honor of old Ridgewood. No more furious scrawling to catch the explanation of the state of Europe at the Balkan Wars. No more bull-sessions on the steps of Alumni. No more evenings under dim light in the gym while the saxophones moan out *‘Mean to Me.’* Thank God!”

J. B. Mussey.





SPRING MELANCHOLY

*At even, when the sun is set,
And day's white flame burns low,
I take my ease and would forget
The soul that strives, the flesh that frets,
The life that surges to and fro.*

*I sail dim seas uncharted
Of former times and far,
Of times that were not all light-hearted,
And days that now are long departed,
And sweet because they are.*

*For if youth and joy were mated,
Nor severed more by time,
'Tis sure no youth created
Would stay for age all sated,
But perish in his prime.*

*So here are hopes that should content,
And steel my heart anew
To up and strive and ne'er relent,
And hush the voice of loud lament,
—Nor ask if it be true.*

J. W. Martin.

Idler and Go-getter

"Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. . . .

"Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. . . . When they do not require to go to office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. . . . This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life."—*An Apology for Idlers*, Robert Louis Stevenson.

THIS is the age of the specialist. The physician narrows his field to the respiratory system; the university student majors in the Psychology of Advertising; the engineer applies himself solely to the problem of steel-corrosion. At the opposite end of the scale, the worker spends his (or her) day adjusting Bolt Number Eleven on the steering wheel or feeding embryo paper boxes to the stamping machine. Still other experts see to it that there shall be no loitering or turning back in the industrial order, and that incontrovertible statistics, showing the unprecedented increase in automobile registrations and the volume of South American trade, shall be held ready for hurling at the heads of the doubters. As for enjoying the fruits of all this activity, it is perhaps natural that the same intense specialization so successful in building better Buicks should—for want of a more plausible method—be applied. The result is not only the professional loafer of doubtful value at the top, but also the systematized, time-tabled play of those less fortunately situated financially. And at times it seems

as if the true idler (in Stevenson's sense) is in this country by way of becoming extinct.

The very words *idler* and *idling*, as is perhaps inevitable in an age of the specialist, hold for the preacher of efficiency and the prophet of prosperity a connotation little short of anathema. So minute has been the subdivision and classification of the multifarious forms of human activity, that an admission that anything worthwhile is left over to be lumped under the head of *idling* seems to them to imply a vital defect in the whole system of specialization—of which perish the thought! Impossible! But since specialization (whose virtues are amply attested by cheaper Fords and more numerous bathtubs) cannot be wrong, idling obviously must be—it is a patent waste of time; and Time, any well-drilled school boy knows, is Money. Therefore—wastrels! dawdlers! drones! clogs-on-the-wheel-of-Progress! *idlers!*—till one is tempted to think the only respectable usage left for the word *idling* is in connection with an automobile engine. And therein lies another paradox—for the age of the specialist, far from being one of long and unremitting toil, is one which in general works in carefully regulated hours, knowing, as it does, the cold cash value of a let-up. This, however, it calls not *idling* but *recreation*—and a world of difference lies in this mere matter of nomenclature. Idling is indulged in for its own sake; recreation is a mere means to an end—that of making work bearable. Idling is as unsystematic as art; recreation as coldly classified and planned as science. Your idler is sufficient unto himself; but he who takes recreation must have it pre-arranged and scheduled almost like a task.

The great catchword of recreation, as of industry, seems to be that insistent verb, *do!* Play a set of tennis, a round of golf, a little basketball, go to a theatre, a movie, a dance—but let there be no time unoccupied,

no time for slothful *idleness*. Action! change! speed!—and your true devotee of recreation pitches into it with all the exuberant bustle of a captain of industry squeezing out a competitor. Carried to the usual and logical ending, of course, this results in the comic-strip vacation from which one traditionally returns to work to recuperate; but the number is legion of those who find it the only sensible substitute for work. As Stevenson says, “they *cannot* be idle,” they must go through life tied to a railroad schedule, and even the shortest of pauses in the unending stream of duties puts them in the veriest torture. They would as soon think of reading a book for any reason save acquiring definite information (or, possibly, to occupy an unavoidably vacant moment, much as one would by sleeping), as of taking a walk on any plea save that of exercise. And few sights can be more pitiful than one of them thrown, through some dire misfortune, for a half hour completely on his own resources. It is doubtless a great blessing, in a workaday world, that there are such people to build its empires and dig its canals (they are welcome); the unfortunate thing is that their feverish utilitarianism so often breaks out in scornful intolerance of those who—say—prefer to cultivate their own souls rather than civilize (forcibly, at that) those of savages. College analogies should be apparent. The case of the walking time-table, who returns from his semi-weekly trip to the movies (recreation and reward earned by a day of meticulous activity) to find you pipe-dreaming over some quite unnecessary book, and seizes the opportunity to descant on laziness and inglorious ease, is perhaps of such common experience that I hesitate to cite it. Yet in the minds of those who feel that youth, at least, should be in great part a time of dreams and fertile idleness, the humorous side of such an incident may not always be uppermost.

The “professional loafer of doubtful value at the top”

has already been mentioned as one contribution of the age of the specialist to the cause of supposed idleness, but it must not be conjectured that he is quite peculiar to the present day. Those entirely above the pressure of the pocketbook have always been able to choose, with a freedom denied lesser mortals, between conventional activities and the varied forms of ease: it is merely the misfortune of contemporary America, more than any other country, perhaps, to have an idle class not thoroughly bred to its requirements—for idling hath its trials no less than activity; more, for instance, in the way of spiritual sweetness is expected of the graceful idler than the proverbially grumpy manufacturer. But the itching lust of generations of striving is still in the blood of much of our so-called idle rich and it has not yet learned the refinements of indolence. It is still obsessed with the urge to *do* something—plaster its luggage with five-franc notes, get drunk, beat the train to the crossing, shock middle-aged and middle-class and middle-west morality. It is learning—an optimist, noting the increasing popularity of European travel and the growing interest in the achievements of older and wiser nations, might say it is learning rapidly—but the end is not yet. And meanwhile one section of our Specialization Show (which must function as a whole to fulfill the boasts of its press agents) is falling woefully behind—so much so as to lend verisimilitude to the remark someone has made to the effect that America may lead the parade on a prancing horse in civilization, but that in culture she lags back dangerously near the calliope.

For though civilization may belong to the go-getters, culture (after its initial material wants are satisfied) depends largely on the intelligent idlers—if not as actors, at least as audience. Thus, in periods such as the First Empire in France and perhaps some eras in American

history, when national emergency compels the drafting of all idlers for purely tangible ends, there is likely to be a brilliant material civilization, but little permanent culture in the form of literature and art. And where, one can hardly refrain from adding, the idlers are most numerous and intelligent—as in ancient Athens—there one may expect a great culture. (Somehow, I keep remembering in this connection that, even there, more than one person used to hurl the epithet of “idler!” at Socrates.) And in this country today, it is admittedly the intelligent women (frightfully *idle* as a class) who are the main supporters of such literature and art as we now possess.

I must not, however, be taken to argue for a class of professional do-nothings; idling, indeed, is not really a profession but an attitude towards life. It does not mean that your idler must be either an excessively wealthy dilettante or a tradeless tramp, but merely that he be one who finds something more worthwhile in life than a mad scrambling for money or a perverted craze for speed. And even in the age of the specialist he is still to be found if one knows how to look. A determination not to view himself or the world too seriously; a predilection for taking his pleasures leisurely by the wayside rather than dashing breakneck and blindly onwards to arrive, dusty and perhaps disappointed, over-soon at the ending; a capacity for finding a naive joy in a long walk or a mellow pipeful, a good book or an old friend—these are a few marks of the true idler. Or as Stevenson describes him: “He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great deal of cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burn-

ing falsehood." He may not have mastered life, but he has learned how to enjoy it; he will not be a great man, but he will probably be a happy one. He will doubtless be beaten to the goal and the attending prize by the man who bends himself strictly to the business of haste, but he will have seen more of the beauties along the byways and will possibly arrive in happier frame of mind.

And, finally, idlers as a class are beyond reform: you may tell them (and with considerable truth) till you are tired that the diligent will inherit the earth, but the idlers will not heed you. They already have it.

J. W. Martin.

Carpe Diem

Alliteratives for Twenty

*Laugh, ere laughter is blended
 With the tears from laughter grown;
 Sing, that the song, though ended,
 May still in the heart be known
 When the strains of the lute are wended,
 And the lilt of the laugh is flown.*

*Love, ere age uncovers
 With its leers the seams of love;
 Kiss, while the time yet hovers
 In dim black threat above,
 That will weary the arms of lovers,
 That will stifle the breath of love.*

*Live, ere the lamp is shattered
 By the years of sorrow and strife;
 Seize, before death has scattered,
 The joys that youth finds rife,
 Ere age, when nought will have mattered—
 Neither love, nor laughter, nor life.*

J. W. M.

Fragment from a Long Poem

*. . . And still they talk of beauty. Will they never learn
No words of theirs can ever bring the spring again
This year, coming as it has always come before
In apple-blossom fragrance and in pattering rain
And color bursting out of buds? Nor is it theirs
To seek with pen and paper everlastingly
The answer to a million million glittering stars,
Or wild ducks flying, or the breath from off the sea.
These things are so, and who are they to nod their heads
Knowingly? April, I say, will come again next year—
(They have not learned; they must not ever hope to learn)
Beauty indeed! . . . And have they found its shadow
here?*

J. R.

From Heine

*Shadow-kiss, and shadow-love
Of shadow-life, once fair!—
Do you believe, because you loved,
That they unchanged are there?*

*What our love would be possessing
Is but echo of a dream,
Where the heart is all forgetting,
And the eyes must close unseeing.*

Bramwell Linn.

In the Meantime

SHE stood at the rail, and watched the Woolworth Building gradually grow larger, and smiled quietly. New York would probably seem hopelessly provincial after a year in Paris, but after all, it meant home—and what was going abroad without a home-coming? The roses would be out in Burbage Hills, and everyone would soon be coming home from college, and you would be gushed over. Alice liked being gushed over. There would be dinners and dances to go to, and hats and gloves and shawls to display, and cool, sophisticated answers to give to whispered questions about the emotional temperatures of Paris studios. And then there was George.

He would be graduating this June. Funny to think of George as a dignified B.A.—“the eternal undergraduate” Sallie Coolidge had once called him; but then Sallie always *had* liked to card-index men. George was really awfully nice—wavy, brown hair and large, serious eyes, and always ready to believe you when you told him you were dated up for the whole week. And not *too* smart. Quite an ideal person to be engaged to, especially when it was merely an “understanding”—*you* didn’t have to regard it as settled, but he’d be sure to. It would be announced next month, and George would start in on that good insurance job his uncle had gotten him, and then the next year they’d get married. Meanwhile she’d be deciding where they were to live—George would probably want to pick some perfectly impossible place just to be near some of his college friends, and they would have several frightfully thrilling quarrels, and he would come around in the end.

That was how it *would* have been—how droll! She stretched her arms taut (a pretty pose), looked up the Harbor, and laughed. A few miles, a few weeks, and how different it would all be then. How funny George’s

face would be when she told him—he always did look his most comic when trying for his noblest. That was another one of his boyish ways which made him so diverting—and so hard to talk to seriously. And she would have to be quite serious, or else he'd think she was merely teasing him when she announced her intention of giving up marriage for an artistic career. It would be hard to tell him so, effectively, for it did sound a bit hackneyed; and anyhow, George was scarcely the man to take a thing like that calmly and with poise—as Westy Norris, over in Paris, would. Besides, George really had been quite madly—or was it sillily?—in love with her the year before.

She stared almost hungrily landward, rehearsing the approaching scene once more. Even though his letters of late hadn't been very frequent or very passionate (George had never been a good correspondent—you could almost hear the machinery creak when you read his efforts), there'd certainly be an outbreak when she told him. Would he be angry or merely heartbroken? She hoped the former—his sputterings were always more interesting than his blubberings. But the other held its possibilities also—he might even, most romantic of prospects! threaten to do something really desperate; but, of course, such things just didn't happen. Anyhow, it would be amusing. . . . And she—ah, she would be magnificent—very realistic, very motherly and very firm. She would explain sympathetically but without emotion that she had no objections to him personally (on the contrary, she would always esteem him as one of her dearest friends), but that she had simply decided that art and not marriage was her career. Marriage was the easier, but art the higher calling. It would make a very pretty scene—and it *could* be frightfully dramatic. She wished his Commencement weren't so far away. . . . Would this damn ship never dock?

II

Alice leaned back in the porch swing and took long, voluptuous puffs at her cigarette. He ought to be here any minute now—the rest of the stage was all set: a glorious sunset just drawing to a close, the porch shrouded in exactly the right shade of twilight, enough knickknacks scattered around for George to fetch her when the conversation became too tense. Quite a romantic setting—no, damn it! there wasn't to be any romance entering into it. All cold fact. She was glad she was going to see George, though—she'd already my-deared most of her old school friends and been metaphorically patted on the head by all the matrons she really cared about, and it was getting rather tiresome. . . . What was delaying the man, anyhow?

She saw him coming up the drive in long, determined strides. Not quite so boyish as he used to be—more self-assured and less self-conscious. Oh-ho! She'd let him ring and be shown out here by the maid—that might help. She heard the thump-thump of his feet on the steps. Why did the responsibility of being a man make one come upstairs like a horse? . . . The maid was showing him out onto the porch. Alice stretched out her hand, elbow stiff, fingers pointing sharply down (her most imperial gesture), without rising.

"How's the college graduate?" she purred languidly.

"O. K. How's the prodigal daughter?" (And a laugh—damn his sense of humour!) "How did you like Paris, anyhow?"

"Well, it's more *civilized* than New York, at any rate." She tried to muster a yawn to stifle.

"Really? . . . Oh, by the way, you didn't happen to meet a fellow by the name of Bill Hutchins over there, did you? He left college last year to go over—

best broad-jumper we'd had for a long time. We certainly did miss him this year in the Marston meet—just think of losing it by only three points! And the broad-jump was won by them in—”

Oh, damn his track meets! She didn't have to pretend to be interested in his college drool any more—and the sooner he knew it the better.

“Listen, George,” she interrupted rather sharply, “there's something I think I ought to tell you.”

“Oh! . . . Sure, go ahead.”

“I have decided,” she began slowly—and then she was off on her speech with considerably more precipitation than she had intended. Gestures, rhetorical pauses, requests for another pillow behind her back—none were to be ventured; she had a feeling that if he once interrupted she would never get to the end.

He listened patiently till she had done, then with a maddeningly steady hand, lighted a cigarette. (Damn him for not offering her one and damn herself for not asking anyway!) “You know,” he said quietly, “I haven't mentioned it before, but I think that's really a very sensible viewpoint to take. After all, we're both pretty young, and—”

He stopped short and looked at her; her hands were clenched on the arm of the swing and her eyes fixed on the rungs of his chair. Suddenly she kicked a pillow onto the floor and bit her lip sharply to keep her voice steady. “George,” she grated, “you're a stupid idiot and you can go to hell!”

J. W. M.

The Inevitable Result

Of a Half Hour With Dorothy Parker's Verse

NO USE

*You need not tell me, for I know
The various things she clearly lacks;
Perhaps I might prefer her so—
Perhaps I overlook the facts.
You say she'll never care for me,
And flirts with every man the same;
You say it is not fair for me
To play so hard a losing game.
I know, I tell you, what she lacks
And, having pondered long and well,
As soon as you have turned your backs
I'll love her. (Would you go to hell?)*

REVUE

*Sighings and swearings
And violent tearings
Of hairs
Are all very nice
Maybe once, maybe twice
If one cares
To show in this fashion
The infantile passion
Of Love,
But experience brings
Metamorphosisings
Thereof.*

*One learns, so I hear,
That the loss of one's dear
Is not
Cause sufficient, by rights,
For lost appetites
And such rot.
Should your joy and your pet
Appear to forget
You, don't cry—
No doubt it's a shame,
But you'll do quite the same
Bye and bye.
You'll always recover
To fall, silly lover,
Much worse. A
Woman's sweet face
Man can always replace
And vice versa.*

RECAPITULATION

*The sum of my knowledge is briefly this:
A MR. should never believe a MISS.
Though the line she offers be plainly true,
There's always a catch, say I to you.
All of my life has but taught me this:
The greatest lie in the world's a kiss,
Each woman is Woman through and through—
Draw no conclusions from what they do!*

BOOKS

THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DONA ELENA

GRACE ZARING STONE

No more delightful reading for a quiet spring afternoon could be wished than this odd romance of old Spain in the New World. As another reviewer has remarked, there is much in *Dona Elena* (we refuse to write it all) that suggests Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Not that it is at all imitative—length of title aside. The tone's the thing. And, just as *The Bridge* spelled for us a cool interval in a great hotness of last summer, so has *Dona Elena* worked on us with similar effect one of these late spring days.

It tells the story of Dona Elena, Mother Superior of the convent and spiritual interceder for the sick wretches who crowd the hospital in San Juan, Hispaniola. A certain quality of unexpansiveness in her leads Father Algay to believe that she is not yet saved, that she is keeping something from him in her weekly confessions which he should know about. Then, one evening Captain Dyke climbs to the window of the room where she has kept vigil with one of her sick. "I heard your voice (she had been reading) and—judge of its seductiveness and of my absurd susceptibility to beautiful sound—I stopped and climbed up to see what you were." Here begins the trail of temptation that leads to concrete matter for worry on the part of Father Algay, to an enforced banquet aboard the pirate ship of Captain Dyke, and finally to the suicide of Dona Elena just as Dyke arrives at the convent over the dead bodies of citizens to claim her after the successful carrying out of his threat to sack the impregnable fortress of San Juan.

There is loveliness of prose, heightened by charming bits of humor against the background of a theme that has no place and is of no time in this book of Grace Zaring Stone. This is our first meeting with the author. Grant that it may not be the last. Writing of such quality and charm as hers is rare indeed in this day.
(*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$2.50)

FARTHING HALL

HUGH WALPOLE AND J. B. PRIESTLY

It seems to be a generally accepted rule among literary men that two authors merge their talents for the production of only light romantic fiction of the sort which can be read in a hammock without imprecations and mental anguish on the part of the reader if the book falls to the ground and he doesn't want to pick it up again. So Mr. Walpole and Mr. Priestly together have tossed off with an airy gesture a romantic tale of a young artist, a beautiful girl, a proud-but-poor father, a spineless son, a wicked blackmailer, and a husband and wife in marital difficulties. The story, such as it is, leaks out from between the pages of letters which pass between Mark French, the young artist, and Robert Newlands, who is looking for his runaway wife. In the end everything comes out all right. Mark marries the beautiful girl with the lovely eyes, Newlands and his wife become reconciled, the proud squire marries a middle-aged lady philanthropist, and through the hero's machinations, the wicked blackmailer is put to rout. (This last event is very mysterious, and the ways and means by which it is accomplished are not explained in the book.)

It is all very pretty, very proper, slightly amusing, and probably inside of a year will be quite forgotten, perhaps even by the authors.

(*Doubleday, Doran*, \$2.00)

R. M. D.

DOWNFALL

HAROLD BRECHT

"We point with pride" is as good a beginning as any. For our magazine has a particular interest in this book of Mr. Brecht, '20. The first chapter of *Downfall* was published in these pages about a year ago, when the book as a whole was still much in the potential stage. And, since we rather lean to that specie of composition, *Downfall* was just like that with us. Uh-huh.

Here is a boy punished for something not altogether his fault. This unfairness turns him against the authority of his father. He tries resistance and finds his path beset with singularly sharp knives. He learns the value of "kidding people along" from two of his young cronies, old in the ways of this gullible world. Father believes son has repented, reformed, and feels a gloating pride in his supposed triumph. Son simply gets more sneaky.

The two of them grow more and more apart. Son goes to high school. He becomes the sport sensation of the year as freshman pitcher on the varsity baseball team. He insults the Coach, refuses to apologize (plenty stubborn), is kicked off the team and blackballed by the rest of the school. Having let his studies slide, he is reduced to breaking into the algebra teacher's desk the night before exams and copying the problems. This teacher is an old fox (they usually are). She wrings the confession of his having cheated from him and makes him promise to confess it all to his father.

He contemplates suicide. "All his belief in himself, his bravery, his cleverness; they were all over . . . it was life that he could never deceive or conquer, luring him forward with far green prospects from whose summits he was destined to be pitched further to despair. . . . He, Malcolm Cambell, who had never yielded, had yielded, and all his hopes were ended with failure.

Abandoning him, no longer blind, alone and helpless, to downfall. He wasn't any good." This mood of passionate self-pity passes. And with it the book.

Two heroes of this boy were the ones who betrayed him. The first shook his part of the responsibility in the episode for which Malcolm was punished: the possession of a couple of dirty pictures. The other taught Malcolm the wisdom of "getting away with things" but could not pass on to him the temperament needed to fool people all the time.

As regards the matter of juvenile delinquency and the possibility of criminal reform, this book is a pretty dire treatise. But there is another field Mr. Brecht writes of. He shows a remarkable faculty for catching the spirit of childhood and adolescence. And the parts of *Downfall* that deal with high school life as it impinges upon the consciousness of his Malcolm are in the best realistic tradition. His characters are certainly of the turf turfy. But they all manage to live, some by grace of a prodigious amount of profanity, others by simply talking. Of dialogue in the contemporary vernacular this book has plenty. The question of permanent value is beside the point.

(*Harper's*, \$2.50)

BANJO

CLAUDE MCKAY

Banjo is a novel of low-life in Marseilles by the negro author whose first book, *Home to Harlem*, caused a considerable fuss in sophisticated circles. His second novel is subtitled "a story without a plot", and the description is only too true. The book belongs to the "slice of life" school of fiction, and relates the confused, savage, sordid life of a group of Negroes, Senegalese,

Arabs, and Europeans around the docks and in the "Ditch" section of Marseilles. The characters are thieves, sailors, tourists, prostitutes, beggars, touts, and coal workers. The Negro "Banjo" is the most important member of a sort of communal group, who share their livings with each other, and enjoy a life enlivened by crimes of passion, drunken brawls, petty thievery, and sometimes idyllic laziness. The book manages to attain some unity through the character of Banjo, who with his woman Latnah keeps appearing and disappearing throughout the course of the story.

The reader's chief interest will be directed towards the characters who are vividly alive, and to the setting which is distinctly unusual and exotic. The conversation is, as might be expected, hardly refined, and includes several colloquialisms which we had never before seen in print. Mr. McKay's novel would have been much more enjoyable, however, if he had not introduced so much propaganda in behalf of his race.

(*Harper's*, \$2.50.)

R. M. D.

THE TRUE HEART

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

Imaginative literature has in the past few years been rather on the decline. There has been fantasy, there has been whimsy, but the fantasy has been marred by too much whimsicality, and certainly the whimsy has been rather fantastic. One greets with pleasure, therefore, the delicate balance and the nicely placed strokes of *The True Heart*. In a romance of this kind, where impressions tell the story—a breath of marsh mist, a drift of apple-blossoms—the risk that something will be just a trifle *de trop*, just fail of exact interpretation, is very great.

The story is very simple, and tells of the wanderings of Sukey Bond, sent from an orphans' asylum in the heart of London, to a farm in the South of England by a very

beautiful lady, Mrs. Seabrooke. It was told how she fell in love with the idiot son of her supposed protectress, how she wandered in search of him when he had been taken away, and how she finally found him. It is a story of innocence and of eventual bliss, of disillusion and illusion. It has all the charm of the successful blending of reality and unreality, and, most delightful of all, it avoids the many temptations to be stark.

(*Viking*, \$2.50)

R. A.

COPY, 1929

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CLUB

This annual collection of the best published work done by members of the special writing courses of Columbia University is important rather as a monument of achievement than a landmark of contemporary literature. As one would expect in such an anthology, the contents are agreeably varied, including, as a matter of categorical fact, fourteen stories, five articles, six poems and one play; and the authors seem scarcely less so, ranging from a retired army officer to the recent college crop. The variation in the quality of the contributions appears roughly indicated by the magazines in which they were published—and these run from the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Century* to the *Nevada Review Quarterly* and *College Humor*.

If it were possible to compare the work done in totally different fields, we would say that the "articles" seem considerably superior to the other forms in general merit (with special mention of *The First "Boiled" Surgeon* and *Child Drama*); but perhaps this opinion is merely the result of our private theory that the "article" is the most teachable of literary forms.

(*Appleton*, \$2.00)

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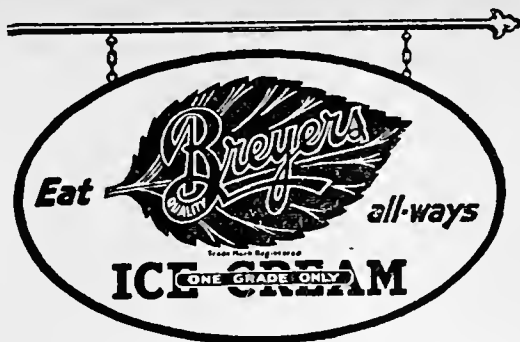
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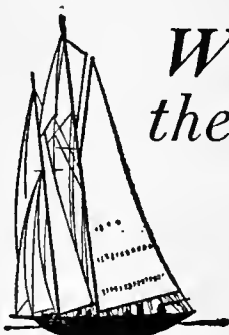
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JOSEPH WALFORD MARTIN, *Editor*

J. T. GOLDING, *Associate Editor*

THOMAS WISTAR, JR.
Art Editor

A. R. CRAWFORD
Book Reviewer



WILLIAM M. MAIER, *Business Manager*

HARRIS P. SHANE, *Circulation Manager*

ROBERT W. GABRIEL, *Associate Business Manager*



THE LIBRARY

John Mistletoe, '10*

AS VANISHED as the *Just Suits*, a coarse and forgotten tobacco that was favored in Mistletoe's own coterie of conscientious smokers, are the moods, simplicities, dolors and merriments of the student era. But smile at it as you will, the world we knew then was fairly sane. It was not magnificent, but it was peace.

In the mind of the undergraduate there was always—perhaps still is?—a pervasive awareness of now being a college Man. This implied a serious obligation of Knowing About Life. To be awake after midnight (at which hour the dormitory lights were shut off at the power-house) and finish a card-game by candles, to consume late pannikins of cocoa with olives and crackers and argument about God, to read *Tom Jones* or Boccaccio, to visit the burlesque theatre in Philadelphia, these were recognized forms of philosophical initiation. Going Fussing, as calling on young women was then always known, was respected as an inevitable concession to destiny, but hardly regarded as Seeing Life.

Mistletoe's class—I speak of the era 1906–1910—rather enjoyed fancying themselves as a group of hard cases; they blithely imagined that rarely had so lively and virile a posse of humorists been gathered. How weary of their bumpkin antics their enduring dominies might well have been: their senseless japes and horse-play, the parrotings of a thousand generations of students which themselves believed so fresh and new. Yet it is pleasant to think of that green julep of freedom that ran in the young bipeds. Crude as it was, it was better than the dull mannerly conformity into which the mass output of American alumni soon subsides. For the

* Reprinted from the "Saturday Review of Literature," by kind permission of Mr. Morley.

usual youth that short four years is his only period of fantasy. As soon as he leaves college the docile creature yearns for his destined servitude, from which he rarely again emerges. Likely it is better so. The wise man in his time kisses many chains.

"A guarded education in morals and manners" was the statesmanlike phrase always used in the college catalogue to describe its purposes; a thoroughly prudent and liberal Quaker policy. Behind apparent liberty such as dazzled many boys of seventeen or eighteen, a shrewd and watchful observation was alert. But in spite of discipline a good deal of cheery exploration was possible.

* * *

The bohemianism of college boys is well standardized. Naïve souls, how scandalized we would have been to realize that any Dean with plotting paper could have sketched beforehand the exact parabola of our curve of experience and predicted every coordinate of our supposedly unique conduct. In the few cases where zeal carried the young experimenter over the edge of the plotting paper it did not take the authorities long to hear about it; the two-handed engine was at the door. For the most part our sallies were fairly innocuous, resulting in nothing more unseemly than an occasional misdemeanor in the late smoking car from Broad Street. The Red Lion, long a famous tavern in Ardmore—now I believe the cafeteria of a motor-truck factory—was visited for beer. The Casino burlesque house in Philly was a steady resort for the student of drama. Mistletoe and I were profitable patrons of that rump parliament, but better than any of the ladies of Billy Watson's Beef Trust (not to be confused with William Watson) I remember the bored air of the large paternal man who stood sawing on the bull-fiddle. It amazed us that he could be so unimpressed by the elevated proximity of so

much haunch of Venus. Mistletoe always contended that the burlesque show was the lineal descendant of the Tudor spirit, and I fear that some of his relish for carnal mirth can be traced to the old showhouse on Walnut Street. In that stage-door alley floated the exhilarating odor of grease-paint. Have you ever considered the delightful Seven Ages of Man offered by the various tones of grease-paint? As you find them listed in the make-up box they compose a perfect Shakespearean sequence:

1. Pink
2. Very Pale Juvenile
3. Juvenile Hero-Flesh
4. Juvenile, Robust
5. Sallow Young Man
6. Flesh, Middle Age
7. Robust Old Age.

The period I think of now may be described as a moderate blend of Juvenile, Robust, and Sallow Young Man. Sometimes Sallow had the upper hand, as when, after tremulous waiting in the rain outside the stage door to invite some Casino soubrette to a glass of beer, the hobbledehoys fled in sudden panic; otherwhiles Robust prevailed: Mistletoe enjoys remembering a Chinese restaurant on Race Street where these juveniles, in delicious rakehell glamor, sat at table with some rather jetsam madams and listened to professional anecdotes. The zenith of that episode was when one of the ladies, saying "It's a shame to waste it," tucked an unfinished chicken-leg inside her stocking to take home to her dog. Such evenings were as good as Maupassant. Perhaps, in a guarded education in morals and manners, they had their useful contribution. I think it was probably a strong Stevensonian influenza that impressed the sophomore J. M. with the social importance of harlots.

The exceptional thing is the thing unduly remembered; let me not give exaggerated prominence to harmless escapades into the Debateable Land. More in routine, certainly more approvable by the faculty, were the excursions on Ninth Street where the dioscuroi of culture were Leary's and Lauber's. To Leary's famous second-hand bookstore I have paid full tribute elsewhere; for three generations it has yeasted the dumpling temperament of Philadelphia. These boys, buying there their first copies of Chaucer, Wordsworth, or Tennyson, would then proceed to Lauber's "German Restaurant and Wine House" a block or so up the street. The 50-cent table d'hôte dinner was plentiful and accompanied by a musical trio which was excellent. But what lifted Lauber's to the status of education was that there Mistletoe ordered his first own bottle of wine. There was a California claret, 35 cents a quart in that dulcet era; I dare say it was meagre and brackish, and I know we secretly disliked it; but it was claret, which we had read about in Tennyson, and nothing else would do. By some miracle of prognosis Mistletoe has saved one of Lauber's menus all these years, and I see that he has put a sentimental tick opposite that claret on the wine list. Lauber also served most of his wines on draught; claret at "10 cents per schoppen" seems a pleasantly German touch. The date on the menu before me is January 29, 1910, and I see that by the time the young bohemians got there from Leary's the Hamburger Rauchfleisch mit Erbsenbrei was all gone, for the waiter has pencilled it out.

The smart set among undergraduates used to visit a renowned café they called tautologically The L'Aiglon, but it was an overdressed Bailey Banks and Biddle sort of place compared to the homely and burgherish old Lauber's. Lauber took wines seriously, and an inquiring youth could learn something. How excellent to make

virgin experiment among parsimonious half-pints (at 25 cents) of Liebfraumilch and Assmanshäuser; or India Pale Ale at a nickel a glass. A dollar an hour was what one earned by tutoring indolent classmates in math., and those dollars were scrupulously divided between Lauber and Leary. What the two L's symbolize is certainly as important as the three R's. To discover the poets for one's self, and to learn to drink decently, with a sense of ritual, are part of a gentleman's education. As you move on from Juvenile, Robust, toward the epoch of Flesh, Middle Age, it is well to avoid the fatuity of rearward praise. The speakeasy of the better sort has many charms, including the paramount one of raising the death rate among numbskulls, but at its best it lacks something of the good human dignity of a place like Lauber's.

(Those who have known sea bathing can never again be wholly content with swimming in fresh water. There is always a subtle taint about it: it stings the eyes and strangles in the nose. Similarly, if you have ever enjoyed the tidal freedom of a community where the necessities of the artist are understood and respected, it is sometimes perplexing to be immersed in the muddy shallows of the United States of Agility. That sounds like a hard saying, but I prefer we should remark it about ourselves. If Moses could draw up a constitution in ten prohibitions, it seems as though we shouldn't need nineteen. We are beginning to realize what the French meant when they spoke for years of British and American hypocrisy.)

* * *

But visits to Philadelphia were rare, and I give a falsely Latin Quarter impression of a college life almost entirely rustic. *Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus* is its motto—a quotation whose provenance not even the faculty classicists have ever been able to place for

me. Like the Latin mottoes of respected publishing houses, few of the inmates can parse them or even know they exist. But to that good plea against raw sophistication the college has honorably adhered. If I seem to import an irrelevant tavern flavor, that is of my own private sentimentality. We lived mostly without benefit of orgy; no place was ever less bohemian in spirit. It never even occurred to it to want to be; the peccancies of Mistletoe and his cronies were surreptitious and unauthorized. One of the best of memories is of a volume of Ben Jonson bought at Leary's and *The Alchemist* read aloud with a companion (and shouts of laughter) in a field of cornshocks beyond the college.

I have looked back over some of Mistletoe's notebooks, and I find that he has learned very little in twenty years, about literature anyhow, that they didn't tell him then, or try to tell him. I get a twinge of wistful amusement in some of the old memoranda: as for instance when the poor young scholiast, alongside the purplest stanza of the Eve of Saint Agnes, set innocently down the notation that *shielded scutcheon* was an example of "pleonasm." That, entered perhaps by dictation, was a mere childishness of pedantry, but every child is properly a pedant. The only danger is in his remaining so. You must start him off hunting for rhetorical oddities, which may be just as much fun as parlor games; perhaps eventually among pleonasms or metonymies he may become aware of what lies behind rhetoric, the burning human mind. It would be wrong to suppose that because he jotted down such naïvetés on the margin he did not feel the thrill of Keats. In fact a 75-cent Keats bought from John Wanamaker—not from Leary, because he wanted one utterly his own, with no reminiscence of any previous reader—has been one of the most important things that ever happened to him. To this day he remains one of the few who can tell you offhand

what day of the year is Saint Agnes' Eve. The very pages of that poem are loose in the book because he used to read it in bed and fall asleep on it. We were lucky at Haverford in having in the Roberts Autograph Collection one of the most beautiful and terrible of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne. I doubt if many of the boys were enough interested to go and look at it, but I know one who did. He can still call to mind the actual handwriting of those words at the bottom of the sheet, describing his love. "'Tis richer than an Argosy of Pearles."

Christopher Morley.



Invocation

*Ye gods, ye devils—muses nine—
I chose not—what's the odds?
Stand by to steer this pen of mine—
Ye muses—devils—gods!
I'm desperate with a writing urge,
I'm big with graphic child;
With naught to say, my meters surge
To drive Parnassus wild!
I've wept before the gates of Heaven;
I've torn my hair in Hell;
But though the urge to speak is given
I know not what to tell.
Ye gods, ye devils—muses nine—
I chose not—what's the odds?
Stand by to steer this pen of mine—
Ye muses—devils—gods!*

L. A.

Maiores Haverfordiansis

THERE is always the temptation, in writing of the fiftieth (or any other) anniversary of an institution, to paint its history as an epoch-making climb from a lowly beginning back in the dark ages up to the dizzy and dazzling heights of perfection which it now occupies—the passing inference being that only by special Divine guidance could such a miracle be possible. In the case of a magazine, the editor is all too likely to confuse change with progress and emphasize purely technical improvements; to expatiate on the fact that the first HAVERFORDIAN of October, 1879, sported but nine pages, and that its predecessors, the *Collegian*, the *Gem*, and the *Bud*, were mere long-hand productions that had not even attained the luxury of printer's ink. Certainly this is false pride: literary value has no valid connection with excellence of typography. And certainly the literary value—historically speaking—of the college magazine lies in its being the recorded reactions of a certain generation of undergraduates to the world around them—and in this, time makes little variation. The attitudes change and the forms of expression, but the accuracy with which they are recorded—whether consciously as nowadays, or unconsciously as in years gone by—shows surprisingly little deviation. One does not find, of course, in these literary ancestors of the present day the sparkle and mature penetration with which Mr. Morley has chronicled the reactions of John Mistletoe, '10; but archaeologically considered, they have a charm all their own.

I

In the mind of the modern undergraduate these periodicals of the old-time literary societies inspire a feeling of humble awe. Even raised as he is on the dogmatism of the *American Mercury*, he gazes dumb-founded at the cheerful certainty with which these

authors set about deciding the problems of the universe; and as he turns over page after page of neatly penned essays on "Patriotism," "Death" and "What is Religion?" he feels his own literary effusions criminally trivial. This conviction of sin grows upon him when, in the *Collegian* for 1839 (chastely dated "12 mo. 2nd"), he finds "Romulus" writing the following: "Whether the reading of fictitious narrative (*sic*) has a beneficial or injurious effect upon the reader is a subject that has long been discussed and although it has been by most agreed that the latter is the effect most generally produced, yet by many an exception has been made in favor of the fictitious works of Scott." Our author, however, will allow no such compromise with evil and proceeds to demonstrate how much greater Sir Walter's service to humanity would have been had he confined himself to serious history. He is not entirely inflexible, however, so concludes thus: "So that we must lament that the author should have employed his talent in so unworthy a way; yet admiring and wondering at his genius we may exclaim with the poet, 'The immortal Scott is dead'."

And, what is most crushing of all, this Romulus evidently spoke as one having authority and not as a mere scribe; for appended to a succeeding essay of his—answering the question "Is there a God?"—we find an editorial note: "The contribution of Romulus is worthy of its author, and contains sentiments which must move even the heart of the unbeliever." Yet there is still a gleam of hope that his fellow editors, Cataline and Anabasis, did not fully subscribe to his stern condemnation of the perverted genius of Scott—for included among the apparently irrelevant steel engravings with which the volumes are interleaved, we discover an illustration drawn from *Guy Mannering*.

The redoubtable Romulus, however, is a man of many

subjects. Witness: "What is Woman? The adored object of man's affections. But why is it so?" Here there is a slight digression to prove that the real cause of Napoleon's downfall on "the bloody plains of Waterloo" (a quarter of a century had not yet elapsed since this event—which probably explains the fascination it holds for our author's mind) was the Emperor's desertion of Josephine. But he returns to Woman in general: "Is it not from heaven given to soften man's lot in this terrestrial scene? If not, from where did it come and for what is it sent?" And in this, one is forced to admit Romulus unanswerable.

II

The race of Haverford authors continued to multiply until in 1859 the Logonian Society's *Collegian* found itself rivalled by the Everett Society's *Bud* and the *Gem* of the Athenaeum. Having settled most of the problems of metaphysics in the previous two decades, the editors now sigh for more worlds to conquer, and so assume the responsibility of keeping their readers *en rapport* with what has gone on in the political sphere since the last issue of the magazine. The Harper's Ferry raid of John Brown, the nationalist movement in Italy, the machinations of Louis Napoleon—all are described and interpreted with assiduous zeal. The comparatively campus-centered "literary" magazine of today may well blush for shame.

But the Muse was not neglected. One author would strike the tender amorous note in "Shall we meet again, Clemanthe?" another would portray the consolations of religion in old age in his poem, "At Rest," beginning

"I am old and alone,
The church-yard stone
Has covered those who were nearest me,
And the snow's white pall

*Is over all
Who ever were the nearest me."*

And then, of course, there was the poem in which the *Bud* acknowledged its debt to history in the modest title:

*"The Death of Jane Seymour
(For the Bud)"*

Degeneration from the austere non-fiction days of Romulus had, however, set in. The entering wedges, no doubt, were the apparently harmless narratives, "A Trip to Atlantic City," "A Visit to Bellefonte," and "A Ride on the N. Y. & E. R. R. from Stockport to Elmira"; but more insidious things were to follow. "The Bride of the Ocean" is a dashing sea-yarn of a definitely frivolous nature; while in "The Spaniard's Revenge," it must be confessed, the author shows downright intimacy with depravity when he writes: ". . . his horse was stopped by the above-mentioned man, and a revolver presented to his head, and his money or his life asked in a cool way which highwaymen have of talking."

III

This lurid sensationalism, during the next score of years, even invaded the hitherto sacred ranks of poetry, and by the 'eighties one can find such frothy things as "The Treacherous Watermelon"—describing a clandestine midnight feast in Barclay Hall and its dire after-effects. Even more frivolous is another campus escapade entitled "Nothing But Smoke!"

*"Of all the youths I ever saw
None were so wicked, vain or silly,
So lost to shame and college law
As lazy Jack and Sam and Billy.*

*For every afternoon they walked,
With hat and pipes and nice tobacco,
Through roads and turnpikes where they talked—
This naughty Sam and Bill and Jack oh."*

On this particular occasion, however, a certain redoubtable "Professor Joe" is descried in the offing:

*"Now when they saw him coming near
They quickly spat upon their fire,
And in their hearts they quaked with fear;
But Joe came near e' near e' nigher."*

Punishment, of course, falls swift and relentless; and the moral of the tale is duly pointed.

The Woman question, it seems, has also cropped up again since it was settled back in the 'thirties. Our author, after aiming a bolt of disapproval at woman suffrage and "the damsels who walk delicately along the fashionable streets, allowing occasional glimpses of the silk stockings," roundly declares himself in favor of increased education for women—and for the following canny reason: "The more they are enlightened, the more shall we be, for what is there that a woman knows and keeps it to herself?" He has also discovered in his observations that:

"Woman forms one-half the human race.

"When a woman is married, it is at once the happiest and sacrest moment of her life.

"The mind of woman is rapid. She comes to a quick conclusion."

But not all research on the subject reached such profundities as these: witness the observation recorded in the column headed "Notes." "What is the difference between a model female and a female model? *Answer:—*One is a bare possibility and the other is a naked fact."

IV

It was perhaps to combat such ribaldries that THE HAVERFORDIAN was organized in '79; at any rate, the early issues show a resolute tendency to lead the minds of the College into the paths of righteousness. In one number, for instance, there was an earnest exhortation to regular reading, "notes" on Colorado, and articles on Pascal, Biblical Poetry and "Evidences of Socialism in the United States." In the last paper, doubtless to prevent his readers from being misled, the author endeavors to make quite clear at the outset the exact nature of the ogre which was threatening American life: "All have heard many times of the nihilism of Europe; of organizations formed for the purpose of banishing society, humanity and God from the world."

But THE HAVERFORDIAN of these early days had not only its obligations to the College, but also its duty to its contemporaries in the magazine world; and under the title of "Exchange Notes" the boon of candid criticism was lavishly bestowed:

"The *Album* would be quite a respectable paper if it was decently printed . . .

"We have long thought the *Colby Echo* worthless, but never before were willing to waste space enough to announce to the public a fact so patent to everybody. We only do it now to let the *Echo* know that there is no love lost."

Apparently the *Echo* has sunk into a well-deserved oblivion, for we hear no more of it; and perhaps it would be more seemly to draw the curtain of silence over the subsequent history of THE HAVERFORDIAN itself, lest we find it fallen into as parlous a state as its "worthless" contemporary. Its later volumes, it must be confessed, show an ever-increasing amount glittering, worldly fiction and light verse; and its editors seem to have lost their high sense of responsibility to

history and their faith in the duty of seriousness. Even Mr. Morley, in his undergraduate days, was so depraved as to burlesque the professorial lecture and chronicle the decidedly frivolous adventures of an Irish waitress; and it is not to be wondered that others followed his wicked example.

The degeneration into empty folly was complete and THE HAVERFORDIAN, alas, has been morally dead these twenty-five years and more; it remained only to write its epitaph. And this, with a fine flippant gesture and yet a certain inevitability, was done by Mr. J. C. Thomas, '08, in his miniature rubaiyat printed in 1907:

*"Think in this battered monthly magazine,
Whose portals are alternate red and green,
How poet after poet with his verse
Abode a while and then no more was seen."*

J. W. M.



The Prophet

*Wind in the north as I go forth,
The voice within me crying,
And the high gods' word, by none else heard,
Out of the white wind flying.*

*I pass them by—the vaulted sky,
The lowering rain-clouds streaming,
The fire's slow hiss and the wind's keen kiss,
The flash of sun and the gleaming.*

*Down to the sea, with its white waves free
On the long gray cliffs a-breaking,
I take my dream, my beckoning beam,
My thirst that has no slaking.*

*I shout it forth; from south to north
There echoes only laughter
Of scheming knaves and blinded slaves,
Who seek their heaven hereafter.*

*They ask for a sign—that the stars as they shine,
May turn in their courses to win them;
They cry for a Baal or a Holy Grail,
And they mock at the godhead within them.*

*They drive me on through dusk and dawn,
Sick of their pious sinning,
To the wind-swept heights 'neath the cold stars' light,
Where life takes breath and beginning.*

*And I keep to my road, the soul's sharp goad
Relentless, ever driving—
That cries in vain—as to wind or rain—
Yet grows not faint with striving.*

*For the Call is my guide and the gods walk beside,
As onward my road is a-wending,
Its heaven in life, its victory the strife,
And never a care for the ending.*

J. W. Martin.

Tempus Victor

*When she was young and but a girl,
Before the ardor of her youth was spent,
Then was she sweet and moist and decked in green—
She pranced with naked feet upon the years
That glistened with the early morning dew.
But later when she grew to know herself
And ponder more upon the things that were,
Her joy was more abandoned, for the day she knew was
short
And must be spent*

*. She built herself a tower
That clamored to the sky and mocked the sun,
Vaunting the sunlight of its own gold-crested head,
Beneath whose shade she grew to riper age;
She danced less often now, but when she danced
Was lost in the wild fury of her joy—
Wrapt from the world she stripped desire bare
And bathed in blood and lust and hate and war,
Until she sank at last:
The fresh young beauty that was hers was gone
Distorted 'neath a goulish mask of glut
Her maiden-joy was hid . . .*

*Her maiden-joy is gone and all the beauty of her glorious
youth—*

The spring of step, the gay fresh smile—

She knows her beauty gone,

*She fears to laugh because the horrid paint upon her lips
will crack*

And when she smiles she sneers;

And looks with envious eyes upon the joys of other days.

. Her foot grows heavy on the years,

They cry and groan beneath the torture of her tread;

She screams with rage and bids them bear her still—

She feels a bitter joy to make a mock

Of all her innocence, her verdant days

Before her face was furrowed deep with fear—

The years complain; already she is old;

Will she still sit, a noisome hindrance in their way?

She sneers them down and sears their backs with hate;

For they are weary; but a little while

And with a glorious burst of hot revolt

The years shall fling the burden from their backs

Away and down . . .

Until split open all her body cracks

And oozes broken on the crags of time.

Lockhart Amerman.

H. R. H.

*Long years ago,
When Genghis Khan was young,
The Emperor's mother
Had a brother
Or two, or three, and maybe another:
And that is why you have to bother
To hear how she was hung.*

*Long years ago,
The Empress Catherine Jane
Had base design
To change the line,
And give to her brother the right divine
To royally whistle "Die Wacht am Rhein",
And, crown on head, to reign.*

*Long years ago
She said to her brother Willem,
"Go don your plaid
And kill the lad—
My son, the Prince of Petrograd,—
Then tell me what success you've had—
But first, be sure you kill 'im!"*

*Long years ago
The Prince worked in the stables.
The grooms all said,
"She's after your head!"
So he had her hung by the heels instead,—
Upside down till her face was red—
The Prince had turned the tables.*

L. A.



Immo-rality

GRANDPA ELDREDGE was dead. Dead at last. The end had been expected for some days. The relatives had even taken their "mornins" out of mothballs so as to be ready for the inevitable. But this was a long time coming. Time and again the old man rallied and fought against the disease.

As he lasted from Sunday to Sunday, prayers for his recovery were asked from every local pulpit, and from no pulpit more fervently than from the Rev. Minot's. Grandpa Eldredge had not been a member of this pastor's church. Becoming the richest man in the town of Ostable was enough for him. No, the Rev. Minot waxed eloquent to his congregation in behalf of the old man simply because his own eloquence pleased him. Lingering illnesses were his forte. It was an impressive topic. It gave the usual morning prayer, "for those, O Lawd, who cannot be here to worship with us," more of a tang.

The prayers grew in length and grandness. They came to be more discussed than his sermons in the gatherings after services. On the Sunday Grandpa Eldredge died it was Aunty Higgins who delivered the

last word in comment. The service ended, she hoisted her long frame, turned with a sigh to her neighbor and simpered, "Laws, wa'n't it elegant!"

But no amount of prayers could win back the old man. Age and feebleness told upon him. One Sunday morning he suffered a relapse, sank rapidly through the day, and died about supper time.

Word that "it's finally happened," spread like poison ivy around Ostable that night. Rev. Minot was the first to boil up the steps of the Eldredge mansion in a steam of comforting words for the swarm of relatives who had been assembling throughout the day. The funeral was to be the very next day. It had to be. Because of the nature of the disease that laid the old man low, the remains would not be presentable after then. And on the Cape, a funeral at which the corpse is not laid out in full view from stem to stern is simply no funeral at all.

Came Monday. Hot, and sticky as the inside of a rubber boot. Relatives hung like a thunder cloud about the big quiet house. During the course of the morning Eben Snow, next-door neighbor of the old man and just a bit cracked, skipped up the walk and rang the Eldredge bell. His suit was a rusty black and his pants looked as though they had been preserved in an accordion. A gloomy piece of the thunder cloud opened the door.

Ebenezer beamed. Showing what few teeth he had, he said brightly, "Howdy! Mite warrm this marnin' ain't it. Be the body on view yet?"

"Nope," came the dark reply. "It's daown at Winnie Nickerson's bein' prepared."

"Oh, of coss." Eben paused. Then, struck with a sudden thought he rattled on. "B'gad, I hope Winnie puts on the right stuff. I hed an ant once thet died. They put the wrong stuff on her and it et 'er up! Gut ta be goin' now. See you a mite later."

The door cut off Eben's sly wink.

II

Winnie Nickerson played a double rôle in the life of Ostable. He was a grocer with a little meat market as a side line. Now the grocery business was not all that it used to be. The chain store system was already reaching out its fingers for the Cape trade, and Winnie was finding it harder going all the time. He was also the town undertaker. He was rather glad now to have this trade to fall back on.

For one who did not make a business of planting people Winnie had a real gift for the delicate art. When conducting a funeral he was always as nervous as an artist at work—or a dog with fleas.

Several things about this Eldredge job worried him. A funeral on a hot day is a trying affair anyway. And even at an early hour this Monday promised to be a scorcher. Another thing. Grandpa Eldredge's hobby had been rocking chairs. He would have only rockers in his house. Winnie knew this and he was nearly sick at the prospect of running a funeral in the midst of the crickity-crack of chairs rocking. It would spoil the impressiveness of the occasion. One other thing. The heat would cause many of the females to bring fans with them. Cripes!

The delivery wagon Winnie used in his grocery business in the morning he would drive in the afternoon. He one time hoped to buy himself a real hearse. But at that time he couldn't afford one. Since then business had not improved a bit, and he had had to give over his fond hope for a big shiny hack with glass sides and tassels and be content with his delivery wagon.

It was too short for a coffin of normal length. Packed as tightly as possible against the driver's seat, about a foot of the box protruded from the back of the wagon. Winnie would drive slowly down the street leading a line of horse and buggies with the doors of the "hearse"

flapping and banging against the coffin. They furnished a grotesque touch, these doors.

But the joy and pride of his career as undertaker was the outfit he wore at funerals. The frock coat, vest, and trousers had once been in respectable shape. Winnie had bought it many years ago in a second-hand store in Boston. It used to fit him like a glove. For a long while he cut as much of a figure at his funerals as did the corpse itself. He had done all his courting in this outfit, too. Naturally, he felt a kind of sentimental attachment to it.

Winnie grew bigger, more comfortably upholstered, as the years went by. His three wives had let the outfit out and down in attempts to keep it not too closely in touch with the Nickerson bay window. It finally reached the limit of expansion. But Winnie didn't. He bulged and bulged, promised himself a new outfit every time he put this one on, and yet admired himself in the glass as he tightened his string tie and pulled on the white cotton gloves. He knew he could not afford a new one. And this still looked well.

The decent black had sicklied to a color describable as bottle green. It shone at the elbows, the shoulders, the seat. But Winnie saw only the satin lapels and felt only the slap of coat-tails against his thighs.

Sweat oozed from him this Monday noon as he braced himself and drew in his breath. Button met buttonhole and the vest was on. He exhaled and the buttons disappeared beneath folds of vest. A quick dive and he was inside the coat. He gave a futile jerk and twist at the tails that had lately acquired the habit of crawling up his back. On went the white cotton gloves. Why do they insist upon working off unless you keep your fingers spread? He thought of the heat and the rocking chairs and the fans. He swore to himself.

III

The relatives chose the Rev. Minot to conduct the services. They felt he really deserved the distinction. Had he not prayed and prayed for the old man's recovery? Had he not been the first to extend his sympathy and offering of help the evening before? They felt it was the least they could do.

The Rev. Minot realized the honor. And he was there to outdo himself. He twanged thin chords of help and comfort at the relatives. He had a sad eye for everyone. He chewed his sparse moustache. He caught the eye of his wife and left off chewing before he got all the way across.

The chairs were all filled, and, as Winnie had feared, were all being rocked. To and fro. To and fro. With the sway of many of them went the dip of fans. It made him think of wooden ducks bobbing up and down outside the blind during the shooting last fall. He couldn't put his heart in the work this afternoon. Sweat ran down his backbone.

The little things that undertakers do at funerals, Winnie did. But the bobbing of chairs and fans nearly unravelled his nerves. Another source of worry were the two dogs he had stowed away down cellar before the ceremony. Dogs have to be locked up during funerals. They get too nosey. So Winnie had to keep one ear peeled for noises from below. He had nervous premonitions of trouble.

The service began. Rev. Minot spoke through his nose, emphasizing each word. He brought out the strong syllable, seemed to taste it, as though each had a flavour that pleased him. If possible, he would emphasize two syllables in the same word. His flow of words had a sort of lilting roll to them, an inheritance, perhaps, from Yankee forbears who spent most of their lives on a

heaving deck. A tiny bead of sweat hung on the end of his nose.

Winnie heard a faint growl from below. He shivered, stooped, and slunk along the back row of chairs on his way to the cellar door. It opened and shut.

The service progressed. He was approaching the impressive part of the funeral service where, with the words of the minister, the corpse seems to draw away from things human and to enter once more into the realm of the impersonal. There was scarcely a dry eye in the gathering. Raising his face towards the ceiling and extending one hand in the direction of the coffin, the Rev. Minot quavered slowly and distinctly:

"And this mow-tal shall take upon himself immorality."

If the roof had dropped through and the heavenly host been exposed, strumming on harps, no more electric shock would have been felt by those there than the words of the Rev. Minot produced. Chairs stopped instantly, as though crowbars had been slipped under them all. Fans paused in midair. Here and there jaws started to drop open.

Into the shocked stillness broke the voice of Winnie Nickerson, down cellar, directly beneath the bier.

"Now I'll get ye!" Wh-a-a-am twice in quick succession went a stick across the flanks of two dogs. Yelps and a scurrying of paws on concrete. Then dead silence below.

Rev. Minot felt the pause like an undertow. He saw his mistake. He gulped once and hurried on.

"Shall take upon himself immor-tality."

Chairs and fans started up once more. Neighbors smiled at each other, a vague, perspiring smile.

Winnie appeared at the back of the room. Catching the Rev. Minot's eye, he held up one hand, wriggled each gloved finger separately, and, slumping down to

the level of the people's heads, snoopd off towards the back of the house. He reached the kitchen. He unbuttoned his collar, his vest, and his shirt. Then sank exhausted into a chair. A rocking chair. He was too weary to curse.

A. R. Crawford

Vintage

*I loved you for your gentle ways
And for your winning smile;
I since have learned that fiancées
And tender nights and joyous days
Are hardly worth the while.*

*Because your throat was smooth and white,
Your hair so soft to touch:
You were desiderata, quite—
A feature which, at second sight,
Does not amount to much.*

*No more I dwell in gay confines
Of lovely phantom shapes;
Yet disillusion scarce repines,
For now I know the sweetest wines
Are pressed from sour grapes.*

F. W. Lindsay

The Case for Romance

“ . . . What is Man that his welfare be considered? An ape who chatters to himself of kinship with the archangels while filthily he digs for ground nuts. . . . Yet more clearly do I perceive that this same Man is a maimed god . . . He is under penalty condemned to compute eternity with false weights and estimate infinity with a yardstick; and he very often does it. . . .”

Dizaine des Reines, JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

Once upon a time, in the fabled land of Provence, a knight rode forth to keep his tryst with love. It was dusk; from a distant coppice the nightingale was pouring forth her paeon of sombre joy, whose poignant melody rose and fell and rose again to echo down the quiet of the southern night. Far away the gentle strumming of a troubadour's viol hung faintly in the scented air; thin and remote, it seemed to drift among the olive branches high above, till it wavered like a broken sob and died away. A shaft of errant moonlight had pierced the lancet windows of my lady's incensed chamber to mingle dimly with curling mists of myrrh and musk, and cast jagged streaks of silver upon my lady's fair breast as she strained heart and ear awaiting the Song of Love. Outs de, the moon shone full upon the playing shafts of a tinkling fountain, as they splashed like liquid topazes to cobalt nothingness beneath. The very Auster itself seemed laden with the soft perfume of love and romance as it breathed among the whispering cedars. . . .

WHAT does it matter that in reality the story was quite a different one? What does it matter that its hero tipped the scales at well nigh three hundred pounds? (that is, he would if he had ever seen scales, which God forbid!) Of what importance is it that its heroine was quite deaf and walked with a hideous limp? What difference does it make that two great families really made the match? What does it matter? Just this—all the difference between Reality and the soul of Romance.

There can be no middle ground. Romance is either the great force underlying all life or an idle tinsel toy; and so, perforce is Realism everything or nothing. The lion can not be made to lie down with the lamb; and Romance and Reality have been and always will be quite as diametrically opposed as North and South on the Mariner's Compass. The cry is war and war without mercy, for peace between the two greatest conflicting principles of life, must at the start be a complete impossibility. The fight is going on everywhere, and has been since Man first began to think for himself. Every fancy, every dream, every soaring thought, every hope, is flinging itself with filmy force against the square squat battlements of an all but victorious Reality. Perhaps it is this militant Romance pitted against quite as militant a Reality that makes up the sum total of human experience. At any rate, few men die without taking arms in defense of one or the other of them, whether they are aware of it or no. The trumpet call has rent the air—the ghostly legions of Romance are rallying for the charge—the time is come; slowly and with great effort I aim my steely javelin, crudely and unskillfully I cast it straight at those walls of Reality, so maddeningly arrogant in their very being.

What, then, is this element that for want of a better word we mortals call Romance? It would seem that in the face of cold facts it is little more than a lie. Beneath the accurate but sickly glare of history's limelight, that fine knight who rode forth so gayly to the *chanson d'amour*, is revealed by the literal and unflattering chronicler as a great and revolting boor. As for his filmy counterpart evoked by the atmosphere of Romance, he has long since vanished like the shadow that he really was. Perhaps the scene itself was just a painted setting; perhaps there was no nightingale nor muted viol—perhaps gaunt elms tossed beneath my lady's tower

instead of whispering cedars, and who knows but that scathing Boreas, had banished the Auster's gentle caress. Of course, you seekers after Reality, you are right. The whole affair was true to life,—cold, real and hard—for of that essence is Truth. But the glorious lie which is Romance is as old as Man and as unattainable as any other of his hopes and aspirations. For it was only by deceiving himself into believing that he was a person not at all inferior to the archangels that Man ever succeeded in extricating himself from the primordial slime, began that long and difficult ascent on which today is but a way station, and emerged as a caricature, at least, of the upright and civilized creature he now claims to be. The fact that in the course of his evolution (and for that matter at the crux of it as well) he reveled in the mud of earth in all the sordidness of his baser nature is a gentle reminder that if his mind had not been in the seventh heaven at least part of the time, he certainly would have ended exactly where he began. And it is this having of one's mind in seventh heaven at least part of the time that we call Romance. It is this untruth—this shifty picture painted from that most marvellous of palettes, imagination, that has woven itself into the deepest fibres of human life until existence without it is practically unbearable, for we have set it up as an altar unto ourselves in that holy-of-holies called dreamland. The lover thinks he has found it when he looks into the face of his new-discovered love; but that is because he confuses love and Romance. The adventurer thinks he has captured it when he mingles with the strangenesses of other peoples in some far distant city of the Orient; but that is because he confuses adventure and Romance. Romance is never true; if it were, it would lose the very quality which makes it romantic, for the real, ineffable, indescribable ingredient of Romance embraces love and adventure and a host of other fantasies. All are but in-

significant parts of a great and magnificent whole. How poor and paltry is a real lover's love beside the eternal and undying store in the coffers of Romance! How stale and sordid a real adventure beside the inexhaustible adventures of Romance! But they are none of them true, as the standards of the world about us would have them be. Surrounded by the physical universe, Romance is without question the sublimest falsehood, the most magnificent deception, the most universal untruth in the story of Man.

Then, too, Romance is the firm counterpoise of human life. Without it, life assumes proportions entirely beyond the grasp of mortal intelligence. Its influence is not unlike that fundamental scientific principle that Newton discovered on the momentous day when his eye followed an apple's course from tree to ground. As surely as gravitation holds man fast to earth, Romance holds him to his destiny and binds him, as it were, with golden threads to the fulfillment of his dreams. Who is there to deny that this day-after-day existence we mortals lead is at best a dull, dreary and often hideously revolting affair without the soothing balancing effect of unreality and hope upon the soul? For what has this animal being to offer of itself? Companionship? Surely a dubious asset to the soul that yearns for individual integrity—and what soul does not? The Passion of Love? Most assuredly a still more dubious possession, for when the flame dies, its ashes can have only a ghastly stench in the nostrils of him who refuses to pin his heart upon his breast and live the life of Romance—the life of dreaming, hoping, and setting the goal far on the distant horizon. Pleasure? Perhaps—for there are human beings that rejoice to eat, sleep and breathe the air of life as the ultimate ends of existence; but these are but pitiful animals miscast in human form, and the philosopher will tell you that there is no joy but in the recesses of the soul.

But we are so obstinate; we will never admit defeat, and so we have dulled our appreciation of happiness by seeking happiness alone, the while repeating feverishly to ourselves a trite formula contrived to make us think ourselves the happiest of men, when in the face of Reality, that grim and never-to-be-deceived Guardian of the Truth, we are but degraded, bestial creatures, grovelling and jostling for the warmest place in the sun. And it is this feverish repetition of an untruth, this continued self-deception, this *Romance*, that—strange to say—makes existence tolerable. Without it, life is an unbalanced, rudderless affair. Who of mortals has not hoped and planned and built castles in Spain, and lived to see every stone in them crumble to dust. Of course! for that is the elusive way of a world where dreams never come true and lovers seldom “live happily ever after”. It is the hoping and the planning and the dreaming that give mortality an excuse for being. Without them, I submit, life is Hell. Dante recognized this when he caused to be inscribed above the gates to the Inferno, “*Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here*”, for what is Hope but the handmaiden of Romance?

It is practically impossible to define the kernel of Romance in a brief sentence or two, yet James Branch Cabell, of Virginia and Poictisme, has come marvellously near to the pure and refined essence by naming it “the urge to have things not as they are but as they ought to be.” As they ought to be. . . . Is it a sin to disguise three hundred pounds of knighthood as an Adonis, in the name of Romance, or to cause his lady to cast aside her limp? A sin? Rather the only joyous miracle left a faithless humanity. As to the ethical question of just what “things ought to be”, is there not a genius for perceiving at least a faint glow of perfection innate in the soul of every man? What has led Man thus far upon the way? Nothing more or less than his uncanny accuracy

in seeing things as they ought to be, coupled with his continued striving (often unconsciously) towards the almost invisible goal he has set himself.

It is all a question of idealism. Can any mortal hope to attain or even behold one half the perfection of beauty assigned to Venus and Apollo by the men of vanished eras? Can any human eye ever hope to gaze upon the golden streets of the New Jerusalem save only in a vision like that which enveloped him of Patmos? God knows, we have enough and to spare of facts and statistics in this busy, humming world: the steady grind, the dirt, the grim and grisly reality, the foul sloth and misery that stare us in the face, and the times when the atmosphere of earth reeks damp and fetid like the congested hold of an African slaver. There is but one escape, but one remedy, and that is the healing potion of Romance. Under the spell of its delicious opiate saturated with dreams, reality sinks behind to disappear in a saffron haze. And then how untrue becomes Reality and how vivid phantasy! All about are the perfect friends and fictions of our own twisted brains, for Castles in Spain are no further from each of us than we are from ourselves. There are no confines to the land of true Romance; its very being is but one great ideal, after whose twinkling lantern Humanity slowly plods, as the weary peat gatherer fruitlessly pursues Will-o'-the-Wisps over the bogs and through the waste places of a barren land.

But Romance is not merely an ideal, since idealism implies a mundane origin. The beginnings of such a sacred thing as the true Romantic feeling within us, could be only extra-mundane. For Romance is a force—in fact, the great force which grapples together the roots of our common life. Perhaps it is the spirit of religion; perchance it is but another form of prayer for those who balk at mysticism, but without denial it is a spiritual

energy. And the more we ponder, the more convinced we become that Romance, and *Romance alone* is the only yardstick with which Man can measure the Infinite and calculate the Eternal with at least some degree of accuracy. Perhaps Mr. Cabel is right when he closes his remarks on Romance in this manner:

"But when we note how visibly it sways all life, we perceive that we are talking about God."

J. T. Golding.

Poet

I had
a poem on
my lips, and it was full
of pretty things for me to say
to you.

But you,
with all the mad
perverseness of your kind,
just left me . . . with a poem on
my lips.

F. W. L.

BOOKS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The problem of the reviewer of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by this time, is no longer *whether* it is a great book, but what makes it so. Of beautifully-written, penetrating books on the war, from *Disenchantment* to *Class of 1902*, the past half-dozen years have seen no lack; but *All Quiet* stands in a class by itself. It is not only the mere statistical fact that it has sold some 1,500,000 copies (we refuse, by the way, to consider this figure sufficiently indicative—twelve other people, by actual count, having read our copy): it is the fact that *All Quiet*, unlike so many best-sellers, has actually touched its readers in a vital spot and affected their whole trend of thought; it has not merely amused, it has aroused. People who read books as pure pastime, people who ordinarily read them scarcely at all, people who have never even read *All Quiet* in book form, but only serially in a newsheet—all these seem to find in Herr Remarque's novel a gripping reality. Its universality is amazing.

It is in precisely this universality that *All Quiet* scores so heavily over its rivals. *Disenchantment*, to cite a previous example, is the reaction of the species English-gentleman to the war; *Class of 1902* is that of the species adolescent non-combatant: but *All Quiet* is that of the species homo, of the Man in the Trench. Remarque, like the characters in his novel, clings close to earth and appeals, for his effect, to that most basic of human instincts, the will to live. Despite the rough humour of the Himmelstoss-Kantorek episodes and the poetic beauty of the "Summer of 1918," to the average

reader its compelling power certainly lies in the sheer physical horror of the shell-hole and hospital scenes. It is this ever-present shadow of destruction and sudden death that gives the book its terrifying unity.

For an extraordinary unity of effect Herr Remarque undoubtedly does achieve: every incident in the book focuses its beam of enlightening evidence on one thing—the war. Unlike the ordinary romantic novelist, he realizes that the problem of the war is too ponderously crushing to attempt to divert the attention to the “deathless-loves” of its victims; he sees that the complicated relationships of individuals tend to lose their importance in the face of a Juggernaut that, as like as not, may wipe them all off the face of the earth at a split second’s notice. It is war, not love or adventure, that he would show and with swift, relentless strokes he does so; he does not dissipate his effect in cheap rhetorical accusations, he merely portrays what he sees. And because of its telling singleness of purpose, the book finally leaves in the mind of the reader an unexpressed accusation that is uncompromising and wholly damning.

(*Little, Brown, \$2.50*)

CLASS OF 1902

ERNST GLAESER

All Quiet on the Western Front gives the story of the youths in the trenches; *Class of 1902* tells that of the boys behind the lines and how their lives also were twisted by the war. The title, of course, is to the American reader something of a misnomer, connoting to him the university graduate of that year; in German military parlance, however, “Class of 1902” means the boys *born* in that year and therefore liable to be called up for military service in 1918. The book is partly autobiographical, in the sense that the author was himself born in 1902.

The focus of this book is necessarily somewhat different from that of *All Quiet*, inasmuch as in it the war is something seen, as it were, not in direct but reflected light and therefore much more sensitive to variations in the mind of the hero who acts as the receiving instrument. Probably for this reason, more than half the book is concerned with the period immediately preceding the war and with the influences working upon the boy's plastic character—his researches into the Facts-of-Life and so on. He becomes keenly aware of the clash of class warfare with all its petty hatreds; and so when the declaration of war comes and the first rush of hysteria sets all classes fraternizing indiscriminately, the child's reaction is, "How beautiful the War is!"

This was how the war seemed at first—a glorious game. Then one day the boy saw a soldier die a violent death, and realized that this was what was taking place at the Front day after day. Finally came the pinch of hunger. "Soon a looted ham thrilled us more than the fall of Bucharest. And a bushel of potatoes seemed much more important than the capture of a whole English army in Mesopotamia." . . . The war concerned the grown-ups, and we were left isolated in the middle of it. We believed in nothing, but we did everything." In passages such as these another unmistakable voice is added to the great chorus of accusation against the war—and it is the voice of a generation which is within a half dozen years of our own.

(*Viking*, \$2.50)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The fall harvest of fiction brings quite a number of brand-new novels from the hands of the tried old masters. Here is one. Hemingway isn't much over thirty, but his writing is strangely mature and satisfying. The

scenes of *A Farewell To Arms*, are laid around the Italian Front and we are quite sure that the first part of the story at least is autobiographical. With his material so perilously acquired our author gives us such an intimate and appreciative study of Italians at war as Remarque has of their German prototypes. The hell-for-leather camaraderie that is discovered in wartime is not national, it seems.

Frederick Henry, an American lieutenant in the Italian Ambulance Corps, gets badly messed up in the legs by a trench-mortar shell the first time he goes up to the Front. Finally arriving at a Milan hospital, he is tended by his sweetheart-nurse, Catherine Barkley, with the result that another war-baby is put into commission. He returns to the Front in the fall, but the Germans are pushing the Italians back and in retreating Frederick is cut off and nearly killed several times, but at last manages to clamber aboard a Milan-bound train. He is dead sick of the War, goes into mufti and joins Catherine at Stresa from where they row across the lake into Swiss waters. Near Montreux they spend an ideally happy winter together till Catherine has to go into hospital. The Caesarean operation is unsuccessful however, and she dies after the child is removed still-born. The war-worn Frederick is once more left alone in a grey world.

The method is photographic and curiously disinterested: sometimes it is almost as if Hemingway were quoting from dispatches, at other times the slow processes are written down in full but the final impression is always of exact utter truthfulness. The disillusionment of the veterans of 1918 that has seeped down through to our generation is portrayed here in the behavior of Frederick, Rinaldi, Bonello, Aymo and the other fellows who unmindful, of whence or whither, lived their careless lives entirely in the present.

(Scribners, \$2.50)

AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS MOTHER INDIA

ERNEST WOOD

Ever since Katherine Mayo published her distorted vilification of the Indian people, ironically christening it, *Mother India*, a host of defensive and explanatory literature has been written in reply by loyal and irritated sons of that country. Under the titles *Unhappy India*, *A Son of Mother India Answers*, *Father India*, *Uncle Sham*, have appeared a few of these retorts seeking to disprove one by one, the hasty calumnies of the American journalist. Some took the method of attack as well as of defence and we were treated to exposures of the shadier features of American life backed by columns of damnatory statistics.

Mr. Wood's work arrives rather late in the field, but it is exceptionally well written. He takes time to show (the book is well over 400 pages in length) what the condition of the Indian people really appears to be like, and he speaks from a long and varied experience. No vituperation, no angry contempt but only a cool examination of the process which Miss Mayo seems to have invented for twisting facts to suit a scathing denunciation. In the chapter on Marriage he says: "Miss Mayo has made numerous misleading assertions about husbands. She says that the husband may be a child scarcely older than the bride or may be a widower of fifty. Yes, he may be, but he is not likely to be, because generally he is not either of these." Mr. Wood has a delightful gift of being able to give you the Indian slant on customs and practices very mystifying to the western mind.

We do not predict a great future for this book because interest in things Indian appears to have died down somewhat in this country, but of the many recent works printed, this is as deserving and truthful a study as we should like to see in the hands of such as are interested.

(Ganesh & Co., Madras, \$5.00)

THERE IS ANOTHER HEAVEN

ROBERT NATHAN

Almost everyone reared on the old heaven-and-hell theology has at some time in his life vaguely wondered what sort of place heaven would be to live in and, after building up a few hypothetical paradises, has abandoned the attempt on finding himself involved in too many contradictions. Mr. Nathan paints us just such a Methodist Jerusalem—but in a gravely satirical vein.

Three men step off the Jordan ferryboat: one a white-haired but playful professor of Archaeology, the second a boy of eighteen who has been so coddled and advised by his mother that he is helpless without her, the third a Jew who, attracted by the personality of Jesus, entered the Christian fold on earth but now, stranded in a Methodist heaven, feels somewhat like a fish on dry land. The scene is thus prepared for a gently ironical tale swept throughout with a slight undertone of didacticism. The boy's mother fails to meet him at the docks because she is busy organizing a Mothers' Day celebration; the aged professor is bored by the childish amours of his father and mother who turn out to be a rather young couple; the Jew finally is befriended by the Curator of the Christian Relics Museum whom he asks where Jesus might be found. It seems, however, that in the heaven of the Christians, Jesus Christ is conspicuous by his absence. The disappointed convert at last plunges into the Jordan, realizing that the Messiah is on Earth. The conclusion is, therefore, that the "other heaven" referred to in the title is back on terra firma.

Unless you happen to be a faithful believer in a God with long white hair and mutton-chop whiskers, you will find the grim satire of this book very stimulating to serious thought.

(*Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.00*)

SONG AND LAUGHTER

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Arthur Guiterman stands in a class by himself as one of the popular poets of the day. Poems on the Eddie Guest order are turned out by the hundreds per diem; Dorothy Parker's imitators are legion; but Guiterman is unique. In this humble reviewer's opinion, there has been no clever rhymester since Oliver Wendell Holmes. (My, my, you never know how many celebrities are going to be implicated in a book review!)

To be sure, Guiterman is no great poet, and his nature poems clearly show the Boy Scout influence. His little discussions of How Animals Got That Way are not so amusing as the verses of the same ilk in his *The Laughing Muse*, but when Arthur gets going on whimsy—well, there's just no stopping him.

We heartily recommend *Pershing at the Front*, *Traps* and *The Customs of the Britons* from the present volume. Compare the following lines with anything you please:

*"The Britons were very quick-witted
And always extremely polite;
They didn't dispute but admitted
That everything British was right."*

We can see no reason, however, for the inclusion of *The Passion of our Brother, the Poilu*. It seems to be just another lush translation of just another extremely hoopla French war poem.

(Dutton, \$2.50)



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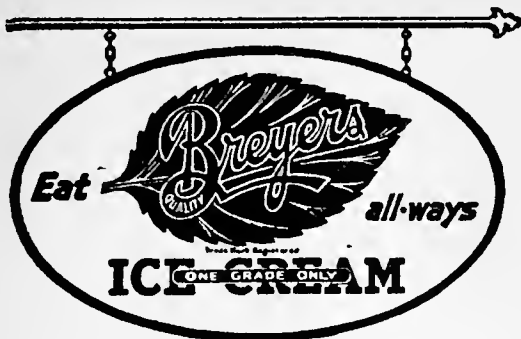


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by

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The Haverfordian

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HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1929

NO. 3

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JOSEPH WALFORD MARTIN, *Editor*

Associate Editors

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A. R. CRAWFORD

J. T. GOLDING

THOMAS WISTAR, JR.

Art Editor

J. B. APPASAMY

Book Reviewer



WILLIAM M. MAIER, *Business Manager*

HARRIS P. SHANE, *Circulation Manager*

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THE CONKLIN GATEWAY

Sophomore

WELL," he said, putting on his hat, "good-night and don't do anything rational"; and her appreciative laugh, as she shut the door, convinced him that the evening had been a success.

He swaggered down the path and headed for the station, feeling that life held infinite possibilities of which May Faulkner was certainly one of the most desirable. Out of a sense of unwonted adventure and sheer bravado, he whistled loudly. . . . Once on the station platform, he paused under the brightest lamp and with elaborate carelessness lit a cigarette, striving in every mood to impress the Italian gardener and three negro waitresses, who were to be his fellow travelers, that here before them stood the Perfect College Man.

As a Lord of the Campus, however, Mark was certainly a bit disappointing. His frame was too immaturely gangling, his hair was too sandy, his face too trustingly naïve and the blue of his eyes too pale and babyish to fit the legendary "tall blond Greek god" of popular thought. But Mark realized none of these things. He was a fascinating study in poses, for he believed them so thoroughly himself. He pictured himself as old and experienced—and was in reality just teetering on the top step of adolescence, and desperately uncertain of himself. He longed to be the perfect collegian—and he was, though in a way he never suspected. He was a sophomore and all that the word implies—a year of shifting standards and transition, a year facing Janus-like both forward to manhood and back towards adolescence, a year immeasurably wise in the ways of the world and abysmally ignorant of its own nature. In spite of all his belief in his own sophistication, Mark still looked on the world around him with the naïve

eyes of a child, finding it so full of manifold and often conflicting interests that their very richness confused him and finally left him not really absorbed in any of them. Of just what he wanted of life he had no real conception; he only knew, and that subconsciously, that life as he now lived it lacked intensity and was often disturbingly shallow. His boyhood seriousness about athletics, which had once enabled him to take a lost football game as a matter of life and death, had largely departed and no adult worries about the stock market, the city government or the next month's rent had yet appeared to take their place. Life lay before him but he still saw it only through the eyes of a spectator, not a participant. He had no passions for things, only interests—or, at most, passing enthusiasms for whatever seemed likely to provide that indefinable tang which he unconsciously sought.

Tonight, however, it was different. At the moment, the tide of life was decidedly flowing high—it seemed to have a vigor and an intensity which made it all exhilaratingly worth while. Tonight the stars, instead of being mere distant pin-points of light, were remarkably near and sparkling; the signal lights down the track were no longer mere haphazard gleams of red and green, but vital links in a mighty system of flying limiteds and ponderous freights and long lines of gleaming steel; the whole world tonight was one vast living, breathing organism—and Mark kept watch at its pulse. . . . Going back to college on the train he wondered why things suddenly seemed this way.

Freddy, his roommate, looked up from his economics book, as Mark entered the room, to ask the stock question: "How was the date?"

"Oh, not bad." And he launched on a detailed description of May, her doings and disposition, and his own conversation. Freddy listened politely until a pause in the discourse gave him an opportunity to inter-

rupt with an account of the really important event of the evening, the water-fight in the hall downstairs.

"Aw, for God's sake, won't you ever grow up," commented Mark, who had been a zealous protagonist of the fray the week before. "It's so *damn*' childish. Now, as I was saying, the thing I like about May—"

"Can it! Why keep bringing that woman into it? You in love with her or something?"

"Hell!" quoth his roommate contemptuously, "don't be an ass!"

II

By a week later, however, Mark was actually eager to accept his friend's diagnosis as correct. All his actions, indeed, were by then characterized by a desire for solitary reverie, by a profound contempt for such puerile things as professors, classes and students, and in general by what can best be described as a resolute effort to be in love. The idea obviously appealed to him. This afternoon he sat alone in his room, striving to give full and free play to his temperament by recording its changing moods on paper. The process had evidently been no great success, and with an air of washing his hands of the matter, he now pushed back his chair and walked over to get his tobacco jar perched on the mantel beneath the inevitable colored print of *Old Ironsides*. (Mark smoked a pipe religiously, in the modern sense of the word—a somewhat distasteful duty to be performed carefully for the sake of some mystic but vaguely beneficent effect upon one's character. It made him feel older and ultra-masculine and masterful.) He puffed vigorously as he surveyed what he had written. It was some of his most gorgeous prose, but nevertheless hauntingly dissatisfying: for although Mark had an innate feeling for the rich sensuous sound of words which enabled him to do amazing things with them phonetically

quite apart from their meaning, he was nevertheless enough of the critic to suspect that what he had just composed was rather unoriginal drivel. Somehow he remembered having read elsewhere nearly everything he had been writing about May—and much better done than his own. He gave it up as a bad job.

It was really much pleasanter just to lie and read Swinburne and dream—principally dream. Dreams rich with delightful melancholia all centering somehow around himself and May Faulkner; and reveling in the prospect of their tragic separation and frustration, mainly because he saw no danger of this actually taking place. Joyously morbid. Bitter-sweet. . . . His reveries were broken into only once, when he arose in his wrath to rebuke the childishness of his roommate, who had had the temerity to suggest doing their French lesson for the morrow. He relapsed into meditation and suddenly it was supper-time.

The meal finished, he was all activity, shedding his campus garb and donning his regalia for the Date. A few minutes later he was on the train for May's and feeling that life at last had some point. He rehearsed possible *bons mots* for the evening's use: within the past week this had become a matter of great importance and it was only after considerable deliberation that he was able to decide on "Hello, lots of weather we've been having lately," as his opening sally.

May opened the door herself. "Hello, Mark," she said, swinging it back with a bang, "come on in. You can hang your coat under the stairs."

"Oh, uh, yes. Er—hello, I'm sure."

It was not an auspicious beginning for a scintillating evening; he would have done better than that, he reflected, a week ago. Being in love was so unsettling at times; and May really was a rather imposing person to try to impress with your very first words. Her quite passable good looks attracted him and spurred him on,

but her cold matter-of-factness of manner and her obviously greater experience with the ways of the world rather frightened him. Actually, her mind was not so good a one as his own and she was certainly not much interested in things of the intellect; but she concealed all this under a mask of poise which was the result of knowing quite clearly just what she wanted of life—diversion, no over-exertion mental or physical, and all that is generally connoted by the expression “a good time”. At present, she found it amusing and not particularly troublesome to have Mark in love with her and so even went a little out of her way to be nice to him.

Consequently she let him do most of the talking. She drew him out to describe at great length the important features of college life, such as the classroom witticisms of his French instructor and the water-fights which took place in the hall downstairs; she encouraged him to tell her about last year’s college play in which he had played a ten-line feminine part, and she made him promise to send her the numbers of the undergraduate literary magazine in which his two or three bits of Swinburnian verse had appeared. As the evening wore on, he began to find openings for his pat remarks, and his spirits began to rise. He was enjoying life to the full. . . . He added gesture to his repertory and found himself absolutely dazzling. Finally, towards the end of the evening when they were dancing to the music of the victrola out on the darkened porch, he utilized the final strains of a dreamy waltz to kiss her.

It was not particularly well done and she chose to be mildly indignant. “No. I don’t do that.”

“Really?”

“Really.” This quite haughtily.

“Oh!” he said sweetly, “I’m reduced to cinders!”

And they so far compromised with carnality as to spend the remainder of the evening on the wicker davenport

entwined in rigid, uncomfortable, sophomoric embrace. . . . "Life," thought Mark, "is real, Life is earnest"; but words were, after all, inadequate and he bore his ecstasy in silence.

III

Love, after the first few months, had not dealt gently with Mark. A unifying passion was of obvious service as a focal point for the other facts of one's existence; but unfortunately, the more intense became the light at the focal point, the more the outlying interests tended to become enshrouded in obscurity. College affairs, unless having some possible connection with May (such as the production of amorous verse for the *Lit*) became annoying trifles to be treated, oftentimes, with scorn; he became an obnoxious blasting influence upon many a water-fight and smut session. He was continually making efforts to change his nature or "reform"; his vocabulary, for instance, was no longer so replete with vivid physiological processes—a bit of refinement which at times annoyed his classmates even more than his moments of declamatory introspection. His elders would have described this situation as "puppy love"; his contemporaries called it "nutty over a woman". . . . He had found, moreover, that living life at a higher key was not pure gain; if the crests of the waves were loftier, the hollows were correspondingly deeper. At present, he was in one of the hollows.

He sat on his window-sill, an open text-book on his knee, gazing out over the discouragingly sodden fields of early spring. These fits of depression and idleness usually occupied the two or three days after a major, Saturday-night Date—to be followed by days of feverish activity immediately preceding the next fête-day. His present state of mind, however, was not to be accounted for merely by saying that it was Tuesday and that Mark

had an economics test the following morning; it was, of course, a fancied aberration in his relations with "that Faulkner woman" which lay at the root of the matter. After some months of it, he had found mere casual, good-natured physical contact rather tiresome and begun to thirst for verbal assurances, at least, of the sincerity behind them. Having analysed his own feelings about as completely as possible, he had commenced speculating about May's, and the subject worried him—particularly on rainy afternoons like this one. Suppose she didn't love him at all? How did he know, anyhow? . . . Oh, damn! . . . He stared for perhaps twenty minutes at the upper half of Page 59. . . . It kept preying on his mind.

He resolved on desperate measures. He closed the economics book with a bang and tossed it into a corner—in itself not so striking an act, for Mark was, at best, little awed by scholastic bugbears: he had a firm and touching faith in the innate genius of sophomores in general and especially in their divine inspiration at examination times—a sublime faith which rendered study largely superfluous. His dramatic abandonment of the pursuit of knowledge, however, was but preliminary to a lengthy chain of incidents—searching numberless pockets in vain for small change, making the rounds of the dormitory until success crowned his efforts, transferring the spoils of the chase to the telephone company, and finally talking with May herself. When it was all over, Mark had a Date for the evening.

The affair followed the ritual usual for Saturday evenings: a trip to the movies, a return to the Faulkner home for cookies and ginger ale, some dancing to the victrola, and a little modest but earnest love-making on the enclosed porch. It was Mark, May would probably have contended, who spoiled everything by demanding that it be not only earnest but sincere as well.

He said it brusquely and without warning: "May, do you really love me?" (Somehow, he realized, it had a hackneyed ring; but how else could you say it?)

There was a long pause; his solemnity seemed to dampen all speech like a heavy plush curtain. Then: "Don't be silly."

He winced visibly. "But you let—"

"Well, if it gets you all worked up this way, we'll stop."

Genuinely worried now, he tried to kiss her into silence.

"No! You're not to kiss me any more!"

There was a brief struggle. He did. (Afterwards, he described himself as "overcome by a sadistic impulse.") Then, all at once, things seemed to happen far more rapidly than he had ever dreamed things could.

She was angry now that her self-assertive instincts were aroused, and she spoke curtly and to the point. His being in love with her was one thing, her being in love with him was quite another; and being, above all else, a practical soul, she as much as told him so. He gathered that he was not to kiss her again.

The really queer thing was that suddenly he didn't particularly want to. From the depths of serious fervor he soared with impossible speed clear up to the dizzy state of don't-give-a-damn. He found himself being caddishly and joyously flippant: ". . . to break up our beeoootiful friendship this way—oh, May-ray, how *could* you? . . . But you can always be a sister to me, can't you?"

Abruptly, for no particular reason, he remembered, audibly, his economics quiz the next day—an unprecedented thing. He took his departure almost immediately, bidding her farewell as casually as a favorite cousin; she was bewildered, verging on amused, rather than angry now. And as they both stood poised for an instant in the open doorway, remembering her angry

admonition, he kissed her once again, as in a game of forfeits, lightly and quickly on the lips. Fortunately, her sense of humor took this opportunity to assert itself: she was actually laughing quietly to herself as she watched him go out through the gate.

He walked down the street like one mildly intoxicated, mouthing long-curbed profanity with the fecundity of a Panurge and in the tones of a caress. . . . "As a free man may do," he quoted aloud; and then half smiled at his own bombast. Why make so much of a mere incident? Life hadn't turned sour, it had merely grown less intense—and you could have too much of intensity just like anything else. Not even good for a bow-string to stay taut all the time. Adult intensity was too strenuous a plane of life for scarce-nineteen; you wanted to go back to simpler days occasionally. And, after all, there were only a few more years in which one *could* be childish. . . . Furthermore, he added as if in afterthought, one-half the human race are women. . . .

He reached his room just as Freddy and two freshmen were soberly concluding a bull session, and astounded them with a long, soul-satisfying round of Rabelaisian expletives. Finally, "What's the matter with this damn' dead dive, anyhow? How 'bout a good, old-fashioned dumping party?—this boy Harris has one coming to him! . . . Freddy and I'll tip his bed over and you two boys stand ready with the water when he chases us out the door. *Git* hot!"

There was rejoicing among the faithful as they set about arranging for that impromptu baptism. The lost sheep had returned to the fold.

J. W. Martin.

Submission

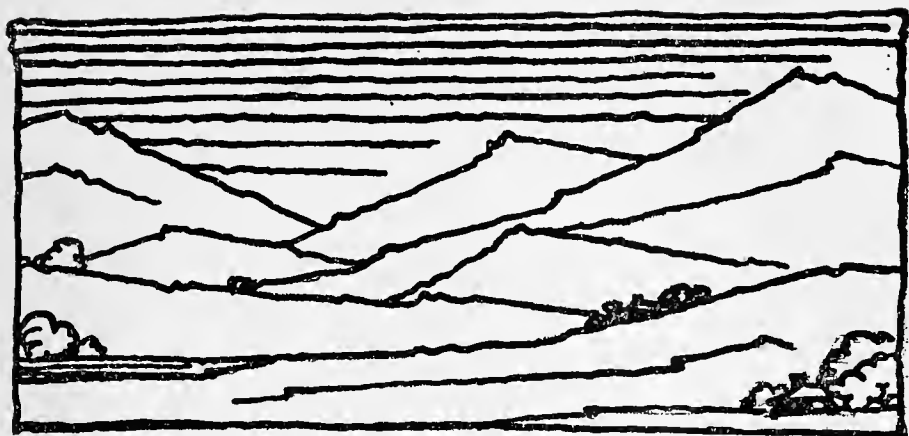
Pietist's Prayer

*God of Battles, I have prayed
Victory on earth to meet.
Be thy purpose elsewhere laid,
Send me to defeat!*

*Lord of Living, grant to me
Life that long continueth;
But if it seemeth fit to thee,
Send me to Death!*

*Lord of Death, Ah! would were mine
Heavenly bliss in which to dwell.
Not my will, Oh Lord, but thine!
Send me to Hell!*

Lockhart Amerman.



Jest of Orcus

I

THERE is a land that God remembered and forgot. Lancashire—land of lakes and meres of flowing blue waters that smile upon the great gray-green haunches of proud hills that shoulder out the world. Land of beck and thwaite, of tiny clustered villages and lonely cots of stone—the Lancashire that God remembered. But there is yet another Lancashire—a land of sunken gray earth and low skies, of teeming cities thrown down upon a marshy plain. Cities so mean, so hard, so cold, so ugly and so cruel that in them any beautiful thing is a marvel to be hoarded and cherished; cities whose dim and blue-black walls leer down upon myriad streets of bekerchiefed hopeless hags and gaunt old-faced children. Land sacred to tram and factory, smoke and slime, dinginess and despair—the Lancashire that God forgot.

II

I have never claimed that Jonny Beauchamp was any more than a rotter, and unless I am very much mistaken, Beauchamp himself would be the first to deny such a pretence. He was at least a gentleman, even when

he went away for the last time to die in a Mersey-side brothel. God knows, we in Hawkshead expected more of him than that. Son of Alexander Beauchamp, our vicar, who was one of the most scholarly men in Holy Orders before the war, he lived up to his father's reputation at Caius and came down from the university with honors in 1913. Scarcely a year later he was killed in a drunken brawl over a prostitute's body—at best a doubtful honor.

But Hawkshead has seen fit to cherish the memory of Jonny Beauchamp. There is a tablet to him in the parish church and its story is a far cry from that foul tavern along the Mersey. Two sorrowing angels weep for Eternity on either side of this eulogy:

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of

JOHN WALTER BEAUCHAMP

Lieutenant in His Majesty's 3rd Lancashire Rifles

Killed in Action at Ypres

January 5, 1915

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord"

*Erected by his grief-stricken wife and
sorrowing fellow-townsmen*

A. D. 1919

Frankly, when I see that tablet on the rare occasions when I enter the church, I smile to myself and sorely am I tempted to burst into laughter, for do I not know that John Beauchamp sobbed out his life in my arms on the morning of August 4, 1914? "Blessed are they that die in the Lord." Yes, but they that die in brothels? I wonder. And, too, there is a small flowered plot in the great grim cemetery at Seuilly-le-Bois where a simple white cross marks all that the British Government sup-

poses to be earthly of John Walter Beauchamp. But there are neither crosses nor tablets to mark those whose mortal remains lie mouldering and rotting in the Mersey's bed.

I can recall it all now quite as vividly as if it had only happened an hour ago, for those first few days in August, 1914, constitute the most ghastly experience I have yet undergone. Not that we in Hawkshead were concerned with the mighty events going on outside of our own little England. No one had the slightest idea that she would be involved at all, and besides, I challenge you to think seriously of the thunder of war and of battles beside the blue green depths of Conniston Water. No, we were concerned with an event all our own, one in which we ourselves were involved, one which was on every tongue in Hawkshead, one which formed excellent material for gossip, subdued whisperings and smug noddings of the head. In short, we of Hawkshead were revelling in our first major scandal in the last hundred years.

III

We stood on the platform at Oxenholme waiting for the Liverpool train. Jonny, a tall distinguished figure with waving brown hair and the most honest eyes I have ever looked into. Myself, a harried young barrister greatly concerned over the reputation of the best friend I had ever had. The matter was closed; there was no more to be said. Jonny simply had to leave Hawkshead and that very much under a cloud. Sentiment had been for him until he had refused to marry the French woman, and there British morality had balked. But Jonny had vowed up and down that he would never marry. So we stood on the platform at Oxenholme waiting for the Liverpool train. But there was something that restrained us.

"I say, Tony, aren't you going to wish me luck? I

shan't see any of you for a deuce of a while, you know."

"Jonny," I said, "I don't know your feelings, and I have never seen Mlle. Bonsequet, but I want you to know that I'll always think you a damned cad till you come back and make an honest woman of her."

A flush mounted to his cheek. "I'm most awfully sorry, but that is something I will never do," was all he said.

The train rumbled into the shed. John found an empty compartment, wrenched open the door, turned around before he got in. "Cheerio, Tony," he called. "See you in hell." A whistle chirruped and the train began to move. The window was open so I yielded to the temptation, leaned down, and cried, "Mark my words, you'll come back, Jonny. You won't be able to stick it."

He smiled as he leaned out languidly, "Pop down and see me when you like. No. 7 Brasenose Terrace." The train was gone.

Slowly I went back to the dog cart and began the seven-mile climb over the fells to Hawkshead. I remember very little of that ride. I was too confused with anger and emotion—anger for myself, my own weakness, for this strangely charming rascal whom I had called a friend, pity for the French girl I had never seen. It must have been about nine when I drove in at my own gate. The house was dark save for the usual night lamp in the hall. On the receiving table lay a note addressed to me in a woman's hand. It was from Mlle. Bonsequet, and it quite simply asked me to come to Brantwood Hall the next day. Of course, I went, with an uncontrolled curiosity to see this woman who had captured Jonny only to lose him. Why, I queried, had Lord Brantwood not asked her to leave? She was still in his house, still the governess of his children, this woman whose reputation was being bandied about the whole

countryside. But then Brantwood had always been liberal.

She received me in the drawing-room. It stands to reason that she was dressed in one of those ridiculous pre-war costumes so suggestive of Greek matrons in state robes, with which fashion chose to disfigure the one thing that all men in all ages have looked upon as the highest expression of beauty. But my first memory of her is happily unmarred by any element of the grotesque. I imagine her standing opposite me, outlined against the rich background of the drawing room's stately crimson,—tall and deep bosomed with her brown-black draping garments merely suggesting the hidden splendor of her body. There is a memory of lips, not too thin, slightly parted as if about to speak, of eyes, blue, not azure blue, but of a violet shade such as I have never seen before or since—strange eyes, far-reaching and piercing like a Sibyl's. It is fifteen years since I last saw Marthe Bonsequet, and at this distance of time, she is something of an allegory to me, symbolic of pride and strength, of courage, beauty and womanliness.

"It is so good of you to come." She spoke with only the faintest trace of an accent. The voice was deep for a woman's, unhasty and mellow like the bass strings of a violin. My heart stopped, and at that moment I knew I would do anything for this woman; the absurd idea that I would glory in defending her in tilt yard and on battlefield kept coursing through my brain.

"M'sieu' Ayres, I asked you to come because you are a friend of Jonny's. You must have love' him just a little, and if you want to help him now, will you take him a message for me?"

My heart shied like a frightened horse and set off at a gallop that threatened to strangle me. She could not have been unaware of my delighted agitation, yet where a lesser woman might have shown some hint of triumph,

she stood a goddess, gracious and serene. I am afraid I stared most rudely, but she simply stood looking at me with no hint of self-consciousness or offended dignity; just looking. Suddenly I came to my senses and strove to hide the consciousness of my bad manners by an elaborate bow.

“Mademoiselle, I am yours to command.”

“You are very kind, my frien’. You will find Jonnie for me and say to him that I am sorry I call’ him an ‘English boor’!” She smiled sadly with a hint of white teeth. “Tell him that he is forgiven;—that I am waiting.” She looked away. “I think then he will come back to me. You see, M’sieu’, I do love him more than my heart can tell.”

For the first time in my life, I found myself longing to kill. If John Beauchamp had been within a shooting distance I certainly would have shot him. To run away from this woman, to make her unhappy . . . the blasted idiot!

“Mlle. Bonsequet, I shall go to Liverpool this evening. I expect to be there several weeks on a case and I shall find John and bring him back to you, dead or alive.” I bowed again, and quite overcome by my own words and my sudden adoption of the courtly manners and vivid phraseology of 18th century France, I withdrew.

It was all too much like a Dumas novel. Here I was speeding to Liverpool on a chivalrous errand for a fair lady in distress. Even the dingy 2nd-class carriage of the London and Northwestern Railway seemed to take on an air of romance. I was a prince bound upon the quest for the golden apples of the Hesperides. Tomorrow at the latest I would lay them at my lady’s feet. If the dashed train would only hurry! Town after town slipped by, great gray cities belching smoke and filth over a sordid countryside — sickly little villages — suburbs

striving to look respectable, then warehouses, more warehouses—blackness—and at last the station.

It was still light when I came out into the square. I found a cab and repeated the address Jonny had given me. Brasenose Terrace, it appeared, was miles from the center of the city. Down great avenues, across little alleys, up dark lanes and through narrow courts lay our goal—a gaunt grim street lined with rickety old gas lamps. We drew up at one of the houses, exactly like its neighbor—quite as foul and just as evil looking. It seemed an age before anyone answered my ring. Finally a harsh grating noise sounded somewhere from above. A bearded individual was regarding me unfavorably from the second-story window.

“Wot yer want ’ere?”

“I’m looking for Mr. John Beauchamp,” I called.

“’E aint ’ere. ’E’s down at the Pig’s Ear. The next corner.” He motioned with his head.

The cab had waited so I sprang onto the step and we proceeded to the corner.

The Pig’s Ear was a most unprepossessing establishment. It was housed in a tenement exactly like all the others on Brasenose Terrace, but somehow it gave one the impression of being worse than those other places, if indeed that were possible. Something unusual seemed to be happening inside, for when we drew up at the curb, a small group of wretched-looking men and women had begun to assemble.

There was a fight of some kind in progress.

Now and then a window crashed—dull thuds proceeded from the interior, and behind all the noise rang a ghoulisish scream like that of a mad woman.

I jumped to the side-walk and dashed at the door. It was bolted fast. Something was wrong with my plans. So I wasn’t destined to lay the golden apples at the feet of my princess. Suddenly there came a great sobbing

groan. We stood silent, waiting. Suddenly I remembered my quest. "Open the door," I cried thumping violently with my stick. A great rattling of bolts and chains—and slowly the door swung inwards. It was a woman who stood before us, just inside, a poor creature with the remnants of a wasted beauty. I brushed past her into a foul tap-room reeking of rum, tobacco and God knows what else. On the floor was the tattered figure of a man lying in a pool of blood. It was Jonny. I bent over him and felt his pulse. There was still life in him.

"Jonny," I said. "Jonny Beauchamp."

Slowly, slowly, with great effort the eyelids rolled back and those blue eyes looked up at me.

"Tony . . . good lad . . . coming back," was all he said. Almost imperceptibly the eyes ceased to look and a soft film crept across them, infused and hardened them, as I felt his pulse. I watched him fascinated. He was quite dead. So this was what my quest had come to! Wearily I went into the street. Now I would have to arrange for a decent burial, I supposed. But my heart was with that goddess back in Hawkshead.

In the cab on my way back to my hotel I couldn't help thinking of those last words of Jonny's, "I'm coming back." How I wished he might come back! I found myself considering the best way to tell her. She would not flinch, I knew, though her heart was breaking. I had best go to her and tell her myself. Telephones and telegraph are so uncertain. I would dine and go up on the evening train to Edinburgh.

At the club the clerk handed me a telegram from Hawkshead. What could be wrong? I tore it open.

"You are the kindest man in the world, my friend. Tonight my Jon has come back to me. Marthe Bonsequet."

Was the woman mad? Had he not died in my very arms? I was burning with curiosity now.

I took the night express to Carlisle, and arrived at

Oxenholme at 11:20. Wrexham was at the station to meet me in the two-seater. We drove direct to the Hall. Though it was after midnight, I did not hesitate to knock loudly on the door. Brantwood himself met me in the hall. I must have seemed a wild-eyed apparition out of the night, for he tried to stop me.

"I must see Mademoiselle," I gasped.

"Why, old fellow, she's in the drawing-room with Jon. He's come to her. I knew he would."

"You're mad, man," was all I said as I brushed past him into the drawing-room. God! It was I who was mad! For there they sat, Marthe and Jonny. She rose. Without a word I walked up to him and looked closely at his features. There could be no mistaking that wavy hair and those blue eyes. Marthe was speaking. Her air reassured me. "You're unwell, M'sieu' Tony. Will you not sit down?"

I sat. The thing that was Jon remained seated, and stared at me without the slightest sign of recognition. We sat in silence. At length I couldn't stand it any longer.

"This isn't Jon . . ."

The figure with the waving hair had risen and was coming towards me. It spoke to me, and its voice was Jonny Beauchamp's.

"You must pardon me, sir. I am not myself tonight. You see, Marthe and I are to be married tomorrow and then I am going to the front."

I felt weak and queer all over my body; I wanted to cry out; I wanted to cry out; I wanted to get away and sleep off this mad dream, but I had to mouth conventional nothings.

"Right ho—I congratulate you," I murmured, then wheeled about theatrically and left the room. Back in the car, I stopped to think. The body! It would be discovered! Back across the winding ways to Oxen-

holme; back through dark plains past the lights of sleeping cities in the stuffy interior of a railway carriage; back through long avenues, streets, and alleys, lanes and squares to the Pig's Ear.

The first streaks of dawn were breaking beyond the masts in the Mersey as we wheeled up to the curb in front of the wretched dive. The door was locked. Fifteen minutes of sound banging brought the same withered woman with the same infernal rattling of chains.

"Where is his body?" I demanded.

"They took 'im away. I don't know where 'e is sir."

"Come, then," I said, displaying a sovereign. "Where did they take him?"

Her eyes sparkled as she looked from me to the coin. She was weakening. I added another sovereign.

"I'll tell yer, sir. Jim threw 'im in the river, come midnight."

Pressing the money into her hand, I turned and got into the cab. I felt dizzy with relief—my princess should never know!

And Hawkshead never knew; she has long ago forgiven Jon Beauchamp his transgressions.

Did he not come back and marry Marthe Bonsequet? The bronze tablet in the parish church stands forever as a witness to Hawkshead's sense of the fitness of things. Lieutenant Beauchamp was an honorable man, a man of moral responsibility who quickly remedied his mistakes. He died bravely fighting for his native land. It is fitting that he should have a tablet to his memory.

As for me, I am content to keep my secret, but I cannot help wondering what diabolic humor moved the shades of Orcus on that night of August 4, 1914. And those rotting bones on the Mersey's floor—if there is ever any spirit that haunts them, does he not wear the faint likeness of a smile upon his face? I wonder.

J. T. Golding.

Dämmerung

*There is a stillness in the creeping dark,
Like two young lovers sitting side by side,
Lost in their hearts' great hope they only mark
The distant murmur of the rising tide,
And cling the closer, waiting hand in hand,*

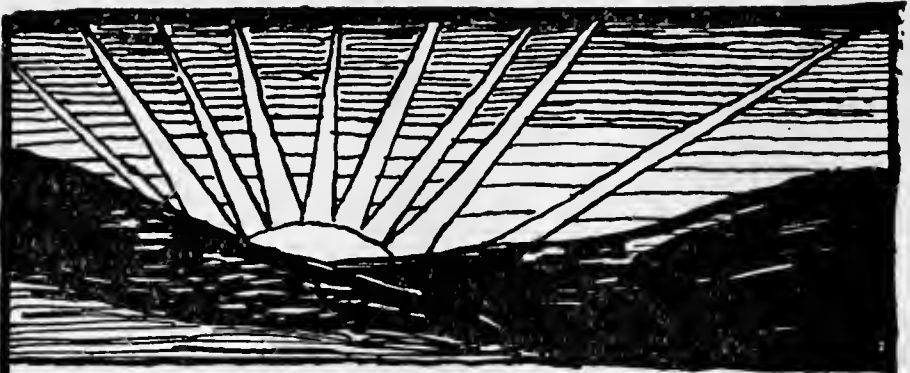
*Eternity upon each other's lips,
With thoughts that wander from a barren land
Across the seas on wonder-laden ships,
To islands, undiscovered and remote
From man's crude mockery of Nature's art,*

*With other golden argosies afloat,
At anchor in the harbor of the heart—
To lands where thrushes sing a gaudy lay
And air fine feathers as they feel the breeze
Of gladness, driving sorrow far away—
Where lovers sit beneath the smiling trees.*

*There is a stillness as the stars creep out,
The friendly silence of the depth above,
The whispered laughter, as they talk about
Delightful passages of love and love.*

*There is a comfort in the coming night—
The western glow has faded and is gone;
The sky is glowing deep, and dark, and bright
With smiling stars that blink their dreamy light
At two young lovers waiting for the dawn.*

Lockhart Amerman.



Cursus Soli

*. . . The stars are gone . . .
. . . And out of the east pale glory comes hiding
her lovely frame
All habited in shrouding, shrinking mist.
So, for a moment speeding fast away,
And then she drops her garb and, breaking free,
Bathes in the golden gateway of the day
That bars the sky with blood . . .
Then, filled with new desire, she flaunts it high;
And dances here and there,
Bounding along the dew-washed clouds
That rear their snowy heads in smiling and
approving age . . .
. . . She shoots a flame high in the air
That climbs and climbs, and lingers in the ruddy
flight,
Upon the keystone of the pale blue heavenly arch;
Then hesitates . . . and falls . . . and drips
across the sky
A great red scar . . .*

. . . But Glory, not content, wipes clear the
 heavens with her golden hair
And, with a lovely leap from off an eastern cloud,
Draws a great bow of blinding light
Across the dome of heaven, behind her dancing
 heels;
And smiles or weeps bright tears of joy from
 sparkling eyes . . .
But see, her brow is bent and downward curves,
And as in half-perplexed dismay she stands,
The crimson sash with which she bound the dawn
Unwinds and wraps itself across the sky;
And her bright chariot-bow, shunning the zenith of
 the darkening blue,
Bends down . . .
. . . She slips! . . . She falls; and spinning
 o'er and o'er
The golden glory of her unbound hair
Dips in yon sea of blood; and, like a ruby carved
 of living flame,
Drags down the scarlet sky into the dark.
. . . Plunged in the icy waters of the night,
She dies . . .

—Lockhart Amerman.

In Case of Romance

YOU don't go mooning after romance in the far, far corners of unreality. Healthy romance, that is. It is not a thing cut apart from the dreary round of living. It is right in the midst of life. An ashbarrel, caught in the right proportion of light and shade, can be a thing of beauty, a romantic object calling up memories of Solid Geometry, of school, of the curving view across the lawn from study hall. This is one view of an ashbarrel. Then, ashbarrel viewed as the squat, round image of things as they are, of thousands of other ashbarrels, of Ford cars on endless belts. This is the other view.

The second view is the expression of something that is as old as civilization—the impulse to retreat, to go back to an older and better order of things. Miniver Cheevy is a good case in point. He cursed as he yearned for the olden days when knights were prancing. He had been born out of time. He cursed again, “called it fate and kept on drinking.”

The whole movement of Monasticism is another case in point. But the Middle Ages, the early part, is a pretty sour chapter in the story of history. Men are not to be blamed for seeking shelter from the heat of life when life meant war and pestilence and no end of shock to the sensitive mind. They were conscientious objectors, these monks, to things as they were.

Pre-Raphaelitism in the 19th century is another example of this impulse. This school of artists and writers and craftsmen were shocked by the indecency of industrialism. They wanted to restore things to a medieval simplicity.

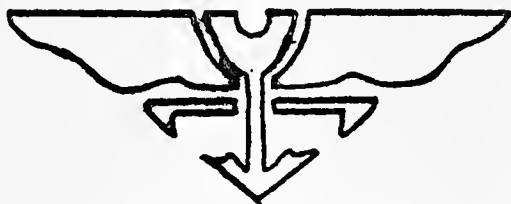
And so, on and on. The spirit of retreat has always gone hand in hand with the forward-looking urge. A very Lot and his spouse.

II

These two views of the ashbarrel can not be merged. And the reason lies in the fact that people are different from each other. Our beliefs, our prejudices are of ourselves selfy. We all hold unconsciously either to the first view or to the second.

One thing is sure. We cannot be sanely happy or lead a normal life apart from people and from the age we live in. This may be ground for grave complaint, but it is the law of things. We can build reservoirs of self-reliance, but our happinesses and our sadnesses will inevitably be mixed with the joys and sorrows of other people. To *live* romance rather than to write and talk about it—that is the real meaning of the first view of the ashbarrel.

A. R. Crawford.



Local Color

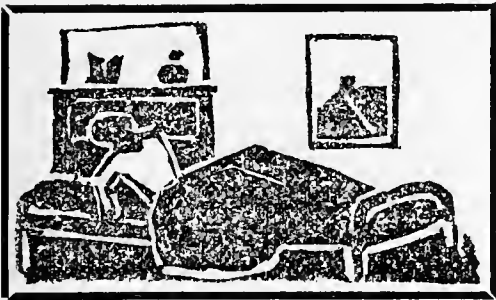
COLLEGE atmosphere is something which one doubtless appreciates much more intelligently twenty years after (witness John Mistletoe, '10), but it is nevertheless interesting to try to record some of it while it is still with us—hence this attempted portrait of a few of Haverford's institutions and *mores*. The sketches that follow have no purpose; we do not care whether their subjects are good or bad; our only interest is that they be true of course, they say all colleges and all collegians are alike; perhaps they are. But surely each school, or at least the older ones, must have *some* distinguishing touches of their own, if only of physical surrounding. My experience of other colleges is small, and I am unable to determine for myself what is Haverfordian and what merely collegiate at Haverford. Of one thing one may be fairly certain; that Haverford as a whole is as little "collegiate" in the comic-strip sense of the word as any college worth mention in the country.

SUNDAY

At some time early in the morning (eight-fifteen, if one ever took the trouble to find out) is a faint scuff of footsteps passing through your sleep. Then another period of dead quiet, until about nine-thirty the dormitory slowly rolls over, stretches itself, curses tentatively, and gradually sits up from a mass of tangled bedclothes. This continues intermittently until about eleven. By this time the dormitory is sitting around in bath-robcs, discussing yesterday afternoon's game and looking for mention of it in the *Inquirer* sports section. If the story has a streamer and a column or so, the *Inquirer* is given credit for treating Haverford quite well; of not, then it is explained for the benefit of freshmen and other ignorant

persons that all the Philadelphia newspapers are run by Swarthmore graduates. This fact does not seem, however, to lead to any very general boycott of the papers, for long before lunch half the rooms in the dormitory are carpeted with newsprint, rotogravure, and scandal-sheets. The comic section is scattered on the bed. No one ever seems to buy a paper, but the surest mark of Sunday morning is the *Inquirer* and *Ledger*—even occasionally a *Times*—strewn on the floor.

Shortly after the bath-robed groups congregated in the larger rooms are augmented by the arrival of boys minus the bathrobe, and still dewy from the showers which keep up an unceasing *swish* at the end of the hall.



These youths are greeted with raucous shouts of "Get some clothes on your fat back, you lazy bum!" and cursed for dripping on the newspapers. At ten the first of the hardier

souls (those who got up at nine) start trickling down in twos and threes to the drug-store for breakfast. (See under "Henry's".) There is always an argument between the hardened devotees of the drug-store on one side, and the freshmen and eleven-o'clock-risers on the other, the former maintaining that a frost would do you good, the latter objecting that it's too near dinner and they don't want to spoil their appetites. This last is retold in the afternoon by scornful upper-classmen among one another, as proof conclusive of how dumb Rhinie Dingleheim is, or of such-and-such a sophomore hasn't *yet* learned Haverford common sense.

At five minutes before one, people start to collect before the doors of the dining-room, in the most various

degrees of undress. There is the professional nonchalant, in slippers, sockless, with trousers and a sweater not quite concealing the edges of the purple pajamas underneath; the rhinies, with bright ties and garterless colored socks making the most of their only opportunity of the week to look like civilized human beings; the average Haverfordians, not quite equal to the pajama-and-trouser stage of indifference, but feeling fully dressed in slippers, trousers, and an ancient shirt; and finally the occasional sophomores and juniors, whose early training has been strong enough to drive them to church, dressed with nearly the care of the freshmen.

Such a small proportion of the college is on hand, however (Mr. Average Haverfordian having departed Saturday morning, suitcase in hand, for his home in Germantown) that there is almost no football rush when the great door swings open.

Once everyone is seated (a process accomplished with some dissatisfaction and black looks because the regular tables are broken up, and stragglers are invariably compelled to sit at the same table with the baseball team, or if they belong to that organization, then with the poetry hounds) the regular ceremonial cursing of the food begins. The soup is forthwith sent back to the kitchen; it would not make much difference if it happened to be excellent soup, few would think of touching it. Those who do are congratulated on their iron digestive systems. The high point of the meal, however, is reached with the arrival of the boiled chicken, garnished with sticky sweet potatoes, and peas of the size, color, and consistency of buckshot. A good deal of unadmitted fun is had by the diners in comparing size and bone content of the various plates of chicken, and the standard remarks are passed about how Haverford gets special rates on chicken-necks.

The appearance of the ice cream and cake divides

the college into two vociferous factions: those who are determined not to like anything but chocolate ice cream, and who consequently threaten to spit out the pieces of burnt almond on the floor, and those who curse the chef root, branch, lock, stock and barrel if it *is* chocolate ice cream. The "chocolate" party at once start organizing expeditions to Henry's to take the taste out of their mouths, while both parties unite in dropping pieces of cake to see if they will bounce.

When the last tumbler-made milkshake has been consumed, everyone retires to the rooms,—to smoke and play the victrola if he has one, to smoke someone else's cigarettes and listen to somebody else's victrola if he hasn't. There is considerable wandering from dorm to dorm and wishing one's friends weren't away for the week-end.

When the respective merits of Whiteman and Duke Ellington have been permanently settled for the week, people with Monday morning quizzes begin to make half-hearted motions toward studying. Those who really intend to work, go around asking what the assignment was; the others curse the library for not opening until three o'clock so that they can't get anything done. This keeps up until shortly after the library *has* opened, whereupon everyone goes down to the drug-store. After they get back, there is more victrola playing and philosophic discussion to let the milk-shake settle—and by that time it is six o'clock.

Little need be said of the salad, potato chips, and canned cherries that pass for supper: the social philosophy of the event is much the same as at dinner. Afterwards a number of rhinies are always discovered sitting over algebra books. They are cursed for stupidity, laughed at, and given fatherly advice by upper classmen (whom they do not in the least believe) on how to pass $f(x)$'s course. This procedure continues indefinitely until by the time the fatherly upper-classmen turn their minds to passing their own courses, it is no longer Sunday.

THE HY-WAY DINER

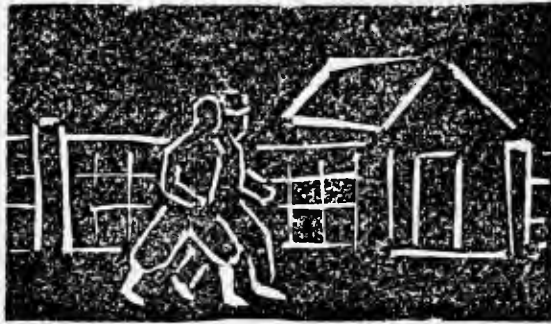
This is one of the few extra-curricular activities which flourish exceedingly during mid-year examinations. I myself was put to it to remember its official title, for Those Who Know call this midnight rendezvous the Dog-Wagon, or the Supper Club (the latter from the fact that the members of a bygone News Board, being both a hard-working and a disillusioned crew, made a habit of taking Sunday supper there at about eight o'clock and avoiding the college meal).

The diner itself is an ordinary lunch-wagon, though with a marble counter and cleaner than most. But many a Haverfordian will long remember the cold windy walk down tree-lined College Lane and the Pike to Ardmore. It is doubtful whether anyone from the college has ever been inside the place during daylight hours (unless, perhaps, in full evening dress, just as dawn was breaking), but the number is legion of those who have tanked up there on black coffee and Western sandwiches, while their heads were in a whirl of Treaty of Ghent, Congress of Vienna—1815, Louis XIV, Charles X, Peace of Amiens, Treaty of Tilsit, my-God-what-will-he-ask-us-to-trace-the-course-of?"

About twelve-thirty, the letters begin to swim before your eyes, and you have gotten to the state of crossing neglected "t's" in your notes, and you are dead sure that you will flunk. At this point you think "aw, hell with it!" put on a big sweater, rummage in your other trousers for a quarter and four pennies (with the expectation of borrowing the fifth, if necessary), and emerge into the freezing air to rout out a fellow-crammer who lives on the top floor of Barclay. After a period of unrewarded bellowing underneath his window, you ascend and find him asleep in his clothes. You waken him with a shout of "Dog-Wagon!" whereupon he says

all right, curses you, curses the examination, and says he is going to flunk. You say he won't flunk half so badly as you. (Next morning he gets a B, and so do you, but you both have observed that those who are unalarmed get D's.) Such are the preliminaries of going to the Dog-Wagon, and as you stumble down the Lane, getting gravel in your shoes, you abuse the college for locking up the food in the kitchen, tell about how Tom Thorpe, the night watchman, went to Westtown School, and thank heaven that the Dog-Wagon, at least, stays open to a gentleman's hour.

The intellectual diversion offered by the Wagon itself is varied; often it is provided by what the English humorous magazines describe as



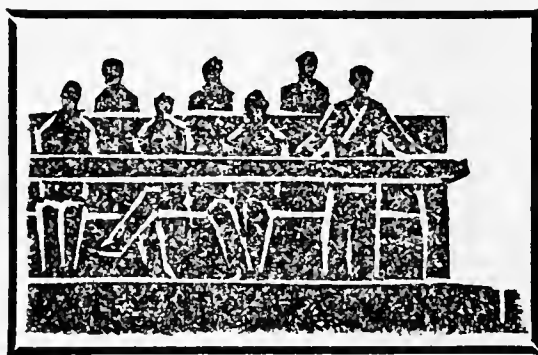
a "belated reveler", whose rich alcoholic voice rises in impassioned argument with the waiter over his order; sometimes one meets fellow-grinds there and the staff of the Diner are edified by extremely technical discussions on the probable content of tomorrow's exam; sometimes conversation soars no higher than vehement debate between those who hold by Western sandwiches and those who champion hamburgers. And before you leave there is always a dispute between one member of the party who wants to linger for a piece of pie and the others who want to get back to work—a controversy which is usually compromised by everyone having a piece of pie.

The road back is devoted to telling stories, and elaborately thumbing your nose at the Dean's house as you pass. When you get back to your room, of course, and bolstered by your black coffee and fresh air, try to

study, the letters at once begin to swim merrily; and you throw the book behind the bed and retire, happy in having gotten to the point where you're convinced you'll flunk and don't care.

MEETING

There times a month," as the succinct phraseology of the Catalogue quaintly puts it, "the College attends Friends' meeting in a body." The attending-in-a-body, it should be explained, is a literal fact caused by the narrowness of the Meeting-house walk, which gives to the straggling groups of students and professors the appearance of a continuous, orderly parade; years of effort on the part of the undergraduate body have not sufficed to destroy this effect. The general



technique seems to be to linger around the dormitories for one more victrola record or one more cigarette until you feel that the mass of the populace has already departed, and then to dash over

rapidly at the last minute; unfortunately, however, the populace also seems infected by this same idea,—with the result that the allotted span of man's life in Meeting may be whittled down somewhat by this process, but the College still attends "in a body".

Once there, you stumble over several pairs of feet to gain your seat in the middle of a row, hazard a few whispered speculations with your neighbor about the form the moving of the spirit will take this Thursday, make a mental note of the terrifying blankness of the walls, and snicker at the inevitable pair of freshmen who

arrive a bit *too* late. This last is a sort of signal that Meeting actually has begun, and abandoning your attempts to out-stare those seated on the speakers' bench, you hunch yourself into a comfortable position and set about finding your place in the reading for the day.

The choice of literature for use in Meeting is always a delicate one: anything of the frothy sort is decidedly out of place, while on the other hand, things so technical as textbooks should be resorted to only in cases of being hard pressed for time and out of cuts. My own problem has usually been a choice between Emerson and Theodor Storm; it seems senseless to waste on poorer stuff the tense silence of Meeting so conducive to delightful mental excursions starting on the printed page and ending up God knows where. It is this opportunity for anarchic reflection, indeed, which makes Meeting one of the most precious of Haverford institutions and one which should be jealously guarded from the twin dangers of being made no longer required or of being turned into a forum for didactic addresses. For it is undeniable that the chief obstacle to any real enjoyment of Meeting is the talks: for every one that brilliantly suggests ideas, there are a dozen that dully state facts—or supposed facts. But you soon learn how to let these roll off your consciousness undisturbingly.

No matter how pensively you have occupied the time, some sixth sense informs you when it is almost up, and you spend the last five minutes alternately glancing at your watch and looking for the benedictory handshake. There is a great and almost panic-stricken rush to be out of the building, but with the exception of a few hustling souls with pressing business back on the campus, this subsides suddenly and utterly when the open air is reached. There is no formula for the return journey;

you discuss the personal idiosyncrasies of the visiting speakers if there were any, otherwise you don't. Some slight excitement is provided, if there is snow on the ground, by giving the freshmen a barrage as they cross the bridge; but this is rare. Finally you reach your room (or somebody else's), light a cigarette and give yourself up to the strains of Coon-Sanders; and by lunch time the effects of Meeting are, to all appearances, completely worked off.

HENRY'S

Henry's—named from the gilt letters on its show-window, "Henry W. Press, P.D."—is remarkable less for what it is than what it means to the Haverfordian. Outwardly, it is simply a drug-store, where you are served a frost twice as large as that put out by any other institution. (Every fall local patriots return to college with vacation tales of places in Maine and West Virginia where they make bigger ones, but these are never really credited.) Really, however, Henry's is at once the commissariat, the distraction, the exerciser, and the *Stammkneipe* of Haverford. There have been students who took all their meals there, and ran up bills of forty dollars a month; the proprietor tells of finding them waiting beside the milk on the front step when he opened the store in the morning. There was also once a man who did not go there for a whole semester, but he has been regarded as a pariah ever since.

There are three degrees of familiarity evinced by Haverfordians.

A. The rank and file, who often do not go down more than once a day, and who call the place "Press's" or "The Haverford Pharmacy."

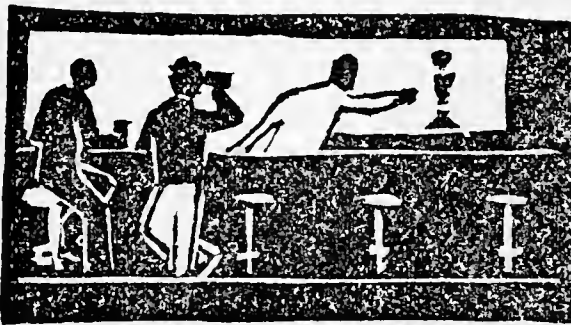
B. The habitués, who call the proprietor "Doc" and know the clerks by their first names. (It is rare

even for seniors to know their *last* names.) They call the store "Doc's".

C. The fiends (*cf.* "dope-fiends"), who call the place "Henry's" or "Hank's", and who may be distinguished because the clerks never ask what they want, though they may have to ask the initials in charging up the chocolate frost and pack of Camels.

Did you have a rotten supper? Do you want an excuse for not studying? Do you need exercise? Are you looking for someone who is not in his room? "*Who's Going to the Druggery?*"

J. B. Mussey



August Incident

THE hired man told me the story. The boss had put us on an in-between job. The wheat just in, the oats not yet ripe, we were set to cleaning out the barnyard, for harvest hands in Ohio are never given the chance to loaf. Each time I bent my back over for a new forkful, a pain would shoot through my back; and to get my mind off it, I was keeping up a constant stream of conversation with the hired man. We talked of the crops, of the cow just gone dry that morning, of the skunk Smith had killed the evening before.

Then my mind wandered to other things. I said, "The old man and his wife sure fight a lot, don't they? During the week I've been here, there hasn't been a night when he didn't beat her up."

"Yes," he said, "they cut up regular like that all the time. When one doesn't begin it, the other does. If he doesn't start on her with his fists, she lays into him with her tongue. I don't know whose fault it is."

"Last night before I went to sleep, I heard a little of their usual squabble. She said something about 'Seventh Commandment' and 'more respect for myself and my children if I were you.' He just laughed at her as he always does."

I had said all I needed to draw him out.

"Yes, he runs around a lot. One of the neighbors down the road threatens to horsewhip him if he ever sees him on his place again. He keeps his foot on the gas when he goes past *that* house, you bet. Do you see the house 'way over yonder by the woods? Smith's been there, too. It's empty now. Fellow name of Bill Brady used to live there. Sent his kids to Cleveland this spring. He came to see me down at my own house before he left—wanted to borrow some money—and he told me the story himself about his wife and Smith.

"He had a job in Holmesbury, night-watching in the mill; so he wasn't ever home nights. That's one reason, I suppose, why Smith went around. Then, too, the missus was kind of queer. Bill told me she got that way when her first baby was born dead. Sometimes she'd be all right, and others you just couldn't tell what she'd do. She must have been pretty soft for Smith that night.

"After it happened, she just closed up and kept to herself all the time. Bill could see something special was wrong, but when she was like that, he couldn't do anything with her. Knew he'd just have to let her get out of it herself.

"One morning coming home from work, he met her at the end of the lane. She put a little piece of paper in his hand, and went past him, and turned into the woods. She'd written it all down. Anybody else would have said it. Just shows you how queer she was. She came back that night when he was leaving for work. Bill only said, 'It's all right, Mary. Let's forget all about it.' Then he kissed her and went out.

"You'd think that this would kind of ease her mind. But, no sir, she just got worse and worse. Sometimes he didn't see her all day. Often she'd come to bed 'way on in the morning; and when he'd get up, he'd find her clothes all muddied and wet like she'd been tramping over the whole county. She was different to Bill, too. Usually when she had one of her spells, she was shy of him, stayed as far away from him as she could, and went around generally like the less she saw of him the better she'd like it. But this time, she didn't seem to know he was there at all, just looked dreamy and far-away, like.

. . . I guess she felt some kind of punishment was due her. Bill should have beat her up instead of being kind to her. She was expecting it.

"One morning, about a week after or so after she'd given him the note, Bill couldn't find her around the

house. He got breakfast for himself and the kids, sent them off to school as he always did when she was in one of her spells, and went to bed. That afternoon he heard the youngest girl screaming. He jumped out of bed, and found her in the barn pulling at her mother's skirts. Mary had climbed the ladder to the loft, hoisted a rope up over the rafter, fixed it, and jumped. When the doctor got there, he said she'd been there since the night before."

The hired man spat out his chew with an air of finality; and, seeing that the spreader was quite filled, woke the sleeping team, and drove it off toward the field. I sat down to rest.

Donald Clements.

Menelaus Grows Old

*They hail me home with garlands, and they sing—
The soft-armed maiden and the beardless boy—
Of ceaseless, stagnant rest for Lacadaemon's king;
And praise me for the dreamy days of peace I bring—
I that bore arms at Troy!*

*They load me down with laurel; and they sate
My warrior's lips with sickly sweets that cloy,
They fête me with dance of women, and they prate
Of "Zeus' darling", "godlike Helen's mate"—
I that led men at Troy!*

*Ah, take me to the old and bleeding plain
That circles 'neath the windy towers of Troy;
Give me to taste sweet slaughter once again,
Dark death and noble, blinding pain,
Keen, warrior's grief and grim, heroic joy—
I that knew life at Troy!*

J. W. M.

BOOKS

HANS FROST

HUGH WALPOLE

Hans Frost is like his creator, a well known literary figure and the author of many excellent novels. Naturally Hans is finely drawn—a striking old man of seventy, black-haired, straight-backed in his buff coat with its gilt buttons, a volume of Chapman's Homer in his hand, his dog Martha on the rug, and a Manet over the mantel-piece. But Walpole does not give us a study of a decaying, if distinguished, figure or a catalogue of his equally distinguished utterances. The novel is an account of the revolt of Hans Frost. The lovely Ruth took him for her second husband because he had made his reputation and she desired to shine in its reflected light. She was proud to walk arm in arm with him through the smartest drawing rooms in London, to attend to his every external want—but she did not read his books and she coldly denied to him his virility.

Hans had worked—he had risen from the people, he had sown his wild oats and known the toil of patient craftsmanship; he was glad to lean back now, at seventy, to rest on his oars and dream. In this way he is finally losing his creativeness, he is becoming a splendid mummy. On his seventieth birthday speeches are read to him and he is referred to almost as if he were a national institution. It is at this point that Hans revolts. Nathalie, a niece of Ruth's, now comes to stay in the house; she is frank and pretty and modern and helps to stir him from his trance, indeed she becomes the focus of his attention and he absorbs himself in her affairs. It is with the relations of uncle and niece that the book is primarily concerned—the theme is old: there

is the *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* of Anatole France, the more sensuous *Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* of W. J. Locke. But there are oceans of difference between the three men, the ophthalmic and lovable old scholar Bonnard, the pale romantic Ordeyne and the good-humoured if persecuted Frost.

Mr. Walpole's hand has lost none of its old cunning. We have always admired the cultured ease of his style flowing like a clear stream through which the metaphors gleam like pebbles. Perhaps the character of Nathalie is too thinly painted and old Ma Marriott overdrawn into distortion; but no doubt these failings are typically Walpolean as is the matter of the irritation over Bigges' posterior and the culmination of Hans' pilgrimage in Cornwall—which is to our author evidently the last word in earthly paradises.

(Doubleday Doran, \$2.50.)

DUDLEY AND GILDEROY

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

A cat and a parrot shove off from a country house in Kent to see the world. They get as far as London and there they remain for the greater part of the book.

The editors would have this "a profound study of bird and cat consciousness." It is rather more. It is plausible fantasy. It makes good reading. It's a clever answer to the question: "Do animals have fun?" Yes, they have their fling. They are bottled up again at the end. But they have had their fun. A sunny spot and the chance for reminiscing will keep them contented. Dudley and Gilderoy are like that.

This may be an allegory of escape. All right. You still can't take away the practical wisdom of such remarks as this: "You're as obvious as a dog," made in answer to a childish observation of Gilderoy, Herr Cat,

by the sage parrot. We wouldn't read between the lines too much in this. It is a good story all by itself.

(Dutton, \$2.50)

CORN IN EGYPT

C. E. BECHOFER ROBERTS

Mr. Roberts attempts the difficult task of turning the story of Joseph and his Brethren into a readable novel, and here and there we admit that we really got quite interested. Our author writes with some picturesqueness but no glamour, modernizing his characters and managing to scrape up a few selfish, comprehensible motives for their actions; indeed he is exceedingly competent at explaining away certain puzzles that the average reader of Genesis dismisses from his mind with a generous disregard for details.

Apart from this exegetical dexterity in unifying the accounts we were especially tickled by the rather Shavian King of Avaris whose dry humour finds a splendid butt in the serious craftiness of the indispensable Joseph. He also gets considerable satisfaction out of Potiphar, the erstwhile master of Joseph. When he directs him to install the latter as Minister of the Treasury he adds, "Finally, if it is not putting too much work upon your shoulders, you might arrange to marry him at once. He'll tell which of your daughters he desires."

"I have only one, your Majesty," Potiphar replied dazedly.

"Then there can be no confusion" . . .

Mr. Roberts has appended a little epilogue in which he points an analogy between Joseph and Charles Dickens (about whom he wrote *This Side Idolatry*) and conducts us on a tour of the sources of the present work. There is also a brief bibliography which reminds us very much of the one we invented for our Bib. Lit. Paper.

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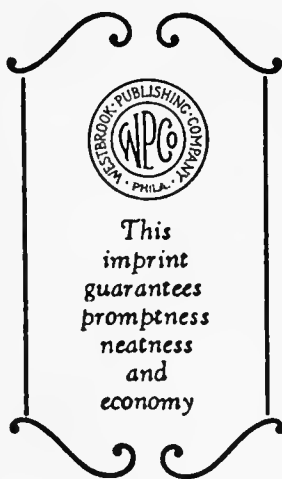
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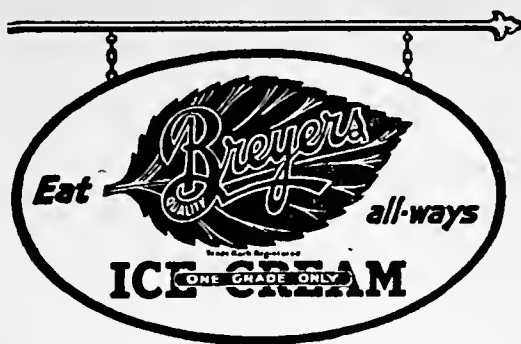
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by
Helen G. Bell

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JOSEPH WALFORD MARTIN, *Editor*

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A. R. CRAWFORD

J. T. GOLDING

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J. B. APPASAMY

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THE SKATING POND

Proxy

IT HAPPENED at that easiest of all hours in which to fall in love—after the theatre. Edward Norwood's amorous propensities, those vital embers never really dead but sometimes smouldering, had been fanned to quite a considerable glow by the beauty and charm of the heroine of the play—the heroine herself, mind you, and not the actress; Edward never thought of actresses as separate human beings—or at any rate (if you wanted to quibble about it) with her “type”.

Too, the play had been quite amorous and romantic. The hero (lucky dog!) had met the heroine through one of those queer quirks of fate which crop up in such profusion in fiction and never in life. The play presented no problem or thesis. The plot was simple and undorned: the hero happened to find an opera ticket, made use of it, and found himself sitting next to the beautiful and intellectual young lady who turned out, strangely enough, to be the heroine. They fell in love at once, and that was that. The outcome of this adventure was conventionally wound up in the inevitable union of the two kindred souls, and the curtain was rung down in a sudden blaze of light, leaving the theatre to a confusion of discarded programs and a handful of stragglers who had returned to look for their gloves.

As Edward emerged onto the street, he began to ponder idly over the play and its effect on him. He found himself in a position unique in his experience; he was in love with an ideal person whom he had never seen—in fact, never even taken the trouble to visualize—but whose virtues could be summed up in a fictional character, the heroine of the play.

He was rather chagrined at the thought that he had been going about for some years now, passing up gratuitous opera and theatre tickets which might have been found in any well-ordered gutter. Of course, the conse-

quences were something of a gamble, but fate was almost invariably benign in such cases.

As Edward crossed Broadway and headed east towards the comparative calm of Fifth Avenue, he looked about vaguely on the sidewalk in the half-whimsical, half-subconscious quest of a vagrant theatre ticket. Seeing nothing but a hectic welter of feet and ankles, belonging for the most part to the recent contents of approximately forty theatres, he sighed a deep, all-encompassing, nineteen-year-old sigh, and continued pensively eastward.

Walking along in the semi-darkness of 46th Street, he wondered if he ever *would* find a theatre ticket; it seemed almost inconceivable that he would ever have missed one if he had been in its immediate vicinity. Surely people must at times lose theatre tickets; they lost other things—it was a common failing among human beings, losing things. Weren't the classified ads in the newspapers full of "lost" items—rings, money, handbags, and such truck? Why, he had even heard of a man who once lost a bass drum. (In fact, the latter incident was the classic example of absent-mindedness in Edward's set at college.) But theatre tickets were most decidedly something else again. They might be easy to lose, but they were certainly devilish hard to find. Edward was on the point of cursing his natal stars for being so unpropitious, when inspiration suddenly descended on him in a brilliant pyrotechnic shower. He jumped, snapped his fingers, and yapped, simultaneously. What he actually said was "Urp". What he meant was, "I've got it!" And a stoutish colored lady whom he had just passed, utterly misunderstanding the significance of the outburst, looked back apprehensively and quickened her steps.

After the crash, when the mental débris had cleared away, Edward felt a bit sheepish. Here he had spent

somewhat over fifteen minutes floundering hither and yon in a slough of despond because of his innate inability to ferret out mislaid theatre tickets, when, with a minimum of mental effort, he could have perceived that his problem presented two diametrically opposite methods of attack. Supposing he *couldn't* find a ticket—he could *lose* one, couldn't he? This idea pleased him immensely, but his pleasure was momentarily lessened by the disturbing thought of the expense involved. The theatre was an expensive amusement, after all, and Edward's allowance was none too liberal. But *vogue la galère!* it would be worth the money. Surely after such a preliminary offering, the fates would be kind and send the right occupant for the lost seat—and he would have the other himself.

He began to count the days until the fateful event might conveniently take place. Tonight was Saturday; he would return to college tomorrow night, and receive his allowance check on Wednesday morning. Then to get the tickets, and lose one, allowing plenty of time for the right person to find it, would make it Friday. Friday was just right; not a night for formal revelry, like Saturday, yet certainly one for mild adventure. Friday it would be.

"*Vendredi,*" he murmured, blew a kiss in the general direction of a yawning traffic policeman, and started for home.

II

At approximately four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, Edward Norwood gave his upper left-hand vest pocket a reassuring pat, buttoned his overcoat, and walked away from the box-office. He had the tickets (orchestra seats—the very best he could get) and the theatre management had his money—quite a bit of it. He didn't particularly care what the management did

with his money, but he *was* a trifle concerned about what he was going to do with one ticket. He had thought at first of dropping it in the street at his first opportunity; but after consideration of present pedestrian conditions, he decided that streets were too crowded, and a great many of the people too dishonest. You had to be careful in matters of this kind; they were to be handled with forethought, delicacy, and discrimination. There was no evidence of forethought—obviously little delicacy or discrimination—in just dropping a ticket in the street, which afforded no cover, and where anybody with half an eye open could *see* you dropping it.

No, on second thought, a much superior place to do it was the lobby of a hotel—some large and fashionable hotel to which smart-looking stenographers and such were wont to repair for a bit of harmless masquerading as heiresses. He could back up against a sofa and drop a ticket, and nobody would be the wiser. . . .

Edward Norwood, his hands clasped behind him, leaned against the back of a sofa with studied carelessness, and opened his fingers. He began to whistle softly, and stood for some moments scrutinizing the top of a marble pillar with seeming interest. Then he sauntered casually away.

He had not gotten very far when he felt a deferential tap on the shoulder. He turned and confronted a bright, nattily uniformed bell-boy. Anticipating what was coming, he said "Well?" quite evenly.

"Didn't you drop this, sir?" said the boy, holding forth a theatre ticket.

Edward had to admit that he did. "Yes," he said, taking the ticket with one hand and fishing in his change-pocket with the other. He drew forth a silver coin and handed it to the bell-boy.

"Thank you," he said.

"Oh—thank *you*, sir," said the bell-boy.

"Oh, no—" said Edward ironically to the receding uniform. "Thank *you!*"

Well! Obviously one had to be more subtle than that when he lost anything. He would make another attempt. As he walked through a seemingly deserted corridor he stooped to one knee, ostensibly to fix a disarranged shoe-lace. As he did so, he covertly slipped the ticket under a chair against the wall. Then he straightened up, looking around to see if he had been detected. Not a soul in sight! Congratulating himself on his astuteness, he started for the door. Just before he reached it he heard soft, quick footsteps behind him, and felt another tap on the shoulder. His face fell as he turned around resentfully to encounter another bell-boy.

"Didn't you drop this, sir?" said the new annoyance, striking the same attitude and using the same voice inflection as the first.

Edward was irritated; great balls of fire! were these bell-persons all a flock of parrots? He took the proffered ticket brusquely.

"No spik Angleesh," he snapped as he beat a hasty retreat through the revolving doors.

Edward started moodily towards the railroad station, turning the problem in his mind. Hotels were obviously out, and he still had a profound distrust of the open street. There were very few possibilities left. He thought of the anecdote of Victor Hugo, who sent, and later received, the same letter, addressed to "the best novelist in France." Edward thought for a moment of writing "to the most beautiful girl in Philadelphia" on the back of his ticket and dropping it in a mail-box; but he quickly rejected this plan also—he trusted post-men no more than pedestrians, and perhaps it wasn't the most beautiful girl he wanted, anyhow. No, he was sure it wasn't. She was probably a popular musical revue actress from the Bronx with about as much

personality and intellect as a well-trained French poodle; and those were two qualities which Edward placed high in his list of requirements. Perfect beauty, he thought, is magnificent to behold, but it has its drawbacks.

Edward continued to ponder upon ways and means as he walked; but finally, after much mental anguish, he had to admit defeat. He had struck haphazard on several original plans, but on more detailed examination they all had decided leaks.

Feeling very frustrated, Edward came to his normal senses and began to take notice of his surroundings. His abstraction had led him away from the main thoroughfares of the city, and he found himself in a rather obscure side street, with no one within half a block of him. There was a taxi coming down the street towards him, and at sight of it he decided to act. He felt for the ticket in his overcoat pocket, and hailed the taxi. It pulled up opposite him, and the driver leaned out for instructions.

"Broad Street Station," said Edward to the driver, who was opening the door of the cab. As Edward got in, he let the ticket fall to the curb. The driver noticed it.

"You dropped something," said he.

"No I didn't," said Edward.

"Yes you did," said the driver. "I saw it fall."

"It was of no importance," said Edward, casting a propitiatory glance out the window. "Drive on, please. I'm in a hurry."

The driver obediently slipped the car into gear, averring to himself that he certainly knew a theatre ticket when he saw one. And when his passenger disembarked, he drove back post-haste to the starting point. But although he hunted high and low, he failed to find what he was looking for. The ticket had disappeared.

III

When Edward Norwood, resplendent in a newly pressed tuxedo and a clean collar, presented his half of the glorious adventure for cancellation at the door of the theatre, he was in quite a state of excitement, due partly to the novelty of the enterprise and partly to the imminence of the revelation. He followed the usher down the aisle, surveying the gathering audience with such intense interest that when the usher stopped, Edward kept on going. She called to him.

"Your seat is in this row, sir," she said. "J."

"Eh?" said Edward. "Oh, to be sure—yes indeed."

"The first seat," said the usher.

Edward looked at the second seat, and his aesthetic sensibilities suffered a sickening shock. Disillusion rose before him and smote him across the face with a lukewarm dishrag. The second seat was occupied by a large florid man with bovine eyes, idly pushing peanuts into a mouth almost entirely surrounded by a dense, drooping moustache. He was respectably but rather shabbily dressed. He looked as if he might be a street-cleaner.

This person now glanced inquisitively at Edward, but when he saw that Edward was staring fixedly at *him*, he became slightly embarrassed, and turned politely away.

Edward pushed the mystified usher aside and staggered up the aisle into the street. The stub of his ticket fell from his fingers, to be forthwith recovered by a lowly but philosophical maid of all work, who was plying her way homeward from a nearby office building. She, being wise in the ways of the world, did not throw the stub away as useless, but marked well the row and seat number, and strolled about in the vicinity of the theatre until she perceived the gathering crowd in the lobby which marked the intermission between the first and second acts. She mingled with the throng, and when the curtain call came, she entered the theatre, presenting the

stub as a return check to the harassed doorman. She found the seat without difficulty, and sat down.

IV

Edward Norwood returned to college that evening entertaining serious thoughts of joining a monastic order. He was not an altruist; it never entered his mind, to cheer his failing spirits, that he may have paved the road to Romance for another pair of kindred souls. Whether he actually did or not remains an open question. The two beneficiaries of his misplaced bounty may well have fallen in love at first sight. They may equally well have been respectable married folk. Perhaps they were married to each other. There are some things which one cannot ascertain.

Frank W. Lindsay.

Priapus

*When God made me the man I am today,
And watched me wander from the narrow way,
Observed how all my crooked life was bent,—
The unacknowledged beds in which I lie,—
The burden on my soul when I shall die,—
It strikes me God was slightly prurient..*

L. A.

One Man's Life

HE WAS born at the crossroads in a bleak Maine valley where the highway north dips down to cross the shallow, pebbly river and meet the little country road on the other side. Trim and white the tiny houses nestled around the two centers of the town's life,—the neat, steepled Unitarian church and the dingy public library; and his life also centered around these two. His father was the pastor of the one and most of his own leisure time seemed to be spent in the other. Symbolic this was, in a way, of his whole subsequent life,—just as being born at the crossroads; for from his earliest years he seemed to be forever standing where conflicting lines of opinion crossed, to be forever sighting along both impartially and with unbiased eye. Always he seemed to be in the thick of controversy and always he strove to prevent his inclinations from warping his judgments. To attain the state of perfect objectivity.

The shabby little library where he spent so many hours of his boyhood insistently marked its dusty fingerprints on all of the literary side, at least, of his later life. *Ivanhoe* to him was always a huge tattered volume in faded red, filled with hair-raising steel engravings; try as he would, the beauteous Rowena would never be anything but a slim-waisted, Victorian-ish maiden with the ghastly gray complexion of a steel engraving. *A Tale of Two Cities* was forever fixed in his memory as a more intimate companion in bright pebbled green but without illustrations. *Enoch Arden* would always be a confused blend of a serious small boy in pinafore and a weather-beaten old man with a Jehovah-like beard. Characters from Shakespeare and the Bible would always have the peculiar intimacy to him of childhood friends. English history fascinated him and provided him with most of his boyhood heroes; and Rome was to him a name to conjure with. Mythology he somehow absorbed without being conscious of it.

At fourteen he went away to school—and made his first acquaintance with the classics at first hand. Latin and Greek he studied in the grand old manner, wandering bewildered through mazes of declensions and rules of syntax to get to the beauty beyond. He laboriously, and yet not without appreciation, hacked his way through parts of Thucydides and the Iliad, and reveled alike in Homeric legend and Attic history. But he remained in his nature essentially Roman and “practical” rather than Greek and artistic; and to the end of his life Cicero and Horace remained his seldom-read favorites among the ancients—for what were Cicero’s eclectic philosophy and Horace’s golden mean, he would ask himself, but classic phrasings of the state of perfect objectivity?

By dint of summer farm work and parental thrift, he went to college. He learned that a Southerner was not necessarily a slave-whipping fiend, that a Man of God in a more complex society was not necessarily a godly man, that the theatre was the stamping ground of genius as well as ‘vice’, and it required a real effort to be unprejudiced. He took up the study of law and spent stuffy, unproductive years settling estates. He supported Cleveland in '92, McKinley in '96 and, along toward the turn of the century, became an enthusiastic follower of a boisterous young governor of New York named Roosevelt. In 1898 he believed the Spanish-American War to be pure philanthropy on the part of the United States—and afterwards recanted; in 1902 he believed the strike to be a ferocious attack on organized society—and afterwards recanted. And in the year of his recantation he decided his income was inadequate to live on for a while at least, moved down to New York and offered his assistance to the crushed strike leaders in combating the use of the injunction against labor. That was like him—acting often on impulse, yet forever striving to look at

his decisions objectively. Even now, he did not always succeed, but his days were no longer stagnant.

Shortly after coming to New York he married, moved to New Jersey and set up a household; but as time went on he had less and less time to devote to it. His fighting for labor in the courts seemed to carry him all over the eastern seaboard; and in 1912 he embarked on an even more strenuous program, campaigning for Roosevelt and the Bull Moose Party. The theatre he kept up with to some extent, but literature became little more than memories of books he had read in his youth. Late in 1916 he withdrew from his championship of labor interests because he disapproved of the railroad-men's blustering the Administration into the Adamson Act—but there was the War with its activities just after, and he found himself still in harness. The War closed—but he turned to the task of ameliorating the lot of the conscientious objectors and other political prisoners. And when that was accomplished, he decided to take up the grievances of labor again—one had to, he told himself, if one looked at it in the proper state of objectivity.

The years had passed. His son was in college and mature enough to be somewhat of a companion to him—when he himself was not too much up to his neck in work. He found his life going in a cycle—in his son he lived again his own youth. Through the boy's eyes he saw things which his own had grown too old to glimpse. . . . He was stopping off at the college now to see the boy—a brief interlude in a killing fortnight of conferences by day and traveling by night. He was fagged out, dog-tired. . . . He lounged comfortably on the davenport, gazing out the window at the gray autumnal landscape, where the pale sun fought a losing battle with the clouds. In a half-hour his son would return from class to “show him around” the campus; the boy's roommate hovered about somewhere in the suite, getting

into soccer togs. Across the hall someone was playing slow dance music on a victrola.

He had never noticed before the exquisite, ironic sadness of jazz to the background of rain-smudged daylight and leaden skies. As he lay there, his tired muscles seemed to drink deep of a strange dreamy ease and become oblivious to their surroundings; he felt curiously detached from the scurrying world around him. He reveled in that buoyant relaxation which sometimes comes in quick reaction to periods of long intense stress. To the distant, half-hushed strains of the music he stared out of the shadows around him to the fickle autumn sunshine beyond. A leaf, paused momentarily on its last flight to the ground, stood out sharp and pictorial against the white background of a cloud. . . . His body swayed almost imperceptibly to a subconscious rhythm. A soft languorous intoxication took possession of him; he was but dimly aware of movements around him.

And yet, he thought, never had his faculties for the more distant things been so sharp-whetted, never had his mind taken in a thousand delightful trivialities with such keenness. He could see himself quite clearly, for instance, going about the affairs of his daily life—in his home, among his friends, at his job. He could, for the first time, determine exactly how large a speck this all-important self of his made on the white page of its environment; and he smiled at the comedy of it. Here was impartiality of viewpoint with a vengeance. At last he had attained that goal of his whole life, the state of perfect objectivity.

"An amusing play—but how pointless!" murmured someone seated on the arm of the davenport at his head.

He tried to twist his neck to see who it was, but the soft languor in which he floated made it seem hardly worth the while. It was far better to gaze out into

the cold, chaste beauty of the clouds. Absurd, irrelevant words in youthful voices drifted up to him from the campus; and he rehearsed, clear-eyed, the vital moments of his own youth—the long midsummer twilights in Maine; the crisp, icy stars that first winter he had been in love; the time he had seen Booth play Macbeth.

*Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. . . .*

It was his favorite bit of Shakespeare; it always seemed to apply. "A poor player that struts and frets——" Yes, the play was pointless—and yet just now it didn't seem to matter. The cushions of the sofa were so soft and the shadows in the corners of the room so friendly.

"Comforting—this state of perfect objectivity," said the figure at his shoulder.

"It is," he responded contentedly. "All my life I have been straining towards it and now, as I reach it, it seems doubly satisfying. And so restful——"

"Yes," purred the voice, "most people find it so."

He sighed softly and turned his eyes once more to the window. It was growing dusk in the room, the pale sunlit clouds outside seemed infinitely distant and their light scarcely to reach him. It must be growing late—what was delaying his son anyhow? Was this his roommate talking to him?

"Who are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Ah," said the figure slowly and with the barest hint of a laugh, "you do not know?"

And suddenly he ceased to know.

J. W. Martin.

Magnificat

*My love can magnify to me
And render great, and grand, and rare
A thing of small simplicity.*

*I sat a-swinging in the air,
The other night beside the sea;
And as I sat a-swinging there,
My love was very near to me,
And she the fairest of the fair.*

*The swing-ropes lengthened out, and we
Went sailing skyward through the air,
That murmured softly to the sea.*

*So far we flew with streaming hair,
The smiling eyes that gazed at me
Grew real although they were not there.*

*I sailed aloft in ecstasy;
The swing flew on and on to where
Such happiness as can not be
Brought back my long-lost love to me,
With smiling eyes and streaming hair.*

*The rapture passed and silently
I floated backwards through the air,
That sighed and whispered dismally:
My love was never seated there,
My love was never seated there,
A-swinging through the sky with me.*

*A thing of such simplicity,
My love can magnify to me
And render very rare.*

Lockhart Amerman.

Nativity

*The morning stars together sang; a host
Of angels swarmed the sky upon that birth,
To hymn its praises high through all the earth,
And cry to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.*

So would the pious have it Christ was born
Deus ex machina. They do not see
The slow dim years that passed ere he was He;
The heart-wrung longings in a world forlorn,
Where hope was dead and life was over-long,
And only God held refuge from the strong.

They do not tell you of what happened then—
The glorious fiction that men made them there,
With sounding psalm and kneeling, hushèd prayer,
With choirs, though not of angels but of men,
Proclaiming peace in deep enraptured throng;
With layer on layer of legend cherished dear,
With winter feasting, with carols and the cheer
Of midnight waits that lasted unto morn,
And all the mad magnificence of song—
Of these, at last, the Christ was born.

So was the Word made flesh and man made God,
And Jesus slept on 'neath Judea's sod.

J. W. Martin.



Query

*Who will remember
The winds of December,
When spring is again
The reviver of men?
When the robins are voicing
An early rejoicing,
And the brooks run once more
To a winterless shore,
When the daisies all nod
To the breathing of God,—
Who will remember
The winds of December?*

L. A.

Brief Apostasy

BAUER was going to hell these days, his friends all agreed. So was the college in general. A group of sociology students, for instance, had actually gone on picket duty to aid the strikers in a city textile factory, the freshman and sophomore classes had voted against holding a class fight this year, and the football team was undergoing one of the worst seasons in history. The first of these disgraces could not plausibly be blamed on Bauer, for he was a chem major; the decay of virility in the lower classes could not be attributed to him, for he was a senior; nor could very much of the football team's woe be laid at his door—for he was, in the most emphatic sense of that euphemistic word, merely a "reserve" halfback. Yet compared to the meticulous Sam Bauer of former years, he was certainly going to hell as badly as the rest of the college.

His intimates either blamed it on Vail Malone or (being carefree college athletes rather than embryo Marcel Prousts) blithely ascribed it to the inscrutable workings of Fate. Vail Malone modestly passed it on to Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, to finish which (he maintained to his own confidants) Bauer had first been seduced from rigid adherence to the elaborate schedule of study-hours affixed to the wall over his desk: and as neither Fate nor Mr. Galsworthy were on hand to exonerate themselves, there the matter rested. Were one constructing a complete chain of causation, there would, of course, be other links to supply: the clause in the Penn Medical School's regulations making *two* years of college English an entrance requisite, the smaller concatenation of circumstances which impelled Bauer to take English 26 in fulfilment of this, the academic imp which had prompted the instructor to assign the *Forsyte Saga* as required reading, and the kink of memory that had sent Sam to borrow the copy which he suddenly

recollected to be owned by his first-year roommate, Vail Malone. Somehow, that had rather revived long-lapsed associations.

But the two had really known each other long before freshman year. Between them, they had been the pride of Parkersburg High School: Malone had represented the arts, poetic aspirations and pardonable eccentricities; Bauer had represented science, industrious plugging and commendable achievement—and of both the *Record Book* had made the inevitable prediction that “his winning smile and unassuming good nature are sure to carry him far.” Cannily, the *Record* had not specified the directions of these far-farings; and, in truth, their paths in college had considerably diverged, Vail going the way of the professional sophisticates and Sam the way of the Men Who Did Things. Quite naturally, they had not roomed together after freshman year; and even then there had at times been considerable strain put upon the unassuming good natures of both the prides of Parkersburg, owing to the vast gulf between them in temperament. Malone was just a college boy; Bauer was a Man With a Purpose.

Vail sought in a vague, lazy way for four years of comparatively painless orientation to the world in which he found himself; but Sam came to college not for an education but for a degree. He took courses and studied hard in them not because they interested him, but because he needed them to get into medical school. He engaged in extra-curricular activities not, in reality, because he saw much point in them, but because he felt a need of recognized activity and found life most worth living when up to his eyes in work. He was one of those people with a lust for *doing* things and a self-righteous contempt for all those who pause to reflect whether the thing be worth the doing. Thus, from his freshman days on, the time his roommate spent in

fumbling discussions of life, religion and sex, he had put in at conscientious routine plugging toward some quite tangible goal—a high mark in mathematics, a place on the scrub football team or a quota of advertisements for the college newspaper. He took the eminently practical standpoint of leaving the human equations for others to solve and concentrating his own attention on such chemical equations as one had to master to become an M.D. And because he was past-master of concentration, he made his system a success—the problems he could not settle never bothered him. That actually summed up his abilities—concentration, reasonable common sense and an insatiable appetite for work. And as in high school these had enabled him to achieve everything he had his heart set on, he was now, more than ever, possessed by the conviction that blind, incessant plugging was the only force necessary to attain any goal.

He believed, of course, in careful planning: that was why the elaborate time-table, showing just what Sam Bauer would be doing each hour of the week in or out of class, adorned the wall above his desk. Not all the guying of his friends—full-blooded, boisterous athletic youths who clung religiously to the golden mean in anything connected with work—could induce him to throw it over. Of course it was not a schedule which insisted on continual immersion in textbooks or living the life of a recluse: on three afternoons a week throughout the year the hour of four o'clock called for "exercise," Monday and Wednesday evenings were sacrosanct to a pilgrimage *en masse* of his crowd to the "change of show" at the local motion picture house—and on the subject of his whereabouts Saturday nights, the scroll of revelation was mystically blank. True, there were momentary aberrations from this program—as, for instance, when study happened to be conflicted with by a regular college dance or some

other official function which man had obviously been predestined to attend—but on the whole, this was Sam's Bible, the perfect rule of faith and practice around which his life revolved. Trifling inconsistencies might appear in the practice, but these were to be explained away, as any orthodox biblical apologist would, as merely opportunities for faith to step in and disregard them. And Bauer's faith in his Plan almost invariably did so. . . . That was why his friends maintained he was going to hell now that he had for once thrown it over and joined the chaotic world in which Vail Malone lived.

The first step aside from the narrow way had seemed such an innocent one; and yet it was all Sam's own fault, coming, as it happened to, from deliberately doing a thing which had no point except pure amusement. The *Forsyte Saga* and the *Forsyte Saga* alone had been the required reading in Galsworthy for that early-term quiz; nothing had been said about the further adventures of the family. Yet Bauer had perversely insisted on staying indoors two whole afternoons, cutting four classes and sitting up one night until the unheard of hour of three o'clock to finish the series. Worse, it had got him into the habit of sauntering around to Malone's rooms to borrow succeeding volumes, ask questions concerning the later doings of Fleur and discuss the character of Soames. Finally, he was dropping in for all sorts of bull sessions indiscriminately and doing a vast lot of the chewing on ideas which he had neglected during that normal intellectual teething period, freshman year. Malone, on his part, having in the course of three languid years run through the stock of different viewpoints which the articulate undergraduate body afforded, found the rather fresh and naïve one of his ex-roommate a welcome change at worst—and sometimes surprisingly intelligent. The two ended by becoming far more chummy than they ever had been while rooming together.

II

Bauer should have been in bed. Home from this dance and in bed long ago, his conscience told him, if he were to be any good in scrimmage tomorrow. And just as this point his conscience and his inclination agreed. He was bored—definitely.

For the past week or two he had been embarked on what was for him a perfect orgy of temperament; and in many ways it had—almost—been a bright and memorable fortnight in his life. He had stayed home from the movies Monday and Wednesday to talk or study; he had gone to the theatre on other nights than Saturday; he had cut classes right and left, found a real thrill in risking unpreparedness and gambling on the strength of his reputation. He had felt gloriously wicked drinking near-beer in town and smoking cigarettes at other times than week-ends. Only a week ago he had gotten a tremendous kick out of sitting up for the rest of the night playing bridge after a dance, and then going to breakfast in tuxedo. The catcalls in the dining hall when he made his appearance—he, the machine-like Sam Bauer!—had been music to his soul. He had felt himself the incarnation of the Rake's Progress. . . . The inconceivable thing about it all was that now, a bare week later, the idea struck him as only a means of being rather pointlessly sleepy the next day. Of the two new ways of life to which the past month of Malone had introduced him, the paths of intelligent leisure and mildly intellectual discussion still attracted him considerably, but those of collegian revelry and synthetic temperament did not. He really liked only the first; yet in Vail they seemed so inextricably intertwined that he was sometimes not quite sure which was which. Often he was made to appear rather ridiculous in consequence.

Vail came floating up to him, one girl in tow and

another couple in his wake. They were babbling animatedly. "*Honestly?*" Vail was drawling.

"Why, of course!" from the girl on his arm. "*I always tell the truth!*"

"*Do you?* But how stupid! Hello there, here's Samuel." Still in what Malone called his "party voice."

Evidently, Bauer thought, he was considered to have met the two girls before. He bowed vaguely in their direction, shook hands with the newly-introduced male and stood ill at ease, feeling that some remark in the same vein was required of him. Something smart and nonsensical. He coughed and tried glibly to revive the previous subject. "You mean to say you're not in favor of the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth first last and all the time and I regret that I have but one life to give for my—"

"No, Sam. *No*. Now let's have a cigarette and forget about it."

Glad of something to do, he pawed eagerly through his pockets and passed the weed around. "This," he said grandiloquently producing a borrowed cigarette lighter, "is to prove I have one, and this," he added flourishing a book of matches in the other hand, "is to light your butt with."

One of the girls laughed politely—obviously so. He realized, savagely, that he was only being silly. "Well, really now, after all——" Vail murmured and changed the subject. . . . The two couples sidled off to continue dancing and Bauer, suddenly seized with the conviction that his necktie was awry, made for the cloakroom.

What happened when he returned only went to prove that eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves. He was standing on one side of a curtained doorway lighting a cigarette and the two girls were evidently standing on the other waiting for Malone and the nameless male

to bring them some punch—at any rate, the voices were theirs.

“My *dear*, look at that trick Vail’s playing on that boy ahead of him in line. He’s just *too* perfect.”

“Vail *is* cute. But who’s this earnest child he’s adopted? You know—the boy with the cigarette lighter and the dazzling line.”

“Oh, be charitable—youth must have its fling and make its mark on the big city. My *dear*, do you see that? A lavender dress and *green* shoes!”

Sam was suddenly sick of sophistication. As a football man and a loyal son of Marston College, he decided, he certainly should go home and get some sleep.

III

Some hundred or two early spectators sprinkled the old unsightly wooden grandstand that bleak November afternoon, kicking their feet noisily against the boards to keep warm. The ground looked frozen and they scarcely less so; but the Marston-Ridgewood game was the big event of the season and such considerations as icy limbs were decidedly craven and ignoble. A few hungry souls hovered around the dilapidated hot-dog wagon that for twenty-years had been a campus tradition. Ridgewood College rooters trickled in by auto in bunches, parked at the end of the field and trudged toward their section of the stands with arms full of steamer rugs. Various aged alumni wandered aimlessly about the campus, greeting vaguely familiar classmates with stock phrases or staring vacantly at once well known spots which seemed somehow to have altered out of all recognition. The undergraduates wisely clung to the warmth of their rooms until the last moment.

In the gym, Bauer sat in a corner by himself, moodily pulling on a stocking. That Sam Bauer was in a state that could be described as moody, in itself spoke volumes.

Since the debacle of ten days ago he had abandoned the bypaths of folly and returned to the straight and narrow way plotted out for him by the once omnipotent schedule on his wall; but the joys of the timetabled life were somehow not so keen as they once had been. Even without the close association of Malone (he had seen rather less of him since that dance), he was beginning to wonder if learning the bones of the human hand and seeing that the college paper was well supplied with advertisements really summed up all college had to offer. He was, strangely enough, finding that life contained varied interests instead of mere tasks; several times he had caught himself in the library doing what he would have formerly described as wholly irrelevant reading. He found that he was beginning to develop other ambitions than merely becoming a physician and professional good-fellow, college style. He would occasionally doubt whether the sacred scroll above his desk contained the whole duty of man; and, in marked contrast to the weeks with Malone when he had but blithely forgotten it, he began to question the whole religion of the plugger and the go-getter. The rewards it had brought him, he reflected, were, after all, comparatively slight: he had come out for practice for four years as faithfully as anybody in college, but he would be sitting on the bench this afternoon just the same. The great Steady-Does-It, Plugging-Wins myth was exploded. He should have chucked football back in October and gone in for intelligent loafing. Yes— . . . Clearly, he was not himself these days.

Someone slapped him on the back and he rose obediently and trotted out toward the field, keeping modestly back in the pack of substitutes. Fortunately, he found a place next to Gil Johnson who had one of the extra-heavy blankets. The rooting sections, who had been impressed by the cheer-leading departments for the past

week that the game was history's final test of their alma maters, made a great to-do; the outsiders, who came mainly for the undeniable drama the spectacle afforded, did likewise out of a sense of the innate fitness of things. In spite of all the drum-beating and shouting, however, the hopes of Old Marston did not soar particularly high. They had not won a game in four weeks or beaten Ridgewood in four years. The only victory that day would be a moral one, Sam reflected, as the two teams lined up for the kick-off.

Marston received, tried a pass on the first play, had it intercepted, held for downs and punted. The rooting sections did a deal of respective cheering and groaning, but both were in reality fairly well content for the chances of victory to be in no worse plight than they were. The ball see-sawed back and forth a few times and finally the Ridgewood safety dropped a punt and Marston pushed over a touchdown. The stands, as the college paper would brightly put it on the Tuesday following, "went wild"; and the Marston team settled down grimly to clinging to their lead. The wind was piercing, limbs and fingers were numb with cold, and trick plays usually ended in fumbles: it was brute driving power that counted and here Ridgewood held the edge. Even the Old Marston Fight could do no more than hold them to the one touchdown that tied the score. Sam sat on the bench, arms crossed and hands buried in his armpits to keep them warm, wishing for the half to end. He shivered, cursed football and the workings of college spirit, and thanked God he need have no more to do with either.

It was a re-inspired Marston team that took the field for the second half (as the *Marston News* would say); but, unfortunately, the visitors' dressing-room had been just as warm and their rest period just as long as the home team's, so it was a re-inspired Ridgewood team also.

Events swiftly showed the Ridgewood re-inspiration to be somewhat the stronger. The tide of battle surged up and down the field, but always a trifle closer to the Marston goal-line than before. Before the quarter was over, the wave of struggling players had actually broken over it on two occasions and Marston was submerged to the extent of 19-7. It was without doubt a time for fatalistic resignation and sending in of substitutes to win their letters. The stands rose and clapped hands respectfully as one by one the varsity players, battered and bruised from the frozen ground, limped off the field for the last time. Third-stringers sprinted out excitedly to report to the referee and show the stands new and startling ways of doing and dying for Old Marston. But the time for heroism was short and some of the spectators were already beginning to leave.

Suddenly it was as if the crowd were mad. One of the frenzied last-quarter passes found a receiver free; and there was a wild straggling chase of a Marston jersey for half the field's length to a final, breathless touch-down. The stands ceased their impassioned pleadings for a moment while another pass garnered the extra point. The Marston section was uproarious now as its team kicked off again; the Ridgewood rooters were silent, their team worried and ready for the desperate. On the runback, Morrow, the last varsity man in the Marston backfield, was clipped from behind and set down to stay. The crowd booed, the referee penalized, but there was nothing to do except make a substitution. Bauer was in the game at last.

He was nervous—frightfully. He worried over the signals when Marston should take the ball, and had to be shown his proper defence zone twice over. One Ridgewood play he had been particularly warned to play back on—one that started like a sweep to his side and suddenly changed to a pass. He rubbed his hands

uneasily, glanced back at the safety man and forward at his own line. Ridgewood was in the huddle. Half of them came out of it and lined up; then, as substitute teams do, dashed back for further information.

Then it happened—one of those occasional miracles that provide the basis for pep-talks to losing teams for the next generation. The ball was snapped; it was a wide sweep to Sam's side of the line and Sam sprinted for the man with the ball. All at once something went wrong with Ridgewood: the runner seemed to miss connections with his interference and the Marston end tackled him hard and savagely. There was a thud of body against body and a pigskin spurting from one pair of arms straight into another. Click. It was all over like that. Dazedly, Sam hesitated, then tucked the ball mechanically under his left arm and scooted down the side-line. In a trice the pack was off in pursuit, but Bauer was an eleven-second man and fresh; there was no one within five yards of him when he crossed the goal-line. It was all over but a very considerable amount of shouting.

IV

Bauer embarrassedly staved off half-serious attempts to carry him from the field shoulder high.

"By gosh! old man," the center bellowed, pounding him on the back, "you sure got yourself into this college's hall of fame! Steady does it!"

"Oh, well," said Sam modestly, trying to protect his shoulder blades from further congratulation, "I knew if I kept on plugging I'd have to crash through some day."

His apostasy was ended; he was once more a saved soul.

J. W. M.

The Goose-Girl



LET us pretend that Benito of Bellaro really lived. That he was a king. And that he was Benito the Twelfth. Which shows he came from an old, old family and a very noble one.

Benito lived half a thousand years ago. And few men believed in God, and hardly anyone believed in fairies. But with a conservative upbringing and a vivid imagination, Benito believed in both. And when he was eighteen years old he fell in love.

Vanozza was the name of the girl. Now Benito could decline Latin verbs, but Vanozza knew nothing; so it was queer that he fell in love with her. But it came about in this way. Vanozza was a goose-girl, and five hundred years ago the goose-girls were all the ladies who were unmarried but still had no children. The first time Benito saw her was one morning early when she was taking her geese out around the block before breakfast. The night before he had been unable to sleep because he believed in fairies but had never seen any. So he had risen early and from his tower window he saw Vanozza. And straightway he was in love.

The next morning he went down at dawn and he met her walking with her geese. And after he had introduced himself, he said, "I love you," and he noticed that her eyes were brown and steady and he had a nice feeling when he looked into them. And he thought, "I wonder why I never tried a goose-girl before"; but then she said, "I love you too." Which made him feel nicer and rather protective; so that he said to himself, "This is

beautiful and platonic," and he kissed her warm little mouth.

So Benito and Vanozza were very happy and loved each other without quarrel for a long, long time till Vanozza thought she smelt breakfast. But on the whole they were very steadfast till the third day when Benito spoke the burden of his soul and said, "I believe in fairies, but I wish I could see one." But Vanozza grew very much alarmed and put a finger on her lips and looked over her shoulder out of the upper left-hand corner of her eyes.

"Look out," she cautioned him; "the fairies are evil! Sorrow they bring and the parting of lovers! Speak not of them. It were better not to believe in them than to hope to see them."

"Nonsense!" quoth Benito. "I shall always believe in fairies. I know they are good because my grandmother told me so."

No sooner had he said these words than he saw an old man with a long white beard who appeared, as it seemed, from nowhere. Benito looked at his love and he saw that she was pale and that her eyes were closed. The old man laid his hand on her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

And Benito said, "Look here! What are you doing?"

But the old man smiled and said, "I am Thanatos, the fairy," and he disappeared, and Vanozza vanished with him.

Benito was distraught. He cried aloud and threw himself on the ground and wept into the cool grass.

"Is this my reward?" he cried, "I, who have always believed in the fairies—to have them take my love?" And he went to his room and lay down and kicked the floor.

But his friends said to him, "This is the action of a fool. We love but for the pain of parting. Thanatos is

not a fairy, soon or later, he captures all." But for long and long they could not comfort him.

"All my life I wished to see a fairy. Now I have seen and I am sad for it!" And his friends put their tongues in their cheeks and patted their temples with their forefingers; and one said, "Fairies! Ha-ha-ha!"

And so they talked to Benito and they told him that there were no fairies, and he began to agree within himself. But outwardly he protested his faith. And so there passed two years.

And Benito's grandmother said to him, "It is time you were married." Which didn't appeal to Benito; but after a great deal of persuasion, he gave in and it was agreed that he should marry Giovannina of Renza whom he had never seen.

Great were the preparations and magnificent the gifts exchanged. For the Queen of Renza was a very rich ruler; and what also interested Benito was a rumor of great beauty. But to his friends he was cold. The approaching mysteries of nuptial bliss left him as unmoved as if they had been no mysteries at all. With unusual exertion he appointed his cousin Luigi as best man. (Luigi was a romantic lad, and Benito's coldness was a cause of sorrow to him.)

Erect and uninterested Benito the Twelfth strolled down the nave of the Cathedral of St. Giacomo. Beside the altar knelt a figure shrouded in a mist of white lace. Up the chancel steps with Luigi by his side, he went. Beside his betrothed whose face was duly hidden in a veil. Back, away, and down looked Benito at the sea of faces, at the bright flags hanging from the pointed arches, at the scarlet pages in the aisles, at the lovely women; and mentally he registered: "Not a goose-girl among them," and sighed gently.

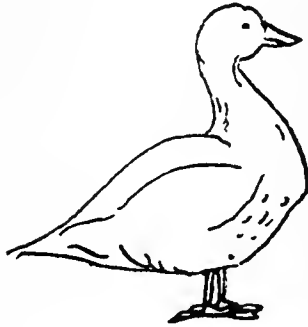
The cardinal was speaking; but Luigi whispered in

his ear, "A very elf-land, cousin, a panoply of faëry."

But "Piffle," said Benito. "There are no fairies;" and as he spoke, he turned his head and looked upon his bride. Her veil slipped down, and he was lost in the brown, steady eyes,—the eyes that gave him a nice feeling whenever he looked into them,—the eyes of Vanozza.

Shall we pretend that they lived happy ever after?

Lockhart Amerman.



BOOKS

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

RICHARD HALLIBURTON

RICHARD HALLIBURTON has become an institution. The young Princeton graduate, who at the beginning of the decade embarked on an ultra-collegiate bumming trip around the world to tread the Royal Road to Romance and escape the monotony of business, has now made a career of glorious adventuring and adopted romance as his business. Doing mad, unheard-of stunts as a means of defying an over-commercialized and humdrum world seems to have become his ordinary mode of existence. It is no longer a protest, but a profession. And so successful a profession has he made it that, like Alexander, he now seeks New Worlds to Conquer. Being an institution, he has a reputation to sustain; and accordingly, he must take pains to do nothing in the conventional, civilized way, but on the contrary, with a well-calculated flair for the unusual. This reputation of the Firm of Halliburton, Broker in Romance, is amply sustained in the present volume.

But Halliburton is more than an institution: he is a symbol—a symbol of all the restless craving for physical thrills and well-nigh impossible “stunts” which is so prominent a characteristic of the post-war decade in America. Whether this phenomenon is chiefly post-war or chiefly American, is hard to determine exactly; but it is certainly near the root of the fuss made (say) over Trude Ederle, Lindbergh or intercollegiate football. One may not approve of this tendency, but one can hardly deny its strength and scope: and Richard Halliburton is its prophet, the person who, more than any

other, has glorified it in printer's ink—a fact which should give him a claim at least to a definite place in the literature of his day.

But whether or not *New Worlds To Conquer* is literature, it is certainly rattling good journalism and seductively easy reading. The general plan of composition seems to be the admirably direct one of going off and having an adventure which is, or may be made to sound, unique—and then writing it up with such literary allurements as any reasonably expert newspaper reporter could be expected to supply. What could be simpler? In the present volume, for instance, Halliburton does a considerable amount of re-discovering of spots famous in early Spanish-American history—repeating from the seaplane *Santa Maria* Columbus's landing at San Salvador, retracing on mule-back the line of Cortez's march on Mexico City, searching out and climbing the "peak in Darien" on the same day of the year as Balboa climbed it to discover the Pacific, and so on. All this is apparently done with an intense seriousness equalled only by his re-enactment of Defoe's famous novel on Robinson Crusoe's own island of Tobago. Much more interesting are the incidents of pure adventure where the author, instead of taking himself so pompously, merely sets out to accomplish some physical feat—such as climbing the 18,000-foot peak of Popocatepetl at Mexico City, plunging seventy feet into the Well of Death in Yucatan, or accomplishing his now famous stunt of swimming the Panama Canal. But even more intriguing are the experiences of his tour of South America—under which may be mentioned his exploration of the Inca ruins in Peru, his stay at the French penal colony of Devil's Island, and the amateur obstetrics which he nonchalantly performs when a little stranger unexpectedly visits the only woman on board the old steamer going up the Parana River.

Inevitably, it all boils down to the question of whether you like tales of wild adventure and brazen nerve, told with not the semblance of shyness and mixed in with just enough piquant bits of history to leave you feeling mildly uplifted and informed. If this is to your taste, you'll thrill to every page in *New Worlds To Conquer*; and even if it isn't, you'll probably find a good many that are not exactly boring.

(*Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00.*)

THE PROFESSION OF POETRY

H. W. GARROD

Here are pages of literary criticism from the pen of an Oxford don on subjects as different as Poets and Philosophers, Humbert Wolfe, The Nightingale in English Poetry, Massinger, How to know a good book from a bad, Coleridge. This is not the kind of book that you can dismiss with a deprecatory gesture,—that is, if you have the slightest acquaintance with the subjects of Professor Garrod's explorations. On the contrary, he reveals that deft expertness of the specialist which causes the mere spectator to shiver with pleasure at each master-stroke.

Somebody, speaking of poets and critics, likened the latter to little men scurrying forth to empty pots of water on the great prairie fire of a dead poet's work. Professor Garrod's criticism is neither mean nor chilling; he comes to his problems sharp but enthusiastic, and the only reputations that go up in steam and smoke are those of the mediocrities whom he never mentions by name anyway.

Professor Garrod's theory of Poetry is exclusive, conservative if you will. Poetry is, for him, as interpretative as Philosophy though in a different way. Every age has but one poet who will compress for eternity

its spirit, he must be "bardic, daemonic, possessed: possessed in the purity of his senses, by that colour and rhythm of life, which our mean vision misses, which escapes common hearing, which only through him, our dull spirits catch at all." You will readily perceive that the Poetry of Professor Garrod is not the "poetry" of the market place, that practically all of the contemporary poetasters must, under his ruling, needs go the way of all flesh. To Byron he admits possibilities, to Rupert Brooke twenty-five poems and he leaves Mr. Wolfe just uncondemned ending his lecture on the last named with this ironic commonplace: "Time, says Pindar, is the only sure test of truth. But it eats like acid into all poetry but the best." We do not recommend fledgling poets to read this book.

(*Clarendon Press, 7/6.*)

ORIENTALE

MIOMANDRE

This book is the beautifully written account of a French woman's extra-marital excursion with a Chinaman. Such a situation handled less gently might easily become appalling, sordid, but the gay delicacy of treatment which is accorded it results in a delightful novel. There is a sinful, meretricious air about most of the book, but it never protrudes.

The story is a translation from the French, but the spirit of it is not in the least vitiated by the process. In point of style, *Miomandre* is quite like André Maurois and Henri Duvernois. Though poles apart in theme and treatment, there is something about the book which is reminiscent of Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome"; which upon analysis would seem to be due to the fact that both are examples of a brilliant sort of literary economy.

(*Stokes, \$2.50.*)

RICH BRAT
FORREST WILSON

In these days when everybody from the traveling salesman to the industrial magnate imagines that he owes it to his soul to rush into print at the earliest opportunity, *Rich Brat* will not excite any general sensation by reason of its having been perpetrated by a sales director of a dressmaking establishment. We, however, tearfully maintain that such literature should not be inflicted on the innocent book reviewer through a logic comparable to that of "trying it on the cat".

The present story is concerned with the adventuring of a certain midwestern storekeeper in Paris—to be exact that of Mr. A. Rodney Cobb of the Bon Ton Modes Limited, Missouri (we always had an impression that the denizens of that far-off region possessed a limited quantity of intelligence but Mr. Cobb reveals a thick-headedness so unsurpassed as to be beyond all imagination) who is fleeced by Philippe Charmy of the House of Charmy and vamped in addition by the Princess Leonide Metlieff, mistress of the aforesaid Philippe. Having unloaded our hero of a million francs or more Monsieur Charmy intimates that he has no further need of his services, and the adorable if mercenary Leonide is set to practise on a new victim, a rather more sophisticated millionaire who unlike the ingenuous Rodney states exactly what he wants from her for his money—and gets it.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Cobb has been reduced to a diet consisting chiefly of cocktails; and when his small change reaches infinity, he is driven by poverty and chance to enter the road-paving racket. His life with his brother-pavers is tolerably well told, but unfortunately he is soon rescued by his friends and we reach a real movie finale in which the valiant Rodney crashes the gate just as the smooth Philippe is about to blow the heroine's brains all over the carpet.

The whole work is indubitably pregnant with a moral purpose, but if you like this sort of fare your digestive system is differently constituted from ours, and we shall regretfully bid you good-bye at the next turnpike.

(*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$2.50.)

THE WHIRLWIND

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

We had been led to believe that novels of the French Revolution were becoming somewhat *passé*, since authors of genuine ability such as Baroness Orczy and Rafael Sabatini have apparently abandoned the field as a somewhat barren one. Nevertheless Mr. Davis undauntedly throws his characters back into the all too familiar scenes of the closing days of the French monarchy and the Reign of Terror. His hero, the Chevalier de Massac is, historically speaking, a fortunate young gentleman, for though a nobleman by birth, his republican principles, and incidentally his great love for a clever little *bourgeois* maiden, Virginia Durand, lead him to spurn the gilded rottenness of the court of Versailles and marry beneath him.

This affords Mr. Davis an exceptionally broad canvas on which to display his historical wares, and like the competent historian that he is, he takes excellent advantage of it. The court life of which the Chevalier is at first an integral part, is described to the last painful detail; and through his bourgeois marriage de Massac is, strangely enough, thrown into close contact with every notable revolutionist from Danton and Robespierre to Desmoulins and Mirabeau. The plot is quite as exciting as any previous reader of Mr. Davis' work could demand, and there is enough action and counter-plot to sponsor several O. Henry stories on the side.

(*Macmillan*, \$2.50.)

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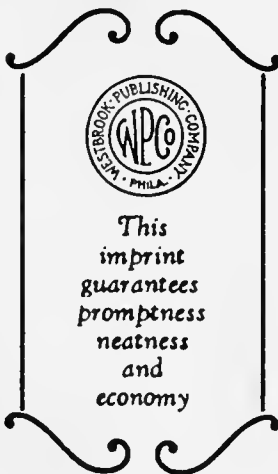
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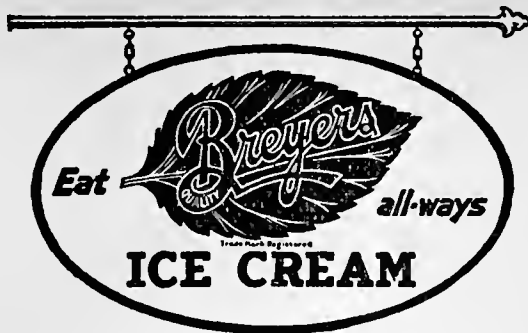
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JOSEPH WALFORD MARTIN, *Editor*

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ROBERTS HALL

Captain of Her Soul

THE evening was a failure. Claire glanced hopefully toward the clock and embarked on a mental calculation. Eleven. Twelve. One. Two hours to go . . . She tried not to yawn outright.

"Let's see, now," Louise was buzzing importantly, "that's three clubs and four honors divided. Put it down, will you, Joe?" There was the slap of cards against the table as she commenced shuffling the deck for the next hand, and the scraping of chairs being pushed back as the couples changed tables. The Rev. Dr. Jackson, Louise's father, hovered benevolently in the background, waiting for her signal to serve the refreshments. Someone started the victrola.

Claire hid the yawn behind her score card. "Let's dance a little," she whispered to her partner. Claire liked dancing; it paid for a multitude of petty bores.

"Do you think we'd better? I imagine Lou wants to finish the round first," he hesitated.

"Oh, let's anyhow." Ted was a nice boy but too much afraid of hurting people's feelings.

He shrugged his shoulders in acquiescence and together they rose and picked their way amongst the tables to a clear space. Mechanically they swayed to the rhythm. "*What* an evening!" she murmured in exasperation. "I'm really awfully sorry to have let you in for a wet time like this."

He muttered a polite disavowal of boredom.

"Well, then you don't detest bridge as much as I do. I really couldn't very well get out of it, though. Dr. Jackson's an old friend of Father's and every once and so often I have to take the consequences."

"Why—I rather like Louise."

"Oh, Lou isn't bad personally—it's her whole background and what she stands for that I object to. The

Church showing Society how wild and gay it can be and still be good fervent hymn-singers. Bridge and dancing and parties and whee! how advanced and revolutionary we are! Pious whoopee. The Pilgrim Fathers on a bender. Do you think we could sneak out on the porch and have a cigarette?"

Ted fished in his pockets unfamiliarly for a cigarette case and passed it to Claire. "Well," he remarked, mildly controversial, "Dr. Jackson could be worse. I'd rather have him stand by and pass out the bridge prizes than get up and lead us all in prayer."

"I wouldn't—not than give out bridge prizes. A good hell-roaring prayer would be much more exciting. Give me sanctity or give me whoopee, but not both together."

"Ye-es, but at least Jackson's headed in the right direction. It's a good thing he's as advanced as he is."

"Pff!" She was quite vehement about it. "All of his progressiveness goes into the effort required to look a pack of cards in the face without blanching. What real good does he do in the world? What does he do about social problems? about war and peace? about race relationships? Probably his idea of a social problem is how to preside at a missionary tea—at least that's all he ever acts on. Baptizing babies and telling a rich congregation they're the salt of the earth—that's his forte."

There was a pause: she seemed to have vented her spleen against the party and sat puffing her cigarette contentedly. Ted watched her, rather fascinated. Claire did seem a fascinating study—short brown hair, which tossed delightfully when she waxed warm in discussion, and blue-gray eyes which were frank and intelligent on all occasions: Ted found her quite pretty, but then Ted was biased. What he most liked about her, he decided, was this same frankness and refusal to

be browbeaten by conventional taboos; he could still remember what a distinct shock it had been to learn that she was a minister's daughter—so completely had she mastered her background. He could not determine whether her present vehemence on race prejudice and similar sociological questions was a recent development or merely a side of her character displayed only to her friends as they got on more intimate terms with her. He hoped the latter, and congratulated himself that this theory was not entirely without foundation: there had always been a certain energy about Claire which impressed itself upon you immediately.

The silence began to seem oppressive. "This *is* much better than playing bridge," he ventured.

She smiled. "Thank you." And she gazed for a moment at the length of ash on the tip of her cigarette. "You know we *could* clear out of Lou's altogether and go some place where I can smoke without feeling like a criminal," she said tentatively. "The plea of my having to get back to college early or something like that."

"Let's," he said and his voice was eager; but a few minutes later he was standing in the hall with his coat on, stumbling through the most abject of excuses to Louise and feeling very much like a criminal himself. He was in the midst of apologetic lamentation when Claire appeared.

"Good-bye, Lou," she said shortly, holding out her hand, "it was awfully good of you to ask me."

The motor was cold and by the time it had warmed up enough to start, Ted's conviction of sin was greatly diminished. "Let's get something to eat," he suggested. "Where do you want to go?"

"Oh—let's go to Tony's. Some good healthy noise and vulgarity would be nice after all this refined sanctity. And we could dance there, too."

Tony's was a quaint barn-like place where one fed the

inner man or woman on hamburger sandwiches and coffee and whatever music the fates decreed that one's nickel, dropped into the mechanical victrola, should bring forth. There was much rattling of plates and scurrying back and forth of the two overworked waiters; and the dancing, if sometimes crowded and rough steering, could always be enlivened by betting on what the next record would be—a pastime which to habitués of the restaurant was far from pure gambling. Color and the muggy breath of real life the place undoubtedly had in abundance; it provided variety if nothing more. Tonight the crowd was large and friendly and Claire threw herself into the spirit of things with abandon, as if trying to retrieve the hours lost at Jackson's. After that deadening earlier half of the evening, she was as one who has just recovered the power of hearing and rejoices in all noise indiscriminately merely because it is such. She found infinitely amusing such things as the incredibly doleful expression of the waiter and the mannerisms of the couple at the next table; and the fact that *Who Wouldn't Be Blue* followed immediately after *If I had You* in the victrola's predestined repertory, struck her as one of those absurd ironies which make life worth while. She sat there lighting one cigarette from the butt of the last and making the nicest of remarks to Ted; but when they danced she was silent as she always was when she really liked the dancing. It was fun to dance with Ted. Tightly she clung to him as they whirled their way amongst couples and tables with surprising recklessness; she would look up at him and smile every time they had a near-collision, but neither of them spoke.

"That was nice," she said simply as they finally speeded away in the car. And for nearly a mile neither spoke a word.

A short distance outside the College gateway they

parked while Claire smoked a final cigarette. It was at the moment she tossed the butt light-heartedly away that he kissed her. Limply she leaned her head back against his arm, closed her eyes and gave herself up to the caress. She sighed contentedly. Then, as if sensing how intently he was considering her closed eyelids, she opened them and smiled up at him.

"I'm very fond of you, Claire," he said—with a quiver in his voice. And he kissed her again and again.

Gently she pushed his head away—gently, almost tenderly. "Poor boy," she said quietly, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, but I'm not in love with you and I don't want to be. I hope you'll understand. I want to feel lord of myself, captain of my soul, self-sufficient and all that, Ted, and I couldn't if I were in love. I suppose it sounds very much like the usual rot of I-like-you-a-lot-and-I'll-be-a-sister-to-you—but I just am this way. I'm sorry. I think I'd better go in now." And she sat up and kissed him once lightly on the cheek, as one would kiss a child.

He started the motor with a roar to avoid the necessity of speech, and they exchanged no words at all until he left her at the door. Then it was merely, "Good-bye, Ted;" and, after a pause, "Good-bye, Claire."

Up in her room, Claire sank into a chair and wished for another cigarette. She felt a trifle conscience-stricken about Ted—she had not thought he'd take it so seriously—but he'd just have to get over it. A taste of "the fell clutch of circumstance," a little Stoicism, would do him good.

*Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.*

She smiled—it was hard to imagine Ted in that frame of mind—then chanted the rest of the poem to herself. Ordinarily, she didn't care much for poetry, but *Invictus* struck a responsive chord. She liked to think of herself

as mistress of her fate and she prided herself on her conquest over it thus far. She had done well—cut loose from the stuffy sanctity and priggish companions of her early life, and made herself the friends she liked. She complimented herself on it.

There was Anne, who was a pre-med student and Claire's ideal of self-sufficiency; Peg who wrote poetry and was inclined to be temperamental; Bobs who was hard-featured and athletic but a good skate; and Carolyn who was beautiful and languid and had strings of men dancing attendance. That was her crowd and, through its diversity of interests, it too was a very self-sufficient thing—rather aloof and much accused of snootiness and, by innuendo, of wickedness by the Louise Jacksons of the college. And Claire, on her part would in retaliation amuse herself by outraging popular shibboleths with declarations of her lack of morals and sundry defenses of sins she had no intent of committing. Often, indeed, she would proclaim rebellion not from any particular objection to the fancied tyranny, but simply for the sheer mad joy of rebelling: she really enjoyed smoking her pack of cigarettes a day, but she drank principally to proclaim her emancipation. There had, for instance, been one memorable night when she and Carolyn had gotten dead drunk together merely to find out what it felt like—an occasion that had never been even approximated again on Claire's part. She didn't really care much for liquor as such, and she disliked intensely the muddled, irresponsible feeling which it produced; she hated to feel herself no longer captain of her soul no matter how pleasant otherwise such surrender might be.

It was perhaps a mere throw-back to some ecclesiastical ancestor who had waxed hot in theological dispute over Free-Will, but she seemed possessed of a veritable passion for being absolute mistress of herself

and absolutely free. And, in one other respect also, as Anne would often twit her, had her heredity crept out: like generations of her black-froaked forbears, she was a salvationist. She had, of course, thrown over any belief in the redeeming power of the Blood of the Lamb or her ancestors' idea that the salvation was a matter of fire-department work in the World to Come; but the innate conviction that there was a vital formula for rescuing the world from its more disagreeable aspects (her forefathers had lumped these together under the term of Sin) still survived, though the formula itself was quite different. In her case, it was not Art for the Masses, or Psychiatric Clinics or Stricter Prohibition, but "creative accommodation" as applied to all ills from marital disputes to race riots—and she adopted this with much of the trusting fervor with which her predecessors had looked to the Lamb of God to take away the sins of the world. In any discussion she could be counted on to deliver her diatribe against the stupidities of race prejudice and the simple way out of the mess; and the fact that this trait of hers had become a stock joke with her friends seemed not to deter her in the slightest. There was a certain naïve seriousness about her which no amount of cigarette-smoking and cocktail-tossing could dispel. . . .

Abruptly, Claire found herself repeating the ending

I am the master of my fate:

I am the captain of my soul.

for the third time. It was getting morbid. She decided to go to bed.

II

There were four of them that Christmas week up at Carolyn's place in the Poconos: Bobs and Peg, Claire and Carolyn herself—with, of course, the requisite men

to make up the rest of the houseparty. Bobs had invited a home-town friend very much like herself; Peg had a sort of literary protégé of hers, an affable youngster but conceited; and the other two were a pair of glittering youths that Carolyn had met on a dude ranch the summer before—sleek, handsome creatures, veterans of many a houseparty and prom week. Pleasant happy-go-lucky souls, they blundered good-naturedly through college—in one year and out the next—making it a point of honor to miss none of the more worthwhile social events and even trying to find time for a class or two in between: you could run across them at any college in the country under some designation equivalent to “John Doe, ’29, ’30 and ’31.” Their foreordained function in life was obviously to amuse—how and whom it did not much matter. This week it happened to be Carolyn whom Bill Lowell was to amuse and Claire that Tom Weck was assigned to.

He was a walking denial of everything Claire most esteemed—and a not displeasing denial at that. He was well groomed and well bred and not without considerable innate intelligence in knowing just when to use the numerous rubber-stamp remarks which he kept in stock. He was a whirlwind dancer. He could talk brightly on any subject under the sun, having, in fact, carried the art of conversation to its final exquisite limit where it no longer conveys knowledge but conceals the lack of it. He was passionately interested in possible mutual acquaintances, in the latest dance records, in the newest wrinkles in motor cars—and in very little else. He could discuss in minutest detail the improvements in the new Chrysler, the safest way to play the stock market, and the correct method of mixing a champagne cocktail. He could recite a thousand and one anecdotes of how Carolyn had given one of the cowboys on the dude ranch an exceedingly amateur hair-cut, how Bill had once

tried to describe an oyster to a Parisian waiter who spoke no English, or how two other college friends had come to chapel drunk the morning after the junior prom—and he adroitly switched to these subjects whenever the chatter threatened to stray onto deeper subjects. On the one or two occasions when Claire actually succeeded in steering conversation towards the profundities, he showed an admirable modesty in criticizing the institutions of his world and age, or meddling with the status quo. Christianity was obviously the Deity's favorite religion, the standard of living had never been higher, the nigger and the kike were being kept in their places, the Republicans were in Washington and all right with the world. Such things were, after all, the concern of those who were interested in work and such serious matters, and he emphatically was not; merry-makings and benders were his profession and he meant to stick to them. He looked on orgy, in fact, as the natural order of things, work as the inconvenient interlude demanded by a commercially-minded world; and so long as the parental dividends held out, he intended to skip the interludes altogether.

The week commenced auspiciously. The toboggan slide was fast and the dance floor at Carolyn's excellent; and they made full use of both with great gusto. They tried ski-joring and indulged in great merriment at each others' mishaps; and they extracted the usual amount of sophisticated fun out of the wares and window display of the nearby general store. It was the proverbial jolly time. Then, on the morning of the second day, it rained. Anything in the nature of outdoor sports became obviously impossible and enough of the party shared Claire's antipathy to bridge to somewhat curtail indoor pastimes also. Conversation, at least between Claire and Tom, also offered little escape from boredom—they disagreed too hopelessly on every possible subject of serious dis-

cussion; while, in lighter vein, Tom's infinite variety proved to be a thing which a few days' aging served most effectually to wither. And even with the most perfect of floors and the best of dance records, one cannot dance all the time. So there was nothing left to do but make love.

III

Claire opened her eyes, insistently pushed his lips away from hers, and turned her head in the other direction to stare out the window at the icy, mocking stars. Self-sufficient stars. Unconquerable stars. That was why they were so mocking—millions of them mocking at her because she wasn't. No longer self-sufficient. No longer sole mistress of her fate. No longer strong captain of her soul. Weak. Bound down. In love.

She had despised him, and she knew that fundamentally and objectively she still did; but, given a week of sufficient isolation with love-making the only refuge from boredom, anything in the way of change was possible. And now his arms were around her, and her despising his mind and his outlook on life did no good—she wanted his arms around her just the same. . . . She knew it now—that she couldn't help herself. Her unconquerable soul. Self-sufficient. Free! She longed to break out in bitter ironic laughter. . . . Mistress of her fate! Captain of her soul! . . .

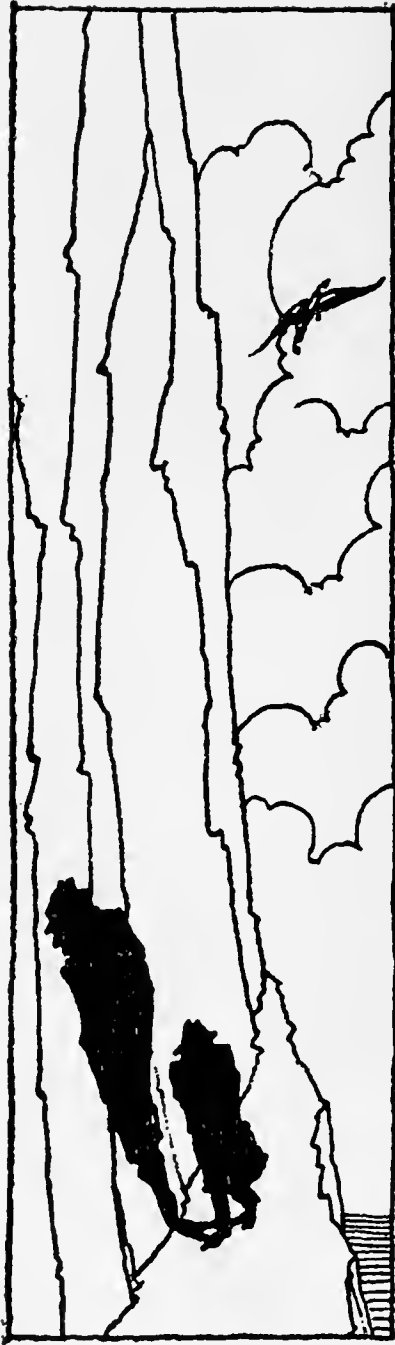
And suddenly, very softly, Claire began to cry.

J. W. Martin.

The Hack-Writer To His Love

*My muse was such a lovely girl!—
And I am sore at heart
That from the very start,
I've led her such a dizzy whirl
That she is growing very tired.
But while I live I needs must write,
And tho' she be exhausted quite,
Her service is required.
So when she visits me,
I can not let her go away
Until in full she's earned her pay;
Tho' very soon I think I'll see
Her fair head droop, her footsteps lag,
Her form and features stoop and sag.
But I must write until I die;
And be she limp as any rag,
I'll have to wring that rag quite dry.
Lockhart Amerman.*

Fugitive



*Every hour I grow
Older and older—
I've been running away
For a year and a day,
But the shadow of God
Is over my shoulder.
The day grows dim
And the night comes nearer,
And I dare not linger,
For Death's cold finger
Is beckoning grim,
Tho I hate her and fear her.
I grow no younger,
And Death's grim hunger
Is licking at my body
With its chilly lips,
And I struggle in its talons
As we come to grips:
I feel a frost,
Like a chilly ghost,
And my steps grow faint,
As the voice grows bolder,*

*With a ghastly chorus
And grim refrain:
"You never will be
Alone again!
You never will be alone again!
While life shall last,
And when death is past,
And your chilly corpse
In the earth is cast,
And your bones begin
To moulder and moulder,
Your soul in Hell
Will scream and yell
That the shadow of God
Is over your shoulder!"
The gray trees drip,
And the wind blows colder;
But ceasing never—
For ever and ever—
The shadow of God
Is over my shoulder.*

Lockhart Amerman.



Plato and Behaviorsim

A Dialogue

between

G. P., a Greek professor interested in Plato,

and

W., a research student in behavioristic psychology

W.:—Why do you spend all that time reading Plato? There can't be anything new to be discovered about him. He may have satisfied people in his day, but we have long since passed beyond his conceptions of life. We have scientific knowledge where he only speculated. In fact our foremost behavioristic psychologists do not hesitate to dismiss philosophy entire as useless, now that facts are the subject of scientific study.

G. P.:—I am inclined to think you exaggerate when you state that people were satisfied with Plato in his own day. He was regularly ridiculed on the comic stage as a high-brow.

W.:—Isn't highbrow rather a modern term?

G. P.:—Just as modern as Plato. I can quote you a remark from the comedian Amphis. He says: "O Plato, the only thing you know is how to wear a long face and to keep your eyebrows majestically elevated like a snail." Philosophers were regularly termed in comedy "those who elevate the brows"; the Roman translation is embodied in our word supercilious, which means literally "high-brow".

W.:—But a snail doesn't have eyebrows.

G. P.:—So the German commentators have pointed out, which pleases me greatly, for nothing is more delightful than to derive amusement from a good joke that goes quite over the heads of one's more learned fellows. The picture of a snail's eyebrows is irresistibly funny just because the snail hasn't any eyebrows or even any place

for them. Since his eyes are placed at the very tip of his eye-stalks, elevated well above his head, you can't even imagine eyebrows for him unless you suppose them floating over him like a majestic halo. Highbrow as a snail! You can't hit off Plato any better than that.

W.:—I didn't know a snail had eye-stalks. I supposed they were antennae.

G. P.:—No. Ants have antennae. But snails don't have ennae. If they did, they would be snailennae.

W.:—Well, I admit the Greeks could see a joke faster than I can, but apparently you have to dig long and toilsomely in Plato's works for the very little ore that may have escaped former searchers.

G. P.:—Yes, you can dig a long time in Plato and still wonder what there is to be got. But I am inclined to think that the more you dig, the more you are convinced that he is almost as inexhaustible as life. I am not sure that I shall ever understand him, but even the effort to understand him has carried me past pitfalls into which eminent scientists occasionally plunge headlong. Witness your friends the behaviorists who are bold enough to assert that philosophy is superseded, consciousness a myth, and thought no more remarkable than running or leaping.

W.:—I must say I agree with them in regard to philosophy. I can't see that it has anything to contribute.

G. P.:—Philosophy is poor only because she has two children who at once lay claim to everything that she discovers. Those children are metaphysics and science, and science, as you say, claims as her own the whole store of philosophy's gleanings.

W.:—Metaphysics! What on earth is metaphysics?

G. P.:—Why, if you were to define philosophy as asking questions and trying to get answers to them, you might define science as the part of philosophy that has to do with the questions that have been answered or that we know

can be answered, once we apply our present methods or discover appropriate new ones. Metaphysics, on the other hand, is concerned with those questions to which we know that there never could be any possible answer, no matter what new methods we might discover. You will see that the only field left to the philosopher is the doubtful territory not yet claimed either by science or by metaphysics. Philosophy is forever questing along untrodden paths. When she discovers a fruitful field, she turns it over to science, who reaps the grain and stores it. When she finds a field that cannot produce fruit, she assigns it to metaphysics, who thereupon mounts guard and by repelling would-be trespassers from among the laborers of science, keeps them usefully employed where their efforts will be of some avail.

W.:—It seems possible then that my mentors may be right. Since all questions are either answerable or unanswerable, it is clear that philosophy must sometime complete her task of discovery and analysis. Science will then continue to reap, but philosophy, having no more discoveries to make, may as well retire from active service. This is even more evident in the case of religion. You may not have noticed how science has been steadily driving religion into closer quarters. In the seventeenth century the conflict was in the field of astronomy. The truth for which Galileo contended is universally admitted now; and religion, even in the fundamentalist zone, no longer asserts on the authority of the Bible that the earth is motionless. In the nineteenth century science was busy conquering the field of biology. Intelligent partisans have some time ago quite given up disputing the evidence for the origin of species. The unintelligent are still shouting furiously, although the contest is over; for now it is another field that is in dispute, the field of psychology. Behaviorism asserts the claim of science to the field of psychology, and if that claim is not success-

fully countered, religion will have lost its last remaining territory and must join the ranks of ignorance and superstition, which, like the woodchuck, live by hiding, and burrow in the darkness beneath the fruitful fields.

G. P.:—Your stating the historical development so accurately relieves me of the fear that you might not care to follow me in certain references to the historical progress of science, which I believe I must make before long. First, however, I am obliged to take exception to your prophecy of the ultimate triumph of science. You have assumed that the field of speculation is limited and that, just as explorers are at a loss for new regions to discover, so philosophers may soon find that they have mapped out the whole field of investigation and that further researches into the unknown are impossible. It seems to me not unlikely that philosophy in the future as in the past may find new worlds to conquer, though everything knowable should for the moment seem to have been catalogued and classified to the last footnote. I presume that an increase in the range of man's intellectual powers might for instance open up as many new problems as are presented to an Australian savage when he attempts to find his way about in modern Europe.

Be that as it may, however,—granted that everything knowable is known, that science has conquered the last stricken field,—I think I should still need philosophy or religion or both in one,—for I am inclined to think that the realms of philosophy and religion overlap and that a religion which has faced the probing of intelligence is also a philosophy, while a philosophy that has life enough to move men to feel and to act is indistinguishable from a religion. There is one thing that we do not find in science, a motive. Knowledge is power, they say, but has any one ever said that knowledge is will? On the contrary how often does knowledge cramp the will! Would the conqueror conquer if he knew the result of his

conquest? Would the reformer reform if he knew the futility of his reform? Would the teacher teach if he knew the use that would be made of his teaching? The chief factor of success, so far as I with my limited opportunities have observed it, is not knowledge, but energy; not mechanical energy, but a combination of physical and spiritual force that I can recognize but hardly analyze.

Science is like certain advertisements that I see in the magazines which offer to tell "How to get what you want." The truth is that if you want anything enough, you already have most of the equipment necessary to get it. The rest comes of itself. My difficulty is not that one; it is this. Who is to tell me how to *know* what I want? How am I to know that the object for which I have striven will not when attained lose its interest? You know the scriptures, and the poets, "What shall it profit a man," and so on; "O, what a dusty answer gets the soul, when hot for certainties in this our life," and the like.

If you must make a distinction between philosophy and religion, you might say that philosophy has in the past occupied itself largely with pointing out the futility of most forms of human endeavor. It has divided and weakened the emotions. Religion on the contrary has given the disillusioned something to live for. It has focused the emotions and directed them. Nevertheless founders of philosophies, like founders of religions, have been highly energetic personalities. Religions, moreover, as they develop, tend to lose emotional fervor. Still, there is a historical distinction, and philosophy can hardly be completely divorced from intellectual activity as religion sometimes is. Suppose we confine our discussion to philosophy.

W.:—Very well. Suppose then that you indicate a field for philosophy that cannot possibly be assailed by science.

G. P.:—Why, the field of self-consciousness, of will. Reason is the greater organizer of the universe. If we are to derive scientific knowledge of the world from the buzzing confusion of sensations, reason must enter in to abstract and compare, to form a conception of something permanent which remains unaltered through all the vicissitudes of experience. Science deals with permanent realities because it deals with abstractions, and abstractions are the work of reason. Now in our sensations there is something besides this. What we see or feel almost always makes us do something. There are exceptional cases, and such creatures as aesthetes undoubtedly exist. I take it that the basis of all aesthetic appreciation is nothing but the willing suspense of motor response in the presence of an experience. But I am afraid this thought would lead to ramifications, and I return to a consideration of experience as a field of action.

The scientist temporarily suspends action in the presence of phenomena, because the will to know is strong in him,—much stronger often than the will to live. Since, however, the lack of the will to live, or, to put it scientifically, a failure to respond to stimuli in a way to preserve life, can obviously not be inherited, it is reasonable to conclude that the way in which sensations stimulate action is their most important aspect. A feeling of inclination or disinclination is a part of most experience. This is followed by satisfaction or dissatisfaction and one's future inclinations are likely to be guided by one's past satisfactions. I suppose I mean that our conduct is determined by conditioned reflexes, which are from time to time modified by experience pleasant or unpleasant.

W.:—Your terminology isn't precisely scientific but we'll let it go at that. I'm still waiting to know the function of philosophy.

G. P.:—Philosophy seems to have quite a field in the investigation of personal satisfactions. When reason com-

pares sensations in order to discover a permanent object of knowledge, it finally arrives at science. When reason compares sensations for the purpose of discovering a permanent object or a universal law of satisfaction, I call that philosophy. In other words, I investigate nature and discover scientific laws that enable me to get what I want. In the meantime it is equally important that I should be looking within myself to discover such laws of my own nature as will make me know what I want, for if I don't know what I want, all the science in the world can only give me what I think I want. In fact history tells us that the great periods of disillusion in the western world have succeeded periods of striking scientific progress. The late war was a triumph of scientific methods and equally of spiritual disillusion.

The great philosopher discovers laws of man's being just as the great scientist discovers laws of external nature. Plato's discovery of the good, the true, and the beautiful as permanent objects of satisfaction is just as important in human history as the discovery of permanent chemical elements of nature. Science creates a world; philosophy and religion are needed to express our attitude to that world. Or rather, my attitude toward the world which science gives me *is* my philosophy; that is, of course, in so far as I have achieved elements of permanence in my attitude.

Now a thoroughgoing scientist has a very definite attitude toward the world. All his satisfaction comes from facing facts, from adding to our knowledge of external nature. There are to him no such things as disagreeable facts. Fact is for him the whole of satisfaction or he couldn't be the scientist he is. If he preaches against philosophy, that is because he is a philosophical fanatic and pursues his own ends without reflection. He is an enemy of philosophical speculation just as the religious fanatic is the greatest enemy of religious speculation

When a man denounces philosophy or God or the realm of spirit, he is only illustrating once more Emerson's pronouncement, "When me they fly, I am the wings."

W.:—I am afraid it is an incorrigible habit of the adherents of philosophy to take refuge in eloquence. Your arguments are surely based entirely on introspection. You constantly drag in the notion of consciousness. To convince a scientist you must present evidence, and evidence that can be communicated. The facts of your consciousness may be self-evident to you, but I defy you to prove the existence of your consciousness or even to define it.

G. P.:—You are right, consciousness cannot be defined. On the other hand, the premise that what cannot be defined is not material for the scientist would leave science as high and dry as philosophy. Science deals with abstractions like matter and time and inches and wave lengths, but these conceptions are all originally the product of reflection on experience and without experience science would have nothing to contemplate. I might ask you for, instance, to define time without using terms that beg the question by assuming that we all know already what time is. Yet any psychological investigator who eliminated time from his calculations would soon be disowned. Science learns by experiments and an experiment is always an experience. Consciousness is likewise experience. You might call it personal experience.

W.:—For that matter, I presume all experience is personal. Whatever science may be, I suppose you will admit that it is not personal. It seems to have a validity beyond personal experience. If experience is purely personal, how can impersonal science be as dependent on it as you suggest?

G. P.:—Your asking that question involves an interesting reversal of the historical position. There was a time when philosophy was accused of dealing with abstractions

bearing no relation to experience. Now it is science that would sever its connexion with experience.

W.:—Very interesting, but you haven't answered my question.

G. P.:—To tell the truth, I can't see any possibility of science existing at all unless we assume that, while experience is personal, yet certain elements at least are common to the experience of all normal persons. Scientific knowledge is communicable knowledge. It must deal then with concepts that are current coin because every one finds them illustrated in his own experience. There is also a knowledge that is not communicable in the same way. The scientist's description of a rainbow or a star is exact and conveys precisely the meaning of the scientist. The poet's rapture in the presence of a rainbow is a very different matter. Raptures may be communicated, but in general they belong to the realm of the personal. Certainly there are many aspects of consciousness that are almost entirely personal. I suspect that you yourself may have moods which you have never succeeded in communicating even to your best friend. Such things can hardly be material for science. Still, even the most personal experiences may be described, and I suppose a reflective description of personal aspects of consciousness might pass muster as a descriptive science.

W.:—But the behaviorist deliberately avoids such vague descriptions. It is the aim of science to be exact and to be objective. Behaviorism is only in its infancy. By confining ourselves to what can be measured, we are laying the foundation for a psychology that will be as much an exact science as mathematics or chemistry. Think of the boundless possibilities open to us. Professor John B. Watson has already made a great start with his exploitation of the conditioned reflex. He believes that we can actually determine the whole tenor of a child's development by proper attention to the forming of his

conditioned reflexes. We can make him like the things that he ought to like to be a good citizen and hate the things that he ought to hate.

G. P.:—The apostles of behaviorism must be singularly naïve, if your account is accurate. The assumption that what Professor Watson wants a child to become would be good for that child is a large one. He seems very sure that, the method once obtained, there can be no doubt about the objects we should strive for. Now I agree heartily that Professor Watson has made valuable discoveries, but I am sure I should not accept as desirable all the objectives which are so self-evident to him that he does not even trouble to describe his ideals for society.

W.:—If, however, you would only accept Professor Watson's hypothesis, there would be no room for a conflict of ideals. If human nature is completely determined and if we can discover the laws of its development, there is no room left for ideals and aspirations. We are what we must be. The wish to be different is meaningless. One collocation of atoms or electrons is as valuable as another. Philosophy's preoccupation with the ends of human action becomes senseless.

G. P.:—There is no disputing your conclusions. I wonder, though, whether Professor Watson would accept them, for he has been proclaiming his creed with the fervor of a missionary and has promised heaven knows what ameliorations of human existence as a result.

W.:—Isn't the object of all scientific activity to improve human life?

G. P.:—I wonder. One sometimes hears of high priests of science. A high priest of anything is a phenomenon to consider. Historically priests have often based their pretensions on a power over nature not possessed by others. Fire, hypnotism, all kinds of scientific discoveries, have served to fortify the claims of the priest to special authority. When a man in any stage of civiliza-

tion gains some new insight into life, the temptation is overpowering to exploit his advantage and, by proving to others their inferiority in the presence of his new-won power, to claim their allegiance while he directs their lives better than they could guide themselves.

Now that I think of it, I believe that Plato himself in his writings makes lofty claims of that sort for his philosophy and for himself as its exponent. I suppose he was the high-priest of geometry, just as Professor Watson is the high-priest of behaviorism. Philosophers as a rule begin by pointing out the limitations of the human mind and end by transcending those same limitations. Certainly Plato and Kant find out a good deal by intuition about matters that they have proved are beyond human understanding. Possibly Professor Watson has succumbed in the same way. He has proved that none of us can direct ourselves. We only think we can. Really we are a bit of delicate machinery. Sometimes I detect in his writings a willingness on his part to assume a function that he denies us, the function of directing human development.

W.:—Well, at least he has greatly enlarged the power of intelligent men to direct their fellows.

G. P.:—I begin to weary of the problems with which you present me. Who are the intelligent? There are intelligence tests, to be sure, but I have no faith in them for this purpose. For I note that while intelligence may judge of unintelligence, the converse does not hold. When the less intelligent would test the more intelligent, he gives him a very low rating indeed. Intellectuals with their eyes on the stars fall into pits that fools avoid. He who succeeds in the battle of life is the most intelligent, and according to the standard of modern America, neither the behaviorist nor the philosopher is supremely intelligent. When it comes to practical intelligence even in the field of psychology, I venture to

say that many a humble salesman or politician could outsmart the behaviorist with all his exact science.

W.:—At least it is an advantage to know how to mold a child's character.

G. P.:—Spare the rod and spoil the child. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

W.:—You don't put any faith in that ancient lore, do you?

G. P.:—I suppose I should say: "Establish the conditioned reflex and future conduct will be determined. It is possible that when our fathers used the rod they were all the time establishing conditioned reflexes without knowing it, like the man who talked prose unawares?"

W.:—Do you mean to say that there is nothing new in the conditioned reflex?

G. P.:—The theory is new, but I must confess I see nothing new in its application to the education of children. The new name will hardly make parental tyranny any less formidable to the victims. I know no sin against childhood greater than the sin of crushing the development of a free personality by operating springs of conduct that work mechanically. The good behaviorist, on the other hand, can view without alarm the crushing of individuality, since individuality is for him heresy.

W.:—So you utterly condemn behaviorism?

G. P.:—Not as a method of research. As a philosophy I repudiate it utterly. As a practical tool for daily life I find it less useful than the old introspective psychology. I find that I can understand a man's conduct better by guessing at his thoughts and emotions than I can by merely formulating his acts.

W.:—But behaviorism has the exactness of a science.

G. P.:—Precisely; but as you remarked, behaviorism is in its infancy. The untrained observer who has seen Lake Tchad can tell me more about it than the scientist

who has never been there, or who does not believe it exists. Behaviorism hasn't even approached the depths of human experience. When we behave like frogs or turtles it is frightfully observant. It always looks the other way when we are really inspired and doing unique things that only a fully developed man could do.

W.:—But other sciences have arrived at their present state by degrees from small beginnings.

G. P.:—Quite so, and doubtless psychology will develop some day into a very respectable science. At present the first step has hardly been taken. When a science is in its infancy, it is no more use than an acutal infant. You must invest a great deal of energy in an infant science before you begin to get any practical return. There was some research into chemistry in the Middle Ages, but for practical results a man might have hesitated before consulting an alchemist. The apostles of behaviorism are almost as liberal with their premises now as the alchemists formerly were. To be sure, I look to see some of those promises fulfilled, but before that can be done the great discovery will have to be made, the discovery of a unit of abstraction.

W.:—What do you mean by that?

G. P.:—Suppose we take chemistry as an illustration. No matter how much you studied and measured chemical phenomena, you had only a descriptive science until you adopted the hypothesis of unchanging elements. The concept of the chemical element became the unit of abstraction, the permanent reality behind shifting phenomena. The methods of mathematics and physics could not establish chemistry as a science until this fundamental chemical concept was attained. The fruitfulness and the exactness of subsequent chemical research require no comment.

The same thing might be illustrated in the different departments of physics. You haven't laid the founda-

tion for a science until you have found an appropriate unit or set of units that can be measured, so that you can represent events by exact formulas instead of by vague descriptions. Arithmetic was the first science because numbers are so easy to abstract. No matter how unlike different groups may be, you can always assign each group its number. That number can then be represented by a symbol, some system of points or lines or figures. Arithmetic with its exact units failed to solve the geometer's problems and geometry became an exact science when some genius arrived at the concept of continuous lines and planes in space bearing a fixed relation to one another, even though it should prove impossible to express that relation in terms of unit numbers.

Mathematics and geometry, however, were of no use in solving physical problems in any case until the right unit was discovered. The discovery was made early that the pitch of a musical note varies according to the length of the string that produces it. The formula thus arrived at could not, however, be universally applied, since bells and other objects also produce musical notes. Men had to wait centuries until the concept of wave lengths permitted the study of tones to become an exact science. After physics, chemistry attained its majority and the world of dead matter lay at the mercy of human intelligence. Almost any process in inorganic nature can now be represented by accurate formulas.

Organic nature remains to be conquered. Now is it reasonable to suppose that chemistry, physics, and mathematics will ever solve the problems of biology and psychology? Doesn't every analogy lead to the conclusion that we need a new unit of abstraction to enable us to represent psychological phenomena by scientific formulas? We are working at present with the units of other sciences. Only when the genius arrives who can show us how to measure behavior in terms of a permanent unit,

shall we be able to raise behaviorism to the level of an exact science. Until that time comes, the behaviorist must not mind if we mingle skepticism with our applause.

W.:—On the other hand, neither must you mind if in the meantime we behaviorists continue our humble efforts to solve the problems of behavior. I thank you for the help you have given me in solving my own problem of research.

G. P.:—What are you working at?

W.:—I am writing a Ph.D. thesis on the Behavior of Philosophers.

G. P.:—Is the philosopher so different from other people that his behavior becomes a special problem?

W.:—Yes, in a way. There has been such a mystery about philosophical speculation and philosophers have pretended to so much special consideration that I am eager to solve scientifically the question of what philosophy is and why philosophers invent their individual systems. You seem to me to be a specimen of the philosophic type, so that I shall note down very accurately your reactions to my questions. When I have investigated enough philosophers, I hope I shall have contributed something to the understanding of philosophers and of philosophy.

G. P.:—You quite take my breath away. I had no idea that I was a specimen under observation. Still, we are all specimens for the behaviorist. While you are investigating, I wonder if I mightn't make a helpful suggestion. Instead of beginning with philosophy, which is a large subject, since the philosopher is trying to understand the whole of life at once, why don't you take as a preliminary exercise the investigation of chess and chess players. People have played chess for centuries and have indulged in lengthy disputes about the value of various moves and openings. Why shouldn't you do a thesis on the Behavior of Chess Players? You might quite probably contribute to the solution of the various problems

that have puzzled chess players in the past. It will be easy to set two players going at their game and to take notes on their behavior. In the end you might write a manual on chess behavior that would enable the humblest of us to understand the moves of the expert at chess. Not that it is as important to understand chess as it is to understand life; but chess is so much less complicated than life that you could complete the work of analysis much more rapidly, and your success in that field would convince skeptics that your methods must be decisive in the field of philosophy, which embraces the whole of life.

W.:—I never had any head for chess and I'm not sure that I could ever understand the moves of the players.

G. P.:—Then the least you can do is to prove that chess playing is an illusion and does not exist, and that the man who thinks he moves his knight in order to menace the opponent's queen is only obeying a conditioned reflex established in his infancy.

W.:—I am afraid you are going to draw a subtle analogy, but I must go now to write up my notes. Science deals with facts, and speculation about so-called mental processes is of no use to science. You will excuse me?

G. P.:—Certainly, and I thank you for animating the futility of my Plato studies with some of your enthusiasm for up-to-date methods in practical science.

L. A. Post.



Uncle Ike

THIS is Bill Eldredge's story. I heard him tell it one night up on Cape Cod when we were swapping yarns around the stove in John Kendrick's store. When he finished it our pipes were out and my feet had a way of being light and handy on the way home that night.

The first part, up to Uncle Ike's death, was for my benefit, I think. I've been living in Orleans only two years now and the old man died about three years ago. It seems that he was a hermit living in a shack 'way back in that big piece of woods between South Orleans and Brewster. It's a true story because just the other day I drove up there and saw the burnt leavings of the shack. They say his ghost still haunts the place. Bill swears it does.

* * * * *

I suppose you fellers has been wonderin' just how that shack ever come to burn up on Uncle Ike as she did that night three years back. Me and John White has been awful close-mouthed about it. He wa'n't at all sure about his deed to the land. He got it straightened out just lately, so now we can let the cat out of the bag—cat bein' the *keerect* word, boys, as you're goin' to see.

I dunno as you all mind Uncle Ike. He was the poor critter no one never could understand. He'd been livin' alone up in them thar woods as long ez I can recollect. He used to come to town when I was a kid and what we used to yell at him I hate ta think. His bein' humpback and livin' all by hisself was enough for us lads. And he had the evil eye if ever I seen it.

Where he got the namé "Uncle Ike" is more'n I can say. It sorta fitted him I guess. He looked like a pore ole beachcomber, all doubled up and scimey. 'Sides that he always had a sneaky little grin on his face that made ya think of things that ain't in the Bible.

Well, Ike left off comin' to town must be nigh on ta ten year ago. John White made some deal with him that he'd agree to feed the old man as long as he lived and Ike made over his property up thar in the woods to John. You know, John told me once what Ike had fer dinner and I scurcly believed him. A plug of tobacco, a nickel's worth of chocolate drops, a bottle a pop and a headache powder! John swears it's true. No wonder the pore ole feller was a little off his bean.

Ike didn't cost him much, but John had his troubles all right. He couldn't keep no delivery boys more'n a week. They liked drivin' the old Ford wagon, but all of 'em balked at totin' provisions up in them woods for the old humpback.

Georgie Nickerson was the boy that brought down the news—let's see—three years ago this last November, a Sattidy. The ole man was dead, doubled up over the choppin' block with a piece of kindlin' in one hand. It warn't much of a shock to us, ya recollect, because the old man had been ailin' for some time. Wonder to me he hung on as long as he did with that thar pizen he was throwin' down hisself.

Well, John druv up right away and sure enough, there was Uncle Ike, dead as a clam. John worked around all

day, straightenin' up the shack and makin' a box for the ole man. He had one hell of a time with that because Uncle Ike was doubled up so with his hump that John couldn't get the hull of him inside the box at once. Finally he set a rock as big around as your two fists on the ole man's chest and boarded up the box to his knees. That got him wedged firm an' he stayed down.

John set the box in the woodshed that was jined to the shack by a door. It was pretty late when he got through. So he druv back to town and came down to my place. I'd just got in and was washin' up at the sink. He told me all about it and then asked me to go up and stay at the shack fer the night, just so as anythin' happened they'd be somebody there. He'd be busy at the store late, it bein' a Sattidy. He said he'd be up early in the mornin' and we'd dig a hole for the box then.

I wasn't hankerin' particular for the job. But John's an old friend of mine and more'n once he'd let me run up my bill at the store when things warn't too easy. Besides that, the wife and me hadn't been gybin' too well lately and I figured that perhaps a night away'd show her that I was just as hard to get along without as I was with. So I says to John I reckoned I could go all right.

I thought of takin' one of the lads up with me, but the wife wouldn't hear of it. I even think she was a mite skeered at lettin' me go, but she didn't let on and I didn't say nothin'. She put up a snack fer me and along about four-thutty I buzzed off in the old Ford. There was a pretty steady easterly blowin' and she'd been threatenin' rain all day.

It was late fall anyway, you know, and commencin' to get dark early. It was dark already in them woods. Crimminy! how I hated turnin' off the state road and headin' up into that dark pocket of a place. I stopped the buggy at the top of the steep rise and let the injun cool. Things was dark and quiet as a buryin' ground. I

begun listenin' for a noise, and pretty soon sure enough a stick cracked bang! right near off in the brush and I jumped like it was the crack of doom. I kicked myself a couple of times, took a nip of some sunshine I'd brung along with me, and says laughin', "Get onto yourself, Bill boy. This ain't nothin'. It's only yourself that's thinkin' ya into it." But that sounded pretty holler and foolish-like.

So I boils along up the rud, duckin' the branches as they came slappin' in at me. That thar rud ain't been trimmed for years and the drivin' was fierce. I got to the clearin' in front of the shack all right, follerin' Jack's directions, and I twisted the buggy clean around so she was headed straight back along the rud again. I warn't takin' no chances.

Gosh! it was quiet after I turned off that injun. You could just tell there was something dead around. Or maybe it was the rain comin'. I lit the lantern I'd brung with me. Then I grabbed my snack of lunch, my storm coat, and the Sears-Roebuck catalogue I had fer readin' matter. I had a pair of blankets, too. Wouldn't hev used Ike's on a bet.

Before I went in I took a stroll around the shack lookin' things over. You could scurcly see the door for a big bush in front of it. The winders was tight enough and she looked pretty cosy to me. Just then the rain come up with a whoop and it begun to rain. This was gettin' to be a fine kettle of fish.

John'd covered the fire in the stove and I soon had it shook down and a little coffee bilin'. There warn't nothin' in the room besides the stove and a table and a chair and a bunk, all made by hand you could see. And d rt! Gawd! it was worse'n the open room ta home. There was an ile lamp on the table and I lit it. A lot of the ole man's gear was piled up in one corner, John had done that I guessed. But he hadn't disturbed the dirt

none. I ain't no hand for bein' extra tidy myself, but I could see that Ike was a hull lot carelesser than I'd ever thought of bein'. I suppose that's what comes from havin' no wimen folks shakin' a broom around.

I pours myself a cup of coffee and it spruces me up considerable. So I decided to go have a look at the corpse. I pulled open the door into the shed and held up the lantern. Sure enough, there was Ike across the way, pilled up agin the further wall. The other door of the shed was in the lee of the shack. It was open a mite. I didn't shut it 'cause I figured the more air movin' around in there the better.

I hadn't seen Ike for a long time, and when I took a look at him I warn't blamin' the delivery boys none for bein' shy of comin' up here. A big patch of somethin' had et into one side of his face and his nose. It was a greenish gray mess and looked like that stuff you see floatin' on the marsh water at low tide. He was keepin' the same ole grin and he didn't look none too sociable laid out thar as straight as John could git 'im. And the rock on his chest wa'n't no flower in his buttonhole nuther.

Well, I'd seen about enough. I goes into the shack and shuts the door. I fried some bacon and a couple of eggs the wife'd stowed in my lunch pail. I tried whistlin' for a while but it sounded pretty small beside the racket the wind and rain was makin', drivin' up agin the shack. That wind blew so hard it shook the egg in the fryin' pan. And the rain kept bellyin' up agin the winders like the Old Nick hisself. That bush aside the door was actin' like it was alive, too, clawin' the boards like a dog that was tryin' to get in. I'm tellin' you I was commencin' to feel uncomfortable as them poor critters looked that was hangin' onto the roof of the after cabin of the *Montclair* last winter just before that big sea washed 'em off. Like that and twice as nervous.

I et all there was in the pail. Then I spread my

blankets on the cleanest boards I could find. I was plannin' on takin' a spin out of the catalogue and then turnin' in. I moves the lamp to one end of the table and puts the chair alongside. I sets down and tips back agin the wall, takin' care to have the lantern close by on the floor. I opens the catalogue and starts in readin'. It was the new fall one I recollect.

Well, I'd run through the outside and inside clothes parts and was lookin' ahead in the furniture part for a new table I was thinkin' of gettin' the wife. Things was quiet except the storm and I was commencin' to think what a consarned ijit I was for gettin' all het up over nothin'. Then I begun to hear a funny scratch at the door that was different from the swoosh that thar bush was makin'. I gets up and opens the door quick, but there warn't nothin' only rain a-swoopin' in. So I shut the door, shook up the fire some more, and set down in the chair. I laid the catalogue by and took out my pipe. Somehow I warn't in no readin' mood.

I recollect lookin' at my watch about then. It was five minutes to nine. Between the blows of wind I kept hearin' that scratchin' noise. It warn't no bush. I could see that. I gets up again and stars to scout around. And I finds that the noise warn't comin' from the door but the inside of the shed!

Well, I was half-way between a sweat and a whistle. The yellin' of the wind and rain was workin' on me, and I missed a beat every time that bush swooshed up agin the door. This scratchin' noise about did fer me.

I grabs the lantern and yanks open the door to the shed. I holds up the lantern and there! by damn if there warn't five *cats* settin' on the edge of Uncle Ike's box watchin' him, and another settin' on Ike's neck just startin' in to chew on his nose!

Well, I gives a whoop and heaves the lantern at the sassy cat on Ike's neck. It smashed all to pieces agin the

rock instead of hittin' the cat. They all made a jump for the door like they was on one string. The rock rolled off Ike's chest and he popped up in his box and just set there, jerkin' back and forth a little like he had the twitches.

The ile from the lantern'd spattered all over him. The flame caught hold in a second and the ole man commenced to blaze like a pine cone. The green stuff on his face begun to melt and roll down his chin.

Them cats and Uncle Ike bobbin' up like that and the fire'n all—well, I was nigh crazy. I turns and runs for the shack door, forgettin' everythin'—whiskey, blankets, storm coat. I was just plumb anxious to get away. The bush made a grab for me as I tore past, but there warn't nothin' short of a team of hosses could've held me then. I wouldn't 've gone back in that shack after my gear for any price you can name. Not the way I was feelin' then. No sir!

I jumps into the Ford and steps on the button. I'll swear a year and a half went by from when I stepped on her to when she commenced to snort and bellow. I let her race and took a last look at the shack. The hull shed was in a blaze now and the flames was roarin' away in the draft the open doors made. I slapped down the clutch and off we belched down the road. I had 'er right to the floor and she was doin' the limit. It was just like a bad dream, you know, when you're tryin' to get away from somethin' and you feel like you was tied.

Well, I buzzed onto the state road and right down to the village, soaked through, with the wind and rain bellerin' across my bow. John was about closin' up when I walks in the door. I must've looked like a lunatic from Bridgewater.

"Wha's the matter, Bill," says he to me, "did the corpse wake up on ye?"

"If that corpse ain't *burnt* up by now," says I, "it ain't no real corpse nohow!"

So I tells John the whole story. The next mornin' we druv up thar. Nothing was standin' but the chimbly and a couple pieces of timber. We dug a hole and shoveled in the ashes of the box, as near as we could make out.

It was a raw day, cold and foggy. I was pretty handy with the shovel that mornin' I recollect, figurin' on gettin' the job done quick and clearin' out. I'd had about enough of Uncle Ike. But one thing'll always be a tarnation mystery to me, just how them cats got 'way up thar.

A. R. Crawford.



BOOKS

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

KATHERINE BRUSH

THE Fourth Estate rests on a sound bottom once again. For several years cruel columnists and confessing editors have been spreading abroad the rumor that reporting and writing for the daily journals are not as fascinating and glamorous as they have at times been cracked up to be. But Katherine Brush in *Young Man of Manhattan* has saved the day for the Romance of the Press; and once again a thousand editors of Podunk High School weeklies can make their way citywards this summer and devil a hundred city editors for a summer job, assured that they are on the highway to real adventure. Yes, youths, go to it. Miss Brush can't be wrong. Sports reporters make a hundred and twenty a week, the humblest of them jaunt to Florida each spring for the Yanks' training camp, they work at most six or seven hours a day, and all their spare time goes to shooting craps and drinking very good whiskey—when they're not tearing off a little novel which nets quite a few thousands. But wait! none of the pathos and hardships which lend the game half its enchantment has disappeared. One still can lose all his weekly pay in a poker session Saturday night; and poor old Chris, the hard-working, underpaid copy reader with the sick child, still exists to borrow a five or a ten each week.

But we grow cynical. Miss Brush knows what "more than two and a half million readers each week" want in the way of light reading. She gave it to them in *Young Man of Manhattan*. She has peppered a racy

story with enough proper names to make the uninitiated think he is at last getting the inside of this newspaper business; and served it up in a delectable fashion and words of one syllable. We recommend the book; though, as far as we have been able to gather, it will have little sale among Haverfordians. To a man, we believe, they read it at a nickel a chapter.

(*Ferrar and Rinehart, \$2.00.*)

THE HAWBUCKS

JOHN MASEFIELD

John Masefield has quitted the sea and the tropics to follow the hounds with the redcoat squires of England. George Childrey, the vagrant second son of the House of Barton, unexpectedly succeeds to the ancestral manor when his elder brother Dick cracks his skull by falling off his horse. The new squire sets about improving the condition of his estate in an exemplary manner but in an amazingly short time he is swept into the little whirlpool of admiring gentry that circulates around the desirable person of Carrie Harridew, the local belle. The tale of the endeavours of these swains to win the eye of the adored Caroline is amusing indeed; they fall over each other to have the honour of rolling her tennis court, digging in her garden and lending her their horses. One dashing fellow, it is true, conceives the plan of ravishing her and thus forcing her hand, but unluckily for himself, he gets into the wrong bedroom and is driven thence in great ignominy.

There are several descriptions of fox hunts which are etched in the full vigorous style which is characteristically Masefield's. The dénouement, however, is somewhat unpleasing. George, the logical winner, does not get Carrie,—this triumph being reserved for his crafty younger brother Nick. This may be realism,

but our author does not deign to clear away the objections against this solution with which he dusted our eyes earlier in the book. Maid Margaret, a daughter of Squire Harridew's under the rose, is allotted to George in the last paragraph. This again seems asking for trouble for it would bring the two half-sisters into unpleasant contact. We feel also that Masefield has overcrowded his canvas with characters when his strength lies rather in scene-painting. But whatever the shortcomings of this novel, we would elect to read the attempts of its author rather than the ripest works of the contemporary mob of sixth-rate inkslingers.

(*Macmillan*, 7/6.)

CONSEQUENCES

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

We doubt if you will have the courage to face *Consequences*. The book is dedicated, "To those I love. And to all lovers of International idealism." Then follows a note: "In this novel I have sought to present types through individuals representing certain philosophies of life, expressed in opposite and contrasted points of view, embodied in conduct and portrayed as consequences." Next in solemn procession comes a preface, by whom do you suppose? John Haynes Holmes. It is a very revealing preface. The Rev. Holmes indulges in sneers against the psychological novel, at novels without plots and novels without purposes. He prefers Julia Ellsworth Ford to Virginia Woolf, and ends with a mighty slam against the critics: "The critics will despise this book, as they despise anything in a novel which is real enough to be wholesome enough to be refreshing. But critics neither buy nor read books (sic!). This book is written for the public, and the public will give it welcome."

So much defensiveness, so much preliminary hoopla might set the reader wondering. The truth is that the

book is unreadable. Galsworthy and Shaw, as the Rev. Holmes indicates, have written didactic literature. But while their books might have been didactic they were also literature. This unfortunately cannot be said of *Consequences*. A public *may* exist that desires to get the correct slant on the Opium Traffic or the Philosophy of Moh Ti through the medium of stilted fiction. To such we earnestly recommend this book. Personally, we prefer to derive our information on such subjects from standard treatises and obtain our fiction from the hands of those who were born to that unlucky trade.

(Dutton, \$2.50.)

SCHLUMP

This is one of the last wavelets of the recent flood of German War fiction. Schlump is the cussword-nickname of the sixteen-year-old Emil Schulz, a tailor's son who volunteered with all the other careless hobbledoys to whom the War seemed a glorious way of escape from the necessity of choosing a staid profession. 1918 saw these enthusiasts return, a very few as whole as they went out, many in some disintegration of body or mind and most of them not at all. Schlump is one of the very few unharmed; he does not even do much thinking about the war, being probably too young, too busy and too plebeian. Disillusionment does not visit those who have never had any illusions. Our hero is a simple, good-natured, unreflecting, active youth unembarrassed by any inconvenient code of morals. He drifts and drifts alone making friends as he goes along but one never finds in this story that spirit of camaraderie that made a book like *All Quiet* delightful. Neither does the tragic aura hang over this book; it is a sort of picaresque of the War—the hero is not characterized by heroic actions but by good luck and common sense.

(Harcourt-Brace, \$2.50.)

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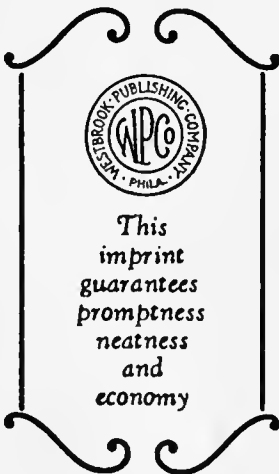
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As Written and Illustrated

by

L. A.

D. B.

J. T. G.

J. L. M.

J. W. M.

Introduction

As the 1930 Chapbook the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN present "Bull Session"—so called, not because it purports to be a stenographic record of the incident and anecdote of an actual bull session (which God forbid), but rather because its general scheme is as varied and as rambling and as pointless as that sterling institution of college life. Like the real bull session, however, it is thoroughly pervaded with irresponsibility, and the utterances of any persons presented in the following pages are, of course, no more to be taken hastily at face value than are the speeches of the characters in a regularly staged play.

Bull Session



The Cast of Characters

GEORGE SANDERSON, *of Chicago, a pre-theological student*

SHORTY ANCE, *of New York City, a pre-legal student*

ELMER LENGEL, *of Lebanon, Pa., a pre-medical student*

PERIVALE FRANCIS, *of Paris, Berlin, and points east, a
talented dilettante*

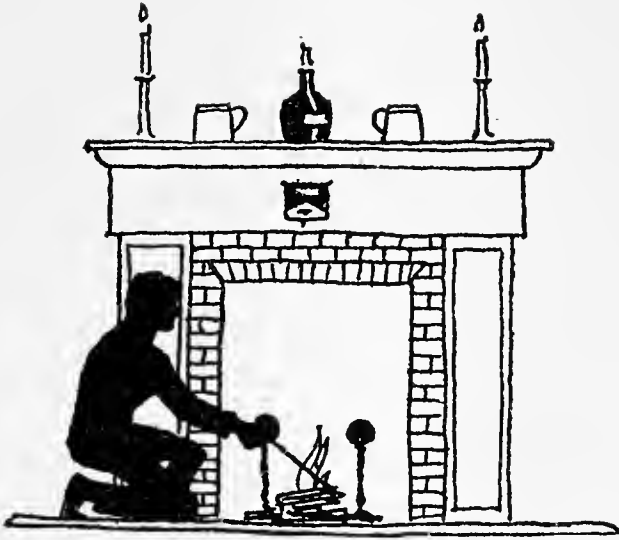
ERIC LIVINGSTON, *of Somerville, N. J., a future teacher*

FREDDY COLLINS, *of Germantown, Phila., a future
insurance salesman*

BENNY WILLIAMS, *of Baltimore, a future jack-of-all-trades*

THE PLACE: *39 Lloyd Hall*

THE TIME: *February 29.*



THE FIRE BURNS LOW

"Tyke it awy—it ain't Snyder's!"

There was a mixed chorus of groans and guffaws, and amid the general laughter, a confusion of voices calling down the wrath of high Heaven upon the raconteur. In the dim lit, smoke-filled room the sudden outburst seemed deafening; even the candles on the mantelpiece appeared to flicker at the tumult. Finally Sanderson's bellow asserted itself over the babble of tongues by main force: George was destined for the ministry and already he had picked up the trick of dominating a roomful of people by taking himself seriously enough and by sheer naked voice.

"Foul! Disgusting! Raw. Not even funny. I can't see how any decent guy would listen to it, let alone tell it. Besides, I've heard it before."

"Precisely my own objection to it," said Perivale Francis in his exquisitely bored drawl. "I seem to have heard most of the entire repertory before and in such cases

I'm as ardent a Purity Leaguer as George is. Unless Freddy and Benny can produce something we didn't all hear 'way back in freshman year, I suggest we all become grave old seniors for real—even at the cost of getting intellectual."

Freddy and Benny indulged in a collective snort of scorn which might have been either a protest against such disparagement of their efforts or a comment on intellectuality in general. But no one replied. There was a full minute's silence, broken only by the shifting of chairs nearer to the fading warmth of the fireplace. Perfunctorily someone poked the fire and the answering red glow of the embers was reflected in the musing eyes of the others; but even with the three lighted candles on the mantelpiece the circle of light was uncertain and small. Darkness clung to the corners of the room like a shawl to the bare shoulders of a woman. . . . There was something about the silence in the nature of a spell—perhaps because it was 10.30, that hiatus in the evening when it seems to hang momentarily poised between the "early" and the "late"; perhaps it was only the fascination of the glowing embers.

There were seven of them gathered around the fire—which was ordinarily too many for an intelligent evening. But then this was not quite an ordinary evening. Right after dinner there had been a fire on the switch-board of the college power house and even now, although the last sophomore had left the scene of the excitement, the electric lights of the campus were still hors de combat. Candles were at a premium; and though the avowed object in seeking out the rooms of those possessing them was study for the morrow, the usual result was a bull session. And darkness, like politics, adversity and marriage, made strange bedfellows: under few other circumstances would the seven, for instance, who were huddled around the fireplace tonight, have met on any common ground of intimacy.

There was Shorty Ance from New York City, a pre-legal student who proudly believed in nothing and was made especially happy by his discovery that there was no such thing as progress; and there was Eric Livingston, who came from somewhere in the hinterland of New Jersey and was an arrant sentimentalist (with a taint of non-sensical whimsy) and gloried in it. There was the aforementioned George Sanderson, future cleric from Chicago, gawky but vocally dominating and no man's fool; and there was the darkly slender Perivale Francis, whose father was in the diplomatic service and who, in a childhood spent literally all over Europe, had picked up the languages and affectations of half a dozen countries. He conversed with the rapid thrusts and flourishes of a fencer, and he had the mind of a truly brilliant dilettante. Then, of course, there was Elmer Lengel, short and stocky and native to Lebanon, Pennsylvania, a pre-med student and zealous evangelist of transcendent science and cold hard fact. And Freddy Collins, tall, blond and not unhandsome—a devil-may-care, athletic chap from Germantown, Philadelphia. And Benny Williams, pasty-faced, curly-haired, self-confessed man of the world from Baltimore. They had probably not all been in the same room together since sophomore year.

It was Lengel who really broke the spell by lighting his pipe; but Livingston was the first to speak.

"Damn it, Perry," he remarked in belated answer to Francis' last remark, "I object to your disparaging Rhinie year like that. It's really the best of them all. You live in a pleasing vacuum of utter timelessness—the golden days of now—and yet you have (if you pause to think of it) four years of intriguing futurity to do with as you please. You still have friends back in high school and yet you are a College Man; you don't worry about the woes of the world or your job next year, you merely exist—for the whole world is young like yourself. You are one of the "boys" and you

find untold thrills and glamour in being as harebrained and as wicked as possible. You go to the movies every other night and find it an adventure; you smoke five cigarettes a day and feel more sophisticated than you do now on a full pack; you drink 2½% beer and get more kick out of it than you ever get afterwards out of a shot of whisky. The classic wheezes and witticisms all strike you with a devastating newness; a date with a woman is an event instead of only an incident; and life itself promises to be a career and not a mere job. It's the Saturnian Age."

"Bunk!" commented Shorty Ance fervently. "Youth's sweet dream—and a little worse than the other three years of dreaming because it's so much farther removed from awakening. And it's all a damn fool's paradise, anyhow, where you spend your time in just staving off the hard facts of real life. Mincing courses in the eighteenth century novel or modern music and never a thing actually accomplished. It's not a vacuum, it's vacuity; it's not intriguing futurity, it's boring futility—four years to do nothing in, whether you want to or not. Thank God I'll soon be out of it and through law school and in a place where I can really do something—even if it's only the legal end of business deals."

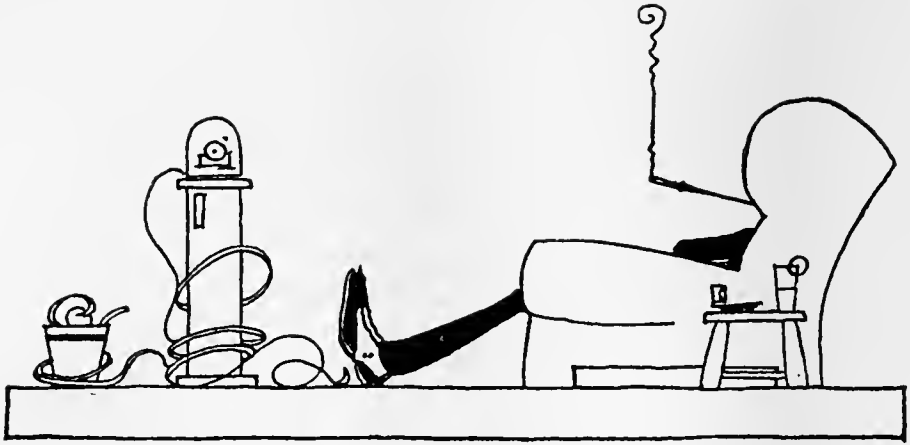
"To get out in the wide and bustling world," suggested Livingston sweetly, "and meet up with things and do people? Be a big man in Wall Street and actually, my dear, own four speedboats!"

"Well, it's just as sensible," retorted Ance belligerently, "to heap up your pile of money like J. P. Morgan as to spend your life going around lecturing on the French Romantic Drama like some fossilized professor. Academic sterility and all that. Where would the endowments for their chairs be, anyhow, without the money of some rich baby like Morgan?"

"There is no God but Dollah and Morgan is his prophet," Perivale Francis apostrophized.

Ance made a gesture of disdain; Williams and Lengel gave vent to decided boos. Sanderson, sensing an extended debate, ponderously arose, stirred the fire anew and piled on more wood. Livingston seemed disposed to hold forth again. "You behold in me," he declared, "a living refutation of Shorty and his opinions. Already I have had my career—and a successful one—in the glamorous world of business—which is why I am going in for teaching the French Romantic Drama. Really, I ought to be written up in the 'American Magazine' as an inspiration to the youth of the land."

"Do tell us all about it," said Ance in his most cutting tone. But the sarcasm was wasted.



THE STORY OF THE BOY WHO MADE GOOD

My first venture into the world of business, as I remember it, came when I was eight. It resulted from an advertisement in the comic section of a Sunday paper. I drew four lines which separated the nine ponies into different pens (or did I trace a line through a maze from the pony's mouth to a bucket of oats? or did I find nine faces in a heavily overclouded landscape?), clipped the picture, and sent it to Concord Junction, Massachusetts. I had understood from the advertisement that I was to receive a fine Shetland pony if I performed the mental gymnastics described above. Several days later I received a long envelope from "Uncle Harry, the Pony Man", in which were pamphlets and a letter telling me that I was well on the way to receiving the pony, as I had been given 10,000 votes in the contest which he was conducting. The only thing I had to do then, said "Uncle Harry", was to sell enough packages of Aunt Emma's Majestic Laundry Bluing to get 10,000 additional votes before any other boy or girl in the United States got that number. Each ten-cent package

of bluing sold would mean 10 votes for me, and I was to retain one of the ten cents collected. I sold one package to mother, and another to Mrs. Thompson next door; and then, casting the cares of the business world aside, retired.

But the commercial instinct was not so easily exterminated; and I tried again. The only real bonanza, though, of my childhood business ventures was due to the difference in accuracy between the United and Associated Press Associations. Down town on an errand one Saturday afternoon (by careful calculation it was November 9, 1918), I, along with several million other Americans, was startled by the rumor that the war was over. Extra papers appeared on the street. I had two cents, saw an opportunity for a large turn-over, and took it. I invested in four papers, sold them in five minutes, bought eight (recklessly refusing to deduct a dividend), sold and bought sixteen. By the time these were sold—they were United Press papers—the Associated Press sheet, denying the rumor, was on the street. Playing the bull market for all it was worth, again I bought—this time the denials. I grew wealthy. My two cents were increased by seventy when I sold out and went home, scarcely more than an hour after I had entered on my first and last day as a newsboy.

It was not until the summer after my sophomore year in college, however, that I finally came up to the humming marts of trade in the tall buildings of Lower Manhattan, where the really big fortunes were to be made. I made my start towards mine in a fifteen-dollars-a-week clerking job which our family hardware merchant had gotten me in one of the wholesale places on West Broadway. They put over real, hard-fisted deals after the manner of actual life down there, so Shorty can probably tell you all about them. But no matter how keenly we (the other clerks and I) kept our attentions on the firm's

large purchasers of hinges and padlocks, we always kept one eye on the larger opportunities as well. The stock market was where the big money was to be made and we watched it like hawks. Every day on the subway it was the stock exchange quotations that we turned to in our newspapers even before the sports page and the comic strips; and many was the hour we snatched from West Broadway to thrash out the problems of Wall Street. We knew the game through and through.

Towards the middle of July that summer, stocks began to rise and the general prosperity was reflected in us: the hardware business might be worse off than usual, but so long as General Motors stood at 190 and even Pierce Oil at 17-8, what had we to worry about? And when Auburn climbed to 420 the week after and we calculated that this meant a clear gain of \$2100, our optimism knew no bounds. We felt on the highway to opulence at last and eagerly followed, day by day, the slow but sure rise of our favorite stocks. God only knows how high we might have soared,—but then came the sag. Auburn tumbled, Pierce Oil dropped completely out of sight and even General Motors weakened. Losses were appalling. Investor after investor went down to bankruptcy through unwise speculation; and it was only the phenomenally canny who escaped completely unscathed. But with all the ruin which visited others, came my greatest triumph of business genius; amid all the general deflation, I didn't lose a cent.

Perhaps it was a fortunate thing, after all, that my wages hadn't even kept me in neckties, let alone having left me any money to buy stocks with.

"Well, speaking of New York," commented Lengel, "a friend of mine at the U. of P. med school told me—"

"Speaking of New York," interrupted Williams, "I don't think you ever see a really hot looking woman up

there. Now down in Baltimore—boy, I'm telling you—there are—

"Good Lord, Benny," threw in Livingston, "have you no other topic of conversation? You must talk about women in your sleep."

"A very sensible procedure," Benny replied. "It shows them you're thinking of 'em."

"God save us all from insanity," murmured Perivale Francis, gazing piously at the ceiling.

"Speaking of insanity," said Lengel, "a friend of mine at the U. of P. med school who comes from New York, told me about an interesting case that came within his own personal experience. Boy was a chum of his in school, as a matter of fact. As my friend told it to me, it happened like this."

There seemed to be no stopping him.



THE STORY OF THE PSYCHOPATHIC CASE

One of the most remarkable cases that I have ever heard of is, strangely enough,—my friend said—within the realm of my own experience. As you know, I went to a private day-school in New York before my college days. The fateful events took place during the beginning of my Third Form Year.

Simon Gimbel was one of the few Jews in a school that boasted of their absence from its rolls. He was rather small with a mildly freckled face and wavy yellow hair which he wore very long. Few boys at the school had such a taste for science as Simon. This fact alone drew us together. But there were other reasons for the close friendship which developed. I remember that we formed a sort of defensive alliance against those whose greatest pleasure was our unspeakable woe. Simon was far more self-sufficient than I—perhaps because he was older—and in times of stress I clung to him with desperation. His firmness, his *sang-froid* in the midst of sore tribulation, his kindness in permitting me so large a share of his company, and his voracious appetite for investigating the apparently natural—these were the foundations of our friendship.

The first time I was permitted to visit the Gimbel

mansion, I was rather overawed at the idea of a real butler with attendant housemen. The house was one of those large, old-fashioned, brown-stone affairs in the East Sixties. It was comfortably furnished and breathed an atmosphere of comfortable—rather careless wealth. I met Mrs. Gimbel. And I noticed the first really peculiar thing about the household.

Mrs. Gimbel was a small woman with a striking profile and a firm close mouth. She continually smiled at us, particularly at Simon, but her son refused to look at her. There was nothing blatant about it; and yet I could not help but feel that here was something of an unusual nature. Simon spoke to his mother pleasantly enough, but never did he let his eyes meet hers, and there seemed to be a constant effort on her part to catch his unavailable glance. So great was the effect of this strange condition upon me—particularly after I had been to the house several times and had ascertained that it was no mere temporary phenomenon—that I began to feel something of the furtiveness that Simon himself showed in his home. The fact of my sympathetic reaction was brought home to me all the more when, after several visits to the Gimbel mansion, I found myself consciously avoiding both the glance and the presence of Simon's mother.

There was no apparent explanation for it. Mrs. Gimbel was as pleasant as any woman could be. But her son would never look into her eyes. My own feeling of sympathetic furtiveness became strongly tinged with fearful curiosity. I must know the secret; yet I dreaded what I might find. Simon, however, was close-mouthed about his own affairs. It never entered his head for a moment to confide in me any of the problems of his soul. But I was convinced that there was something there and it was necessary for me to find it out.

It was by accident that I came upon the secret; and,

having indeed found it, I was not fully aware of the fact. During the Christmas holidays I had invited Simon to come and spend a week with me in the South whither my family had taken their offspring for the balmy airs of Aiken. Simon regretted that he could not come; I forget now what his excuse was—it is of no importance. Soon after the holidays I came upon the second clue. Simon had left school a moment or two before me and, in the spirit of Sherlock Holmes, I followed a block behind him, intending eventually to catch up and speak to him. I saw him enter a drugstore around the block from the school, and a few moments later he emerged with Mrs. Gimbel. She was laughing and looking down at him but he had turned his head away. Something prompted me to wave, and he saw me. Breaking from his mother's side, he hailed a taxi and jumped into it ahead of her. She was close at his heels, however. The cab rolled away as I came up to speak to them.

The next day, in the corner of the locker room which was sacred to us as a place for lunch and scientific controversy, Simon spoke more intimately than he had before.

"You saw," he said, "you saw. It's always like that."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"The way she came for me. She always comes. I've argued and argued that I could come and go alone just as well as anybody on earth but she won't hear me. She's always there. And if I say anything about it, why then we have tears for a while and she ends up by trying to buy me off with some silly present. She can't seem to realize that I don't want what other people haven't got; I want what everybody else but me has!" It was a vehement speech for Simon, and I was rather embarrassed. The idea had not occurred to me that Simon like all the rest of the boys in the class was allowed to walk home by himself. It came to me now that I

had never seen him do so and on the occasions of my visits at his house, I had come at an hour when he was already there. But it seemed rather preposterous that Mrs. Gimbel should have any objections to a thing like crossing streets.

"What's she afraid of?" I asked him.

"Oh, that I'll get run over or kidnapped or something of the sort. She says she loves me so much that she can't stand having me take chances." He gave vent to a quick bitter laugh. "Let's go upstairs and I'll do that Latin for you."

From that point onward affairs seem to have come more and more quickly to a climax for Simon and his mother. She continued to call for him at school and I learned of other deprivations, small, perhaps insignificant, but tragedies for Simon. It was difficult for me to grasp the situation. He envied me what I took for granted. In the spring, he refused another invitation to go away with me and my family. He was coming up till the last minute. I received his apology by telegraph together with an explanation concerning the sudden ill-health of his grandmother; but I could read between the lines. The same thing happened in the early summer. The Gimbels were not intending to leave town until the end of July and my father suggested that I have Simon come down to where we were stopping on the Jersey coast. Simon refused immediately and invited me in turn to spend a few days with him in New York. This I did and had a pleasant stay except for the fact that three times I caught Simon in tears. He was getting thin. But his manner was never excited. And he never met his mother's gaze.

It was the day before school was to reopen that the blow fell. I had just gotten back from the country and I decided to call up the Gimbels and see how their vacation in Maine had suited them. Mrs. Gimbel an-

swered the phone and told me that Simon was not feeling very well but that I might expect to see him in school the next day. This was at ten in the morning. At five the next morning, the housemaid found them locked in the bathroom connecting with Mrs. Gimbel's chamber. The maid had access to the rooms by means of a pass-key. Both Simon and Mrs. Gimbel were quite dead.

The facts are cruelly well known. He had stabbed her in the back and had sat over her body for some twelve hours before killing himself. A letter came for me the following day. It contained these words: "She was coming for me again this year."

Here my friend's story ended . . . Obviously Simon's was a case of mental cowardice.

"Really," queried Perivale Francis, "weren't there any more people killed? Some good round number, say, like a half-dozen?"

"Aw, this is nothing," volunteered Williams, "a guy I knew down home—"

"Cripes! what a morbid crew you are," interrupted Collins. "The trouble with you, Elm," he said, turning to his roommate, "is that you read too much. Psychology books and all that bunk. That's why you're always worrying around about complexes and inhibitions and mental processes and all that bunk." This last being a stock ending to any sentence whatsoever with Collins. "It's not healthy. It's morbid. What the hell!"

"Yes," said Ance, "Elmer's mental processes are really too much for him. Sometimes he thinks as much as ten minutes a day. It's absolutely dangerous."

"Well, anyway," continued Collins, not to be put off so easily, "when you're spinning a yarn, you might at least forget your abnormal Psych and spin it about something out in the open air instead of in the insane ward—something with some action and adventure in it instead of

all this brooding around. It's as bad as one of these damn' German war novels."

"Which are damned fine," put in Francis insistently.

"The hell they are—all about a bunch of neurotics sleezing around in the mud and that bunk. Mud and mental processes and more mud and especially muddied mental processes. I could supply you plenty of that off-hand."



THE STORY OF DUMPF

I, Von Jappe, am a soldier. I fight for the Fatherland. Also am I asleep. Above me on my face drips mud. My bed is a mass of slime. I am conscious of the mud in my pores. I ooze. . . . The *Oberleutnant* is awakening me.

"We are to take the *Blumenwald*," he hisses, and unwillingly do I smell the mud on his breath.

"*Himmel!!*" I swear foully and spit far into the corner. Every one of us in the *Wiener Mädchen* spits far into the corner. In fact, now we have a game called "spit-spat-spoe".

I rise from my bed. The slime oozes down behind my neck. I hear words. The *Oberleutnant* is swearing at me foully. Then come other *Leutnants* and they too swear at me foully. Von Joppe, *mein Kamerad*, whispers into my ear,

"Jorna will be waiting tonight." Jorna is a girl we know. She has sandy hair. In the rain it gets muddy.

Which is muddy disagreeable. Jorna has *Bigthighs* . . . very big.

"Jorna has *Bigthighs*," Von Joppe whispers in my ear.

"Yes," I reply, and my tongue is heavy and caked with mud, "yes, Jorna has them big." Then we laugh laughs—laughs hard and slimy.

"Olaf!" I titter; but Olaf is not here. Is not that one the alligator which my *Von Mother* keeps to pet? The *Oberleutnant* Von Jippe is kicking us and swearing foully. He roars "*Himmel!*" and "*Himmel!*" and other such filth, as his woman would have objected to; for Von Jippe has a woman. In '16 he used to take her to the mud baths at Muth-Baden. But the baths are closed now and the mud goes to make pies for the *Wiener Mädchen*. . . .

That was a day. Great *Niebelungen* of mud hurtled from *trebch* to *trebch* and the brave *Wiener Mädchen* wallowed in waist-deep slime. In the night we scraped off the outer layer and went to seek Jorna. *Himmel!* Jorna had those so *Bigthighs*. Also she was pleased to see us. Her great muddy eyes promised passion. And there were two of us. Also she had *Wienerwurst* for us. *Himmel!* That *Wienerwurst* . . . round and thick like Jorna's *Bigthighs*. And we drank and sang the theme-song which is a pretty little thing about *ize* and *thize* by the Herr Offizier Sigmund von und zu Romberg. (He was also *bis*, *durch*, *für* und *gegen*.) Jorna moaned the melody: "Muddy Water round mah feet; Muddy Water in mah bed." Von Joppe and I joined her in the last line. . . . And early in the morning we crawled back through the sticky ooze.

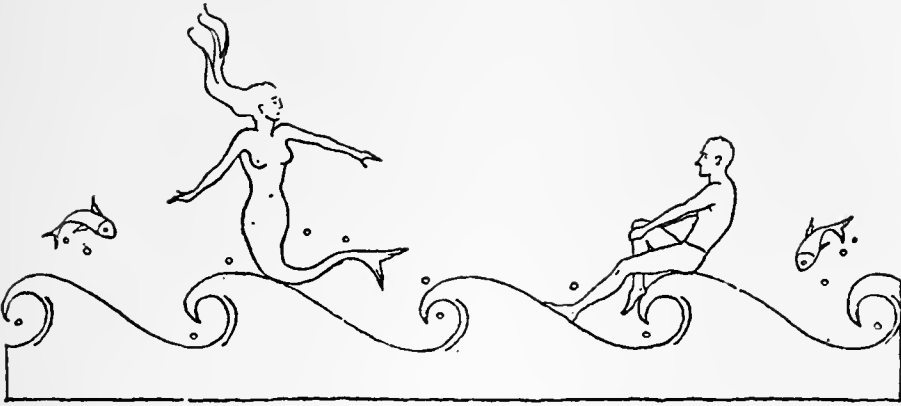
Weeks are passing and the mud grows deeper and more deep. My eyes stick together with it when I awake. My mouth is filled with it when I eat. . . . The sky rains it when there is firing in big brown gobs. This was war! This was war! I know. This was war!

At length, finally, one morning am I awakened by the *Oberleutnant* Von Jippe. He throws the foul contents of a glass of champagne into my face.

"Here's mud in your eye!" he bellows and swears foully. Then I know that we are in Paris.

There was a pause. "Well, Perry," said Ance, "I hope you feel duly squelched."

"Not at all," said Francis, "I am enchanted. But really, I must return the favor and offer Freddy a sample of the kind of story he seems to prefer. You know—the Richard Halliburton sort of adventuring—doing just one damned thing after another and every one of them a stunt that had never been done before because everyone else had had the sense to see that it wasn't worth doing. So here you are."



THE STORY OF THE SPURIOUS ADVENTURE

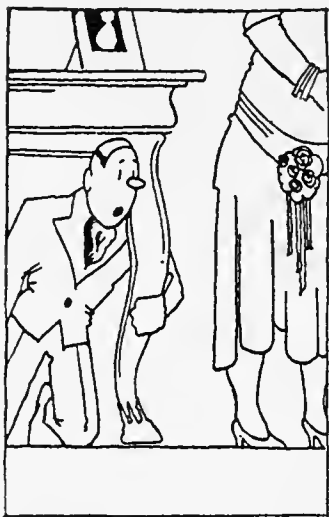
By Prichard Ballyhooton

The other night I sat musing before my cheery log fire with a large volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (AND to AUS) opened to its stirring account of the Atlantic Ocean. What a fine refreshing story it was! What a challenge to real red-blooded American manhood, especially manhood like my own which I think it only just to admit is tempered with a love for adventure and a real store of the best learning that a college can give to a Bachelor of Arts! What a vast wealth of adventure lay before me—10,588,000 square miles of tossing green billows, not counting inland seas!

And then out of the embers of the dying fire came a voice. Like to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar", which is incidentally one of my favorite poems, I heard through the room the "one clear call for me"—a call to leave behind the outworn, the wornout, the smoke and bustle of cities, the automats, the slime, in short to seek relief from the *ennui* of it all.

In my small way I had tasted romance and adventure; with fast beating heart I had watched the rain dripping from a gendarme's hat on the Rue de Rivoli. I had

stood spellbound regarding a street-cleaner ply his exotic trade on the wide expanses of Unter den Linden. I had crawled on hands and knees from the Henry VII chapel to the Gladstone monument during evensong in Westminster Abbey. I had had tea with a clairvoyant who had once seen Anatole France, on the boulevards of Nice. And once I had lost fourteen francs on "Petite



Chaise" at the Deauville races. I had even hidden under a table in a Pall Mall drawing room in order to determine what kind of stockings Queen Mary wore to a musicale . . .

And now this effeminate ease before my hearth! Faugh—how bare and empty it seemed! Nothing to do but stalk cheap-skates like Grover Whalen and Jimmie Walker with an occasional variation such as seeing the inside of life at Vassar as one of the girls

(I carried the daisy chain in '27). Suddenly I became impatient with everything I had ever had or been, bored with people, with knowledge, with subways, and the *New Yorker's* infernal attempts to imitate *my* whimsy. I knew that I didn't want knowledge. I only wanted my senses to be passionately alive and my imaginations fearlessly far reaching. I was actually becoming banal—God forbid!!! Suddenly I sat up. I couldn't stand it. I simply had to do something unusual or I was bound straight for an asylum. I glanced down at the page before me. "The Atlantic Ocean is a belt of water roughly of an S shape between the Western coasts of Europe and Africa and the eastern coasts of North and South America." *There* was true romance! *There* was real adventure! *There* was my challenge—I would swim the Atlantic Ocean!!!!!!

My sudden enthusiasm for this glorious idea swept away all practical obstacles. What if the ocean from New York to Brest *were* some 3000 miles wide, I'd manage somehow! No matter if it *were* the middle of March and there might be a few gales, *I'd* conquer them! I'd swim out and rejoice in the great green billows around me and then I'd soon forget the toils of commonplace existence. I'd have converse with the sea nymphs; I'd jest with whales; I'd try my luck with sea monsters; I'd find the key to Davy Jones' Locker; perhaps I'd even see the Lost Atlantis or the Sargasso Sea—who knows . . . who knows. . . .

CHAPTER MDCXVI

In which I meet Thetis

Crash! Thundering mountainous waves roared about my head. As far as the eye could reach lay naught but green hills and blue-white valleys which reminded me of Keats or even Al Smith. I had been swimming steadily for four days and now I judged that I was nearly in the middle of the broad Atlantic. Of a sudden something jostled against my legs. I turned and saw a black log bobbing up and down beside me, a piece of flotsam or jetsam or balsam, I supposed. At once my vivid imagination began working at its usual high speed, and as I paddled along languidly I held converse with this stick of wood, which, strange to say, had turned into the fairest of maidens with eyes blue like the sea and a gorgeous tail-piece—the finest I have ever seen.

"Ah, my dear, so you're a nymph," I said.

"Yeah?" she replied flicking the tail tantalizingly in my face, "dontcha like it?"

"How old you must be!" I said smiling my inimitably roguish smile.

"I'm old enough to be wise to the likes of you," she answered, and though I am loath to admit it, I blushed.

Sadly, I came to myself only to find that my piece of log was gone. "Sic transit gloria." . . .

CHAPTER MDCXXV

In which I converse with Moby Dick

The next morning as rosy-fingered dawn had begun to paint the East, I was awakened in the midst of my swimming by being shot five hundred feet skyward. I assure you that I was genuinely surprised and for a moment my remarkable *sang-froid* was shaken. But only for a moment. When at length I fell back into the cool blue depths of my Atlantic, I found myself face to face with a rather large creature with a long white body and extremely red eyes. I judged it to be a whale though I had never seen one of its color before. Imagine my astonishment when the beast opened its cavernous mouth and remarked, "Who are you, little man? Who are you who dare to face Moby Dick?"

"I am Prichard Ballyhooton of Flushing, Long Island, and Sonova Beach, California, and I want to write a book of my experiences with you, so for God's sake please say something quaint."

"I am he who ruined Captain Ahab; I am also he who swallowed Jonah," it answered smiling that peculiar smile of the White Whale.

"No!" I ejaculated, fascinated by the romance of it all.

"Yes, you God damned Yankee, and if you don't believe me, you're nothing but a damned modernist. It's men like you that ruin the reputation of an honest whale like me." And with that he gave me a furious look, turned around abruptly and dove into the mysterious depths.

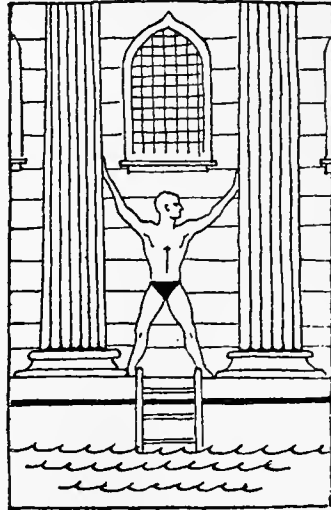
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And so on and so on until at length our feverish adventurings begin to take on the aspect of favorable sales material for speeches (so sorry—perhaps I should

have said lectures) before the Woman's Culture Club of Eureka, Iowa, and others of its ilk. But it is only the rare American who has seen other shores and perhaps imbibed a certain vague feeling of scepticism along with the inevitable quota of humility, who notices the following item of interest hidden away on a back page of the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald*:

"Brest, Finnisterre, April 1, 195—

Prichard Ballyhooton, noted explorer and soldier of fortune, arrived here today on the S. S. *Vichy*. Mr. Ballyhooton was conducting his first trans-Atlantic swim for his American public. Every day Mr. Ballyhooton swam several times in the luxurious Pompeian swimming pool aboard the *Vichy*. His latest book containing the *true* story of his trek across the Atlantic will be published by McDoubleday and Co.



this Fall for the Book-of-the-Month Club."

"Ah, then," said Shorty Ance, "so we have one of these 'rare Americans' in our own midst. Gawd! You don't know how honored we feel."

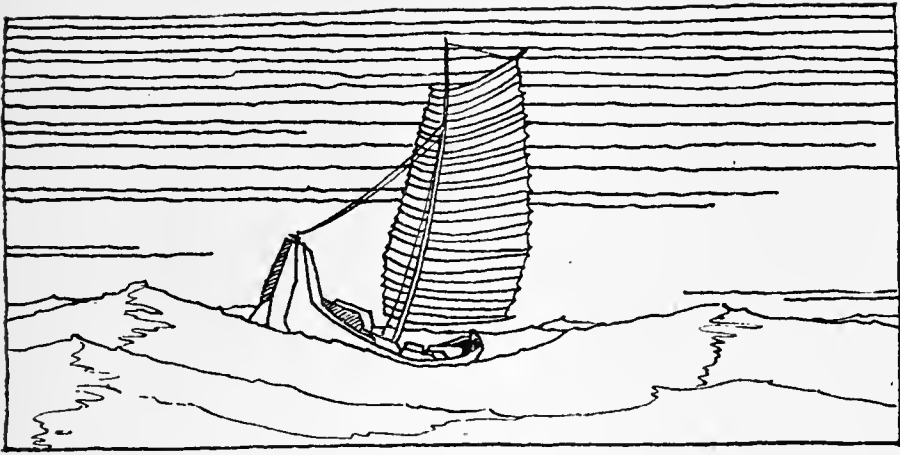
Francis brazened it out with a grave bow. "Coming from one of those cosmopolitan Americans who know every foot of the civilized world from Queens to Eleventh Avenue and from the Bronx to Staten Island, the compliment flatters me more than I can hope to tell. If only Freddy has been equally bewitched, my cup of joy will be full."

"No, dammit," said Freddy, "I'm not. It's as bad as another German war novel—forever playing around with states of mind and that bunk. They make you think too much. When I read a book, I don't want to think; I want

to be amused. Why in the hell can't they write nice, plain, simple, straight stories that don't mean anything in particular and aren't intended to do anything except amuse you?"

"Ah," said Livingstone, "I know what Freddy wants—something nice and harmless like this, and guaranteed not to come within the twelve-mile limit of a thought."

And he proceeded to give it.



THE STORY OF LUBBER COME BACK TO ME

"Avast there, you lubbers," roared Captain Abijah, and instantly the quarter deck seethed with action: men ran about madly clearing the ship for action and removing such clumsy obstacles as masts and gunwales. Against my will and in spite of the eternal fire of hatred surging and splurging within my breast, I found myself picking up my collapsible *avaster* which my dear mother had given me on my last birthday; slowly and with great effort I began to avast. On the horizon there lay an evil looking brig rising and falling with the swell which was unusually large for that part of the Great Salt Lake.

But perhaps, dear friend, you are wondering just who I am. I am the hero of this story and whatever happens when I am not present is of no great import. My name, so far as I know, is Ishmael Wheatena; I have fearless blue eyes and a smile that wins all to my will. I might add that I am a sailor by trade and—a Republican by God, sir! My forbears—no, no, children, this has nothing to do with the story of Goldilocks—were men of stern stuff—men who did things, and also sturdy females who received the act. My father was a *Mormon*,

my grandfather a *doorman* (the old Astor House, I think it was) and my uncle on my sister's side was a *floorman*, or what we in the Loop District call a "second-story man". On the other hand, mother was a *Quaker*, her mother a *Shaker* and my great-Aunt El was nothing more or less than an old *faker*, and a regular old devil she was too! From all of which you have probably already divined that I lean distinctly towards being a Swedenborgian rather than favoring the fiords of Norway. But enough of my ancestry. Let me but continue to do honor to myself. I am a tall and upstanding mass of muscle possessed of a rather remarkable beauty and a heart of gold. I am seventh mate of the good ship *Blousy Belle* out of Bedford (my father who is a stock breeder in his spare time, had a fine iron grey by Fairy Prince out of Fanny Brice). Incidentally, I hate Captain Abijah Snickerson, our master, because he won't allow me to put more than a teaspoonful of cream in my coffee and is always borrowing my winter underwear; some day, sooner or later, I intend to kill him.

All of which brings us back to the evil-looking brig which lay upon the horizon when I started to tell you all about myself, but which must now be hard upon our starboard mast. First she let go with her stern chasers to which we replied with a veritable shower of belaying pins and good hard binnacles, after which the brig looked more evil than ever. She was listing to port and we began to be slightly worried that she might even take to gin and scotch, when a fire broke out in the vicinity of her magazine, and since it was one of the *True Confessions* variety, the whole ship suddenly burst out into flames and sank hissing into the sea. As the proud craft bowed slowly to her watery grave, Captain Abijah stepped into the rigging and putting a megaphone to his lips bellowed in a subterranean voice to the few survivors who clung desperately to anchors and

other bits of wreckage: "What ship is that?" At length, there came a proud voice through the smoke crying: "The brig *Brigadier* out of Bedford," at which I let forth a great cry of exultation for I knew then that Abijah Snickerson would never steal my winter underwear again; he had frozen his own goose, for the *Brigadier* was owned by 'Bijah's own step-brother.

And so, since we of the good ship *Blousy Belle* ran things on a parliamentary basis, Abijah Snickerson's cabinet fell on the issue of the *Brigadier* and I—Ishmael Wheatena—came into my own right as the only really brilliant, handsome, capable and altogether great man on board. And—

"Oh, for God's sake!" said Lengel, "more hooey and worse than ever. If you don't have any real facts to make your stories interesting you might at least get in a little dirt."

"Yes," remarked Sanderson quietly, gazing at the shadows on the ceiling, "Freud was right."

"Huh?" inquired Williams on whom the word Freud always reacted like the sight of a banana on a monkey.

"About why people become biologists. Sex curiosity. Elmer has a frightfully bad case."

"Oh, go preach your sermons," said Elmer wittily, "and meanwhile how about a nice salacious story, anyway?"

"Oh Elmer, how could you?" Livingston mocked, "and after we all promised to reform and be good boys, too!"

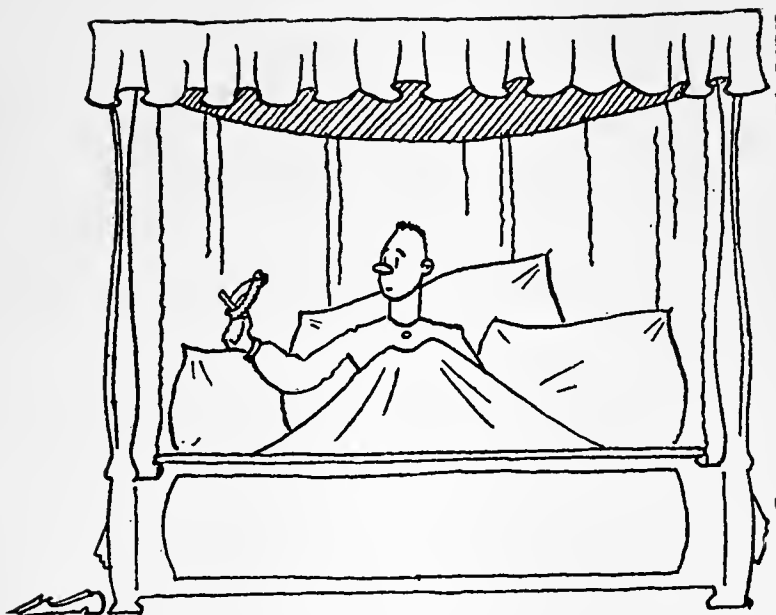
"Well it might be arranged anyhow if we must have one to save Elmer and Benny from ennui," said Perivale Francis paternally. "Of course we must be careful not to shock George again; but knowing his weakness in languages, I think we can protect his morals the way the translators

of the Greek Anthology protect the public by refusing to put anything questionable in English."

"Well' that crack at my knowledge of languages," said George ponderously, "is a dirty lie. You know I used to get just as good grades in Greek as you did."

"Greek!" shrieked Lengel, "Greek, that extinct relic—Greek!"

But Francis silenced him with a frown and embarked on his story.



THE STORY OF THE SIEUR DE BALAYE

The Sieur de Balaye had long been noted for his prowess among the ladies. At the age of thirty-four he looked back upon twenty years of continuous conquest during which delightful period his will had been supreme and his pleasure correspondingly suitable. But since he was by nature a fickle soul it was said of him in Paris that the weeks were marked by his change in bedfellows. None had ever withstood him and none, he believed, ever would.

But one morning his friends, on entering his bed-chamber, found him sitting upright, his bare legs crossed in tailor fashion, an orange garter dangling from his ear and a scowl upon his handsome countenance.

"*Peste!*" quoth he, "I am sick of these fair bodies. There is little spirit left in France. Well do I remember the fiery lips and warm loveliness of former women;

but in these latter days they are grown cold. To be sure they do not resist me. Sometimes I wish to God they would. This overwilling relaxation wears on one." His friends eyed one another. One spoke.

"We have come at a most opportune moment," said he, "for we have at your grace's pleasure a woman who—"

"Away with her! I've had enough of your French lilies."

"But, your highness, this is different. Here is no virgin but a woman who has burnt the best out of some twenty men. So young is she, yet withal so passionate, that those who have enjoyed her hitherto have had their fill of love for life." The speaker chuckled softly. "As a token of our esteem we have arranged that she be yours this night."

The Sieur de Balaye smiled. "It will do no harm to try once more. I had thought to give up these jades; but one cannot disappoint his friends. Who knows? It may be that the gods are just and at last I shall find—"

"What every man seeks." His utterance was completed for him.

Le même soir, vers minuit, on a amené à la portecochère de la résidence du seigneur une chaise à porteurs. Les laquais qui l'avaient portée ont assisté à descendre une forme encapuchonnée. La porte du palais ouverte, la dame a marché par les corridors qui donnaient sur la chambre du sieur.

Il est convenable de nous arrêter ici un moment pour examiner la chambre du noble expectant. Comme on penserait, le meuble le plus proéminent était un grand lit-a-deux, très sumptueux et orné d'harnachements de soie les plus finis. Au-dessous du lit, sur le plafond peint, une Aurore nue, appelait au moyen d'une bouche riante et d'un corps plein de fossettes.

"Ah, ce soir," pensait de Balaye, "la réflexion d'Aurore dans mon lit sera plus belle qu'Aurore elle-même." Il

a parlé sa pensée en haut et comme il parlait, on a frappé sur la porte. Ne vêtu que d'une chemise de soie, il est allé ouvrir. Revelée à son regard fixe, il y avait la forme d'une jeune fille, svelte, impudent, et voluptueuse. La coupe délicieuse de sa robe découvrait des épaules blanches et la vallée céleste entre les mamelles petites mais fermes. Lorsqu'elle a pirouetté sous son regard il a soupiré de plaisir à la vue d'un dos blanc et demi-nu, grâce à la magnanimité de la mode régnante.

Ehe er noch sprechen konnte naeherte sie sich und umarmte ihn; seine Augen schlossen sich, und ein feuriges Lippenpaar beruehrte seinen heissen Mund. Er fuehlte den Druck des warmen Koerpers, als er sich gegen das wartende Bett zuruecklehnte. Die Kuesse nahmen kein Ende; es schien als ob ihre unersaettliche Leidenschaft ihm die Seele restlos von seinen Lippen trinken wollte. Aber nun hielt sie inne. Er erhob sein halb bewusstloses Haupt, und schlang seinen Arm um ihre Schultern. Das kuehle weisse Fleisch beruehrte seinen nackten Oberarm. Im Halblichte des Zimmers gewahrte er den stuermischen Ausdruck verlangender Liebe in ihren scheinenden, feuchten, traumerischen Augen.

Mit der Geschicklichkeit des Vielerfahrenen legte er nun seine Hand zaertlich auf ihr Knie. Ihr Goetter! Nichts unter ihrem duftenden Kleide! . . . Sie fluesterte ihm leise zu.

"Desiderasne mea membra?" Priusquam responsum obtinuisset suae manuseius bombycem vestem instita tetigerant, rubris crepidulis longe calcitratis, rosea genua gelasinosque nudaverat—vox faucibus haesit. Contra manum mollitiam mammarum sensit. Summa ope nitens istius vestem altior altiorque levavit usque dum pulchritudines femurum patuerunt. Studiose ad nuda membra puellae caput inflexit, et ignea labra in

frigida castaque carne condidit. Ea suspiravit et corpus cupidine tremuit. Callidi digiti illius humeros mulserunt atque fluitantem vestem molliter exuit. Ille istam ad se in lecto traxit. Digiti illius mollitia nudi ventris tremuerunt—basia—mille basia. Numquam talem vinum biberat! Gracilia membra istius contra membra illius presserunt atque pollices istius contra illum fricare sensit. Sanguine Dei! Coxae sub quaerenti ore tepuerunt. Venter istius levis frigidusque erat. Forte Aurora desuper arrisit.

ἀλλὰ τούτων δὴ τῶν ἐλπίδων ἐψεύσθη. ἡ γὰρ κόρα ἡ καλὴ αὐτῇ, ὡς ᾤετο, οὐ κόρα ἐράνη οὔσα, ἀλλ' ἀνὴρ. οὕτως οὖν ὑπὸ τῶν φίλων τῇ παιδιᾷ ἡδόμενων ἀπώλεσε τὴν αὐτοῦ μελλοῦσαν εἶναι ἡδονήν.

Lengel laughed in a puzzled fashion: his chuckles came in intermittent puffs like a locomotive getting up steam. Livingston and Collins frankly disclaimed all pretence of being amused. "You have to use your mind too much to get all of that, and it's not worth it," as Collins put it.

But Benny Williams laughed loud and long. "That's a wow, Perry," he applauded. "That old Balaye was some boy—and whee! what a woman!"

"Oh," smiled Francis, "you mean you especially liked the part where the Sieur gives orders that they're not to be disturbed for three days straight."

"Yeah, that is the best part, I guess," said Williams.

For some reason Sanderson seemed convulsed with laughter.

"There," pointed Shorty Ance, "is the chap who was all for uplift and reform. 'What price purity now,' eh George?" The others joined in the baiting of George.

"Well, you may not realize it, Shorty," retorted George, "but the story is funny. So why not be sincere about it and laugh?"

"Yes, and I suppose your'e always sincere about being

amused or not at these spicy yarns? The hell you are!" Shorty retorted.

"Certainly I am. If I haven't heard it before, then I'm amused and I say so. If I have heard it before, then it's merely a disreputable story and I say so. What could be simpler or franker than that?"

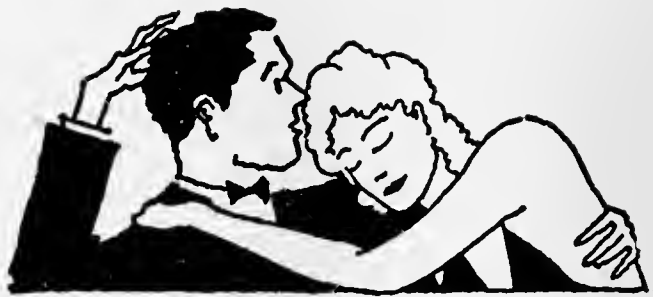
"Complete sincerity in all things, eh?" tempted Ance, "the frank young man?"

"Yes, that's the idea."

"But how ridiculous!"

"Not at all."

"Which shows you never tried it," pronounced Shorty. "You think you have, but you haven't. Just look around you and see what would happen if somebody did. For instance——" and he began his yarn.



THE STORY OF THE FRANK YOUNG MAN

There was once, not so long ago, just such a youth as you have in mind. He was called Frank Wahr and his name was a perfect mirror of his nature, for a lad more open and sincere of countenance, more red-cheeked and downy-chinned of face, never existed. He lived at Thunder Run, Iowa, of which town the Wahrs were the most considerable and cultured family, possessing not only a radio and a player-piano, but also so extensive a book-agent library that old Mr. Wahr had been kept busy and contented for a whole winter cutting the pages. It was probably a mere consequence of this exalted situation of the Wahrs that local mythology had grown up around them, but at any rate, it was rumored that they were sprung from a certain much-traveled German named Candide whose descendants had emigrated to God's Country, and, attracted by the streamer at the top of the *Thunder Run Courier*, "The Best Little Town in the U. S. A.," finally settled at Thunder Run. But there are so many mishaps in family trees that one could never be sure.

Young Frank's real mentor, anyhow, was not family tradition so much as the Thunder Run High School's professor of English, biology and mathematics, one Horatio P. Boothby, Haverford ex-'00. Out of his wide range of knowledge and even wider experience of the

world, he instructed Frank in the facts and principles of life, demonstrating to him quite clearly that of all vices the most pernicious and fundamental was lying and that *ergo* the philosopher's stone for solving all difficulties was simple, direct sincerity. "Tell the truth, Frank, no matter what," he would say. Of all places in the world, he added, this doctrine was most strongly inculcated at Haverford College, *ergo* Haverford was the best of all possible colleges. This last fact he further proved by references to the pages of the *Haverford News*, of which periodical he was a most enthusiastic subscriber: so that it was early decided that to Haverford Frank should go.

Of Frank's journey eastward and his wonder and joy at the metropolitan magnificence of Dubuque, the artistic splendours of Chicago, the picturesque charm of rural Indiana and the silvan grandeur of western Pennsylvania, it is not necessary to speak now. Suffice it to say that he finally found himself snugly ensconced in old Founders Hall, his wall-paper already purchased through the agency of an obliging sophomore and the rent on his radiator similarly paid. He sat in his room, monarch of all he surveyed. There came a knock at his door, a husky red-haired youth entered, inquired if he were Frank Wahr, pumped his hand energetically, clapped him repeatedly on the back, welcomed him to the College fellowship and finally introduced himself as Reds Washburn, a senior and an officer in the Y. M. C. A. "If there's anything I can do to help you, old man," he concluded, "be sure to let me know. I room just downstairs."

Frank promised earnestly and the bulky youth departed to seek the next freshman on his list. Frank was returning to an admiring perusal of his newly acquired four walls and bureau, when a stream of profanity drifted down the hall, followed by a dingy white sweater with

an even more dingy looking person inside. Gradually the volcano subsided into articulate speech and Frank gathered that his assistance was required in moving some furniture. "And damn your bleeding backside, if you try to hand me a smooth alibi like the last three Rhinies did," he of the white sweater added. "You're going to have a hell of a job with it by yourself, but it's your own tough luck if none of your goddam classmates'll help you."

"All right," cried honest Frank, "I'll be with you in a minute." And he rushed downstairs. The genial Washburn was just emerging into the hall from another freshman room when Frank accosted him. "Er—uh—yes, you *can* help me," said Frank. "I have to move some heavy furniture and—"

"Well, you *God* damned snooty Rhinie!" commented the big brother of the freshmen, "you ought to be—" But Frank had already departed.

That evening, just after dark, Frank was officially introduced to those who were to be his comrades sworn for the next four years in particular, and to the rest of the college in general. The newly met brothers wore the evening clothes which time-honored custom demanded for the occasion, prayed for rain, skipped gracefully on command, held crew-races on the lawn in struggling pajama-ed rows of eight each, and performed all the other necessary rites which, in some mystic, inexplicable way, were to make them no longer separate human beings but a spiritually compact unit—a Class. This done, they were forthwith declared comrades and brothers and bade remember what had made them so. Frank finally retired to bed feeling that the noble species Haverfordian was in truth fearfully and wonderfully made, and entirely different from any other sort of eighteen-year-old.

The following night these precepts of wisdom were

amplified for him at a meeting called for the freshmen by the Y. M. C. A. In speeches by Reds Washburn and others Frank was admonished to be good, stay sober, study hard, given other such profound bits of advice and treated to a further description of that splendid creature, the true Haverfordian. And while the freshmen were thus occupied, the sophomores ingeniously removed their pajamas from their rooms for purposes of mural decoration later on—to the no small bewilderment of the freshmen on their return. Being a true Haverfordian, Frank decided, also meant sleeping in one's underwear.

Sunday Frank went dutifully to a local church (where he was somewhat surprised to see in the choir his earlier acquaintance of the white sweater) and was told how to save his soul; Monday he went to a lecture by the Dean and was told how to study; Tuesday he went to Collection and was told how to dress; and on Wednesday he went to a bull session down the hall and was told how to propagate his species. Had it not been for this last, he would have been convinced that he already had his college education complete in three lectures; but Wednesday convinced him that there was still much to learn at Haverford which Professor Boothby had not told him of. He became an habitu   of the bull session forthwith.

He found much in dormitory life generally that was quite new to him. He saw aspiring football and soccer players pathetically trying to swear off cigarettes for the season, and virginal freshmen like himself first trying the noxious weed with secret fears of damnation; he saw sophomores destined for the ministry sit up all night, with white guilty faces, to play poker and let the shark of the building, a red-cheeked, cherubic Methodist Sunday School scholar, make his spending money off them. And he soon formed one of the clump of green-sick freshmen eternally clustered around a victrola,

sublimating their passions by listening to Helen Kane. It became almost a ritual. They discussed sex without variation and told tales of amour without stint or censorship: and Frank, who mistook the aspiration for the act, imagined himself living in an atmosphere of incredible licentiousness. Too truthful to improvise for the occasion, too spirited a lad to be left out of these discussions entirely, he decided to call on his philosopher's stone of perfect whole-heartedness and acclimatize himself to conditions as they were. He set to work with a will.

Just as the Sage of Thunder Run had predicted, complete frankness proved an open sesame to every difficulty: he had merely to make known his aspiration to Gil Wadsworth (his old acquaintance of the dirty white sweater, and now a sort of consulting deity for the freshmen in all matters of life-in-the-raw) to receive assurance that the way would be made smooth. "Bill Smuck and I *did* have a double date on for tomorrow night, Goddammit," Wadsworth offered generously, "but I've been feeling like hell on wheels these last few days, so I'll stay home and play bridge and let you go in my place."

"Oh, thanks awfully," said honest Frank.

"Not at all," replied his benefactor. And he went to find Bill Smuck to tell him to get stirring and arrange the proper sort of double date.

Bill was found, the date arranged, a car borrowed, the girls called for, the car left by the roadside, and Frank was confronted with his Adventure. She lay in his arms, head back, eyes closed, breast rising and falling voluptuously. Her lips were half open. What in God's name, Frank wondered, did one do next? He pondered the question at length, but nowhere in the precepts of Horatio P. Boothby could he find any light shed on the

situation. Timidly, for lack of anything better to do, he stroked a lock of her hair.

She leaned closer against him and sighed softly. He removed his hand from her forehead in some embarrassment. She slid an arm around his neck and fingered the close-cropped hair at the back of his head. He gave this new situation puzzled consideration: she seemed to expect something more of him, and he plotted various courses of action accordingly. Finally he reached back, seized the fondling fingers and kissed them firmly and masterfully. There was another awkward pause, and again he took counsel with himself in alarm.

"Oh," she murmured dreamily, "what strong arms you have."

"But I haven't really," said Frank modestly. "According to the gym tests—"

But she seemed disinterested in the gym tests and tried to pull him closer. Distracted and of two minds, he half-resisted, half-yielded and placed a tentative hand on her knee.

"Well," she interrupted sharply, "do you or don't you?"

"Oh!" cried honest Frank, blushing to the ears, "I hadn't thought of that. I guess we'd better go back to the car."

There was a chorus of catcalls and, immediately following, an abrupt, accidental hush. It was the silence of suspended judgment and Sanderson was the first to break it. "Lousy!" he shouted promptly, "the same old Harold Lloyd stuff about the initiation of the impossibly innocent freshman, merely done up in feeble imitation of Candide with a few feeble—and punk—digs at me thrown in."

"Well," remarked Ance complacently, "they weren't

so intended, but if you recognize yourself, so much the better."

"Oh, it's all Lloyd Lawn, anyhow, if you get what I mean," Lengel put in. "It doesn't get anywhere and it wouldn't prove anything if it did."

"My dear Elmer," interposed Perivale Francis in his most affected drawl, "whatever may be the case in chemistry or mathematics, Life is neither a proposition in geometry nor a railroad train."

"Aw hell!" commented Rollins, untwining his long legs, "what's all that got to do with the story? Now—"

"The point is," roared Sanderson, again taking command of the conversation on lung power, "what has the story got to do with the argument we were having before it started? We were talking about absolute sincerity versus casuistry as a rule for all social contacts, but all Shorty's story does is show that there's many a slip in the getting-wise process. I could do the same thing for the Machiavellian subtlety which he seems to advocate. And even Frank Wahr, after he's learned the simple facts of life, will be less ridiculous with his complete openness than the adolescent Machiavellis."

"Not at all," objected Ance smoothly, "Frank hadn't—"

But Sanderson had fixed him with a silencing glare and embarked on his story.



THE STORY OF THE SUBTLE YOUNG MAID

There was once, no longer ago than the time of Frank Wahr, a young girl named Cynthia Jones. The Joneses lived in the suburbs of New York, which fact alone—as I am sure Shorty will agree—established them as thoroughly sophisticated and cosmopolitan of outlook: Cynthia went to the city with her mother for shopping and other purposes some dozen times a year. Her chief diversions out in sophisticated Sutcliffe, it must be confessed, consisted in playing a substitute wing position in field hockey and jump center (for Cynthia was unusually tall) on the girls' basketball team. She was popular with her girl contemporaries, the boys thought her friendly and a good skate; and in due time she graduated from the Sutcliffe High School and went on to college.

Like Frank Wahr (though, of course, so much more cosmopolitan of background) she too found that there were many things in life which she had not known about at home. *Men*, for instance (as contradistinguished from mere boys). When one got to see them so seldom, it seemed somehow rather improvident to think of them as merely that part of the human race which wore

trousers: and, of course, this apparently simple fact had widespread implications. She now realized, for one thing, that virginity was not so much a Fact as a Problem; and that the means of coping with it were many and varied. Her roommate once having told her in a gushing moment that she looked like Greta Garbo, Cynthia proceeded to let her bobbed hair grow until she could do it up at the back of her head, to wear long clinging dresses, to cultivate a seductive drawl such as she thought Greta might use, and to put on numerous others of the traditional blandishments of Woman. *Woman*, indeed, was another word which she learned to spell with a capital letter, as betokening not the mere female of the species, but something indescribably subtle and complex and unfathomable—these qualities being used chiefly to bring about the continual bewilderment of that interesting but comparatively simple-minded animal, Man. More specifically, she learned, the method was to keep saying “yes” for “no” and “no” for “yes” until he gave up in despair—which procedure would keep him everlastingly guessing and forever at one’s beck and call. Thus fully instructed in the wiles of the eternal feminine, Cynthia set out to conquer the trousered world.

Her opportunity looked rather good. Mr. Jones, having left his insurance business in the winter for a conducted tour of the Holy Land with his wife and various other American pilgrims, was now in England where his daughter was to join the pair of them late in June. Cynthia was to be put on board the *Tuscania* very carefully by her aunt in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Jones decided, and taken off by her parents themselves in Plymouth; but in the meantime, Cynthia decided, anything might happen. She set out to make it. There was a good prospect for a start seated across the table from her. He was blond, smooth-cheeked and be-

spectacled, mild-mannered and quiet, and apparently a safe specimen to practise on. (Actually he was a Greenwich Villager who, though no nearer to being romantically wicked than any other Villagers, certainly possessed more years and fangs than Cynthia gave him credit for.)

Her conversation with him at their first luncheon together was limited to "May I trouble you for the salt?" and "Won't you have some celery?" but she was sure from his abstracted and even distant manner that he was touched with a passion which he was merely outdoing himself in an effort to hide. Hastily gulping down the last of her dessert, she trailed him up to his deck chair where he sat buried in a book. She stood at the rail nearby her scarf whipping gallantly in the breeze—and gazed at the horizon with equal abstraction to show him that she shared his feelings and perhaps nursed a secret sorrow to boot. But whether from the shyness of overwhelming passion or only from interest in the book, the Unknown perversely went on reading Marcel Proust.

The next day Cynthia timed her luncheon better, so that she happened to be leaving the dining saloon at the same moment as the Unknown. As he stepped aside with meticulous courtesy to let her pass through the door, she turned to speak to him. "Do you know how many miles we logged yesterday?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I don't. Suppose we go up to the chart in the lounge and find out."

But this was entirely too straightforward and abrupt. "Oh no, I really can't. I have to see my cabin-mate about something." And Cynthia headed for her state-room, half expecting to be pursued with passionate entreaties.

She overtook him the following evening on deck without his protective volume of Proust. "Isn't the sunset

gorgeous?" she remarked, and they chatted half-heartedly on the weather until it was settled completely.

He reached into his pocket for a cigarette case. "Do you smoke?" he inquired.

Smoking to Cynthia still reeked slightly of the Pit and was something which, though very enjoyable in itself, was, like vice, to be entered on only upon sufficient urging. Besides, it was part of her plan of campaign to make him coax her. "Er—uh—no—er—I guess so," she replied; but the Unknown had not waited for her to change her mind.

"You don't mind if I do, though, do you?" he said and struck a match.

They discussed their respective homes, explored in vain the possibilities of mutual acquaintances and exchanged news as to their destinations—Cynthia all the while taking pains to be cryptic enough to keep him consumed with curiosity. Then in a trice, it seemed to her, it was dark and the wind was blowing up so cold that they were seeking the cheery murkiness of the smoking room. They sat down at a table.

"Won't you have a highball with me?" he invited.

Cynthia had never had a drink and, though she wanted very much to try one, she felt that from a feminine chance acquaintance a little preliminary reticence would be expected. It never did to give in too easily. "No," she temporized, "I don't think I'd better. Though, of course, if—"

But he was already talking to the steward: "One highball for me and one ginger ale for the lady." Cynthia bit her lip.

It was the night of the masquerade dance and Cynthia, after taking care not to come too heavily masqueraded, had finally succeeded in searching out the romantic Unknown and throwing herself insistently in his path. They stood by the rail talking—he in his short, crisp

sentences, she in her painstakingly languid drawl—and Cynthia, though not forsaking her diabolical subtlety, was doing her best to let him know that his love was returned. The Unknown rose to the occasion magnificently and even outdid Cynthia in preserving the pose: anyone, indeed, not understanding the extremely complex and involved nature of such affairs would have said he was bored. By now they had stood out several dances and ordinary conventional conversation was beginning to grow strained, but Cynthia had vetoed all suggestions to recommence dancing.

“Well, suppose we go up on the boat deck,” he suggested finally, “away from all the crowds and the lights, for a change.”

Cynthia’s breast bounded with triumph, but she knew that even now she must not cast aside the subtlety that had carried her this far. Smiling coquettishly, she shook her head twice—quickly—then turned to stare out to sea while he should plead with her.

“Oh, all *right!*” he said, “if you feel that way about it. Er—by the way, I seem to have forgotten my cigarettes. Will you excuse me?” And he left her standing there and dashed off to cut in on a short dumpy girl in a red dress.

The remaining meals of the voyage Cynthia took on deck—in splendid isolation.

“Whew!” said Ance mockingly, “this from our Purity Leaguer! Oh, fie for shame, Georgie!”

“Aw,” hazarded Collins, “little Georgie just got burnt by a woman on the boat last summer who was too fast for him, and now he’s trying to work off his gripe by telling it the way it should have been.”

Georgie called soulfully on the Deity to witness the shocking falsity of both these statements. Perivale Francis meditatively lit a cigarette. “Just another instance of

the queer American temperament," he remarked, and ventured an epigram: "An American woman thinks she is being daring when she is only ridiculous."

There was an indescribable guttural from Lengel followed by a dead pause.

"Well, anyway," commenced Shorty once more, "I claim George has done the same thing he accused me of—the same dull stuff about the dumbbell innocent that's been done so many times before. Besides, he didn't let me finish the career of honest Frank Wahr, who, as a matter of fact, had just as harrowing a time after his initiation into the facts-of-life as he had had before.

"Oh, for God's sake!" said Lengel; but in vain.



THE STORY OF THE FRENZIED YOUNG MAN

It was one of the particular virtues of Frank's candid outlook on the world (just as it is of George's) that he saw no reason for not recounting his adventure in full to Bill Smuck as they returned to college. Bill, in consequence of this praiseworthy sincerity, was able to diagnose the whole difficulty quite clearly—laying it, in fact, to Frank's unfortunate ignorance of the true nature of Woman. He described at considerable length the fiery passions a-smouldering in every woman's breast and the means of arousing these to fever heat. And he ended by counselling much greater boldness on Frank's part. "Don't let 'em fool you, kid," he said, "they're all just as eager for it as you are."

Frank was elated; this seemed a really excellent arrangement and he reflected wistfully on all he had been missing for the past eighteen years. (He actually thought of it as eighteen years, by the way.) He spoke with enthusiasm of a second attack on the fortress and that right soon.

"Oh, no you don't," replied his mentor, "not with my gals. No more double-dates with me after the way you insulted Angy. Don't you know any women yourself?"

"Well," said Frank and he pondered. "I've been

down here such a short time that the only girls I know at all are one or two in the Saint Joseph Abstinence Society."

"The what?"

"A young people's organization at the church that the Y got me into—the Saint Joseph Abstinence Society."

"But what do you abstain from?"

"Oh, nothing in particular—just abstinence in general. We have religious teas on Sunday afternoons and suppers and song services during the week and sometimes even a picnic."

"Well, you ought to be able to pick up a date there."

"Yes, I guess so. I'll try to get someone."

The someone whom Frank did get for the dance the next week proved to be a white-lipped, be-spectacled sister-Abstainer named Agatha Willis. She was palely pretty, rather untalkative, and reminded one vaguely and sporadically of St. Cecilia at the organ. Frank might possibly have been a trifle sceptical as to the flames of desire blazing in her rather flat breast, had it not been for the reassuring vehemence of Gil Wadsworth and Bill Smuck on the question; but as it was, he looked forward to the dance with scarcely restrainable eagerness. He had a nebulous but extremely pleasing mental picture of the two of them sitting on the steps of the gym and engaging in wild aphrodisiac orgies, finally culminating elsewhere in the supreme rapture. And he licked his lips with even greater pleasure at the thought of the tremendously prominent position he would be able to take in smut sessions thereafter.

He thought it best to stir the eternal fires comparatively early in the evening and accordingly started the conversation with a diatribe against prudery and "Victorianism", which word he had learned in the last few weeks to be a finishing thrust in any duel of invective.

"Do you like necking?" he asked parenthetically, part way through.

"Oh," she said, giggling in a flustered, red-faced fashion, "you're *too* funny."

He saw that she was somewhat embarrassed by the question direct, and sought to set conversation on an easy and intimate footing with a little of the companionable language of the dormitory. "Hell," he remarked, "it's damn' good fun." And he expounded to her at length his philosophy of love.

The dance and his lecture on sex both concluded, Frank sat with his inamorata in a classmate's parked automobile—the classmate being inside the house saying final farewells to his own lady. Agatha sat next to him fidgeting—apparently much agitated by the flarings of the inward fire. All through the ride hither she had sat in a far corner of the back seat, half-turned around facing him and carrying on what seemed to Frank a surprisingly animated and continuous conversation with the couple up front. Even now, when her verbal stock in trade seemed to be exhausted, he had an astonishingly awkward time getting his arm around her shoulders. It had seemed much easier the night he had been on the date with Bill Smuck.

She started to say something and he leaned forward expectantly. "Do you know what time it is?" she asked.

He delved irascibly in his pockets with his free hand. "Twenty minutes to one," he replied and tried doggedly to tighten the grasp of the other arm into a stranglehold. There was a moment of silence.

Agatha spoke again. "Have you ever been to Eaglesmere?" she inquired.

"No," said honest Frank, feeling that the flames of desire fed on strange fuel indeed. And he tried to kiss her.

"Oh don't—please!" She pushed him away—and there was a whimper in her voice. "Do you take chemistry?"

"No! . . . *Please* won't you let me?"

"Let you what?"—she whimpered again—"Take chemistry?"

He made a final attempt on the smouldering passion, grabbed her in his best masterful manner and kissed her several times by main force.

She began to cry.

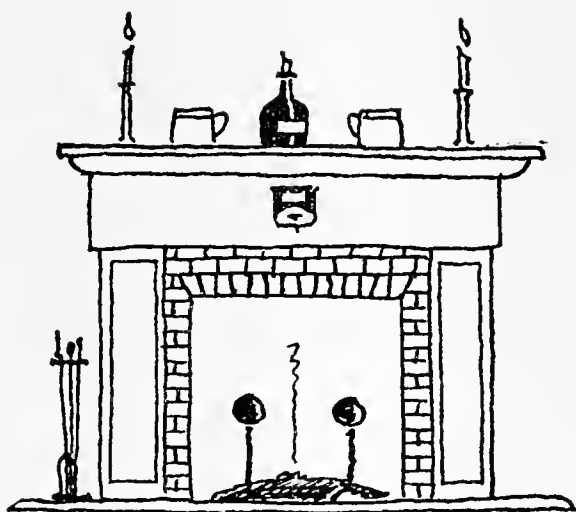
"Oh hell!" quoth Frank.

"Brumph!" suddenly ejaculated Benny Williams who had been lying on the window-seat in a doze ever since Ance had first commenced recounting the adventures of the Iowa prodigy. "Well," he began, taking up the argument where he remembered it most vividly, and punctuating his speech with a succession of animal noises incidental to returning consciousness, "the trouble with George is he's never had a sex experience and it makes him too inhibited. Now the last time I—"

"My dear Benny," interposed Perivale Francis, "it is doubtless quite scintillating of you to have found this out so rapidly and so unassisted, but really it was the hero of one of Shorty's yarns, and not our own hero George, whom we were discussing just now."

"Oh, for God's sake! More of these damn' insipid stories? Don't you know any that've got any punch and sex appeal in them?"

"Personally," said Lenqel, "I don't think they do." And he looked at Williams appealingly.



THE FIRE GOES OUT

"Well, by God," responded Benny, "I'll tell you one that'll give you a thrill, all right. As a matter of fact, it actually happened to me. It was summer before last at the C. M. T. C. camp down at Fort Monroe and boy! do they have some hot mamas down there—you can't imagine. It happened like this.

"God!" interrupted Sanderson, "how disgusting!" You can go ahead if you must, but I'm going to bed."

"Well," said Ance, "I've heard it before, too—so I'll follow you."

"And I," added Perivale Francis, "seem to have heard so many like it that it pains me to hear how badly you tell it."

And the three of them left Williams to go on without them.

"Dammit, Benny," interjected Collins, getting up, "I like a little dirt now and then as much as anybody, but this one is too much. I'm going to hit the hay—so please don't talk too loud." And sleepily shedding his shirt, he shuffled towards his bedroom.

"Well, I guess I've had enough, too," said Livingston. Benny was left with a single listener.

"And then what?" asked Lengel.

"That's all—what the hell do you want?"

"Well, it gets pretty snappy near the end; it really ought to be longer."

"Oh, well—" and the sentence ended in a yawn. He shivered a little about the shoulders.

The fire was out and the candles were guttering in their sockets. There was a stony coldness about the room; the darkness in the corners seemed positively unfriendly. And in the comparative solitude there was something of the air of a musty, long-shut-up storeroom about the place. It was almost morbid.

"Christ!" said Williams suddenly, looking at his watch, "it's three o'clock. Me for bed. G'dnight."

Lengel rose with him, stretched and sauntered over to the window. The air was chill. Slowly he walked back to the fireplace, extinguished two of the candles and stood there methodically winding his watch. "Ho hum," he said with an air of checking off a tally-sheet.

And he snuffed out the last candle.

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NO. 7

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The Worm Does Turn

THEY met in church. The Sunday after the opening of college, it was. There had been a notice on the bulletin board to the effect that the Faculty and Board of Managers of Hayward College considered it "salubrious for undergraduates to attend services of Divine Worship on the Sabbath day," and six freshmen—being such—had braved the mile and a half to the village with its little timbered Congregational church on the green, in obedience to the suggestion of throned authority. With memories still tingling from the recency of their rather bizarre induction into college life two nights before, they had quite naturally sat together in one of the back pews, a forlorn and sleepy little group—each trying desperately to conceal his terrible self-consciousness—each failing miserably.

And so they met. Kit was sitting on the aisle; Joel next to him. The service was painfully long, but became vastly entertaining when a large Maltese cat marched solemnly down the aisle and ascended the pulpit. After the benediction, the blatant fullness of the organist's postlude relieved them both of the responsibility for conversation until they had dodged past the waiting minister with shy handshakes into the open air.

Then, simultaneously, they discovered each other. Not that it was an instantaneous process; as a matter of fact it lasted all of several months, but on that morning walk back to college, the subtle foundations of a mutual admiration were firmly laid. Kit had come to Hayward from the water side of Beacon Street via St. Paul's. In neither place had he been appreciated. He loathed parties and the superficialities of society; his mother's lorgnettes sickened him, his father's valet disgusted him. At school, he had declined vigorously, to his physical detriment, to play football or even to go to any games because—as he said—it was such a dull and pointless

proceeding. His penance for these sins had been five years of loneliness at school and endless scenes with an unsympathetic family. Kit had turned to books as his refuge from an unkind world, and as his knowledge and understanding increased, had come to observe life with the would-be detached look of a cynical pariah. Joel, too, had read, but his background was wholly unlike Kit's. He was the son of a Congregational minister in Cleveland, a misfortune which stamped him with the shameful stigma (to Kit, at least) of the Middle West. He had gone to public schools all his life; until his advent at Hayward, he had never been east of Buffalo. Like Kit, his life had been a lonely one. Although he could have joined in the activities of his classmates, he had always held himself aloof from the banalities of the common herd. Since his thirteenth year, he had been destined for the Congregational ministry, having received God's call through the somewhat doubtful medium of his father's personal wishes. Life for Joel had been one long series of taboos; a good Christian did not do this, or that. In fact, there had been very little that a good Christian could do without bringing down the thunderbolt of parental wrath. So Joel, while waiting to become a second Francis of Assisi, had wisely decided to fill up the interval with books.

At first, their friendship was quite superficial; during the first few weeks of October it rested almost entirely on the mental joy each party derived from having his ego nourished by conversation with the other. At this period, the method of procedure was somewhat as follows: Kit would ask Joel, had he read any of the novels of Harrison Ainsworth. Following the formula, Joel would reply, "Oh yes—Ainsworth. Didn't you like Simeon the prophet in *Old St. Paul's*?" Or again, out of a perfectly clear sky one of them would quote Lewis Carroll,

a propos of nothing at all, and the other would obligingly chime in,

"I thought I saw a banker getting off a bus"—Joel

"I looked again and saw it was a hippopotamus"—Kit.

This ritual, charming as it may have been at the time, was bound to come to an end for want of subject matter; and so by the beginning of November they had launched themselves onto a new and sometimes dangerous subject—*religion*.

It was unexplored territory for Kit. Although his family paid regular pew rent at Trinity Church, the pew was usually vacant. And, too, Kit had never been forced to go to church after a certain momentous occasion when, at five years of age, he had climbed onto the seat and informed the rector in raucous screams that he did not approve of the good man's sermon. But Joel was in his element—at least, he thought he was. They took to sitting up till two and three in the morning over Predestination and the Virgin Birth. Kit was slightly bewildered by all the doctrines that Joel tried to expound. He would sit cross-legged on the floor and listen to the gilded apologies for organized religion that Joel fired at him as fast as he could form the words. But somehow or other he was attracted to the elemental truth of the whole business. His mind seemed to catch and refine the essence of his friend's mixed jargon and to produce from them its own peculiar conception of truths which Joel could never hope to understand. For long ago the appreciation of their beauty and truth had been rationalized out of Joel by a tall gaunt individual in a funereal frock coat calling himself a minister of the Gospel and Joel's father.

It was at the end of the fifth of these nocturnal conferences that Kit finally had something to say. At two o'clock he rose, stretched himself, and remarked in a slightly bored tone:

"If people would talk less, and do more about it, Religion would be the greatest force in the world."

"But it is, Kit, it is!"

"Rats! The religion you preach sounds to me like an old wive's tale—a clutter of choice superstitions, venerable only for their age. Trouble with you is, you've got too much of your old religion—good-night!"

II

Freshman year was slowly passing. The names of Kit and Joel were eternally knit together in the minds of their classmates. It was true that they were quite self-sufficient but they hardly deserved the reputation for snobbery that had begun to attach itself to them. They never quarrelled; they were made too much from the same mould; their thoughts ran too often in the same channels. A quarrel was chemically impossible—the elements were all alike.

February found them still talking religion. But it was now Kit who led the discussion. He was completely bewitched by this new and fascinating subject; it made him ridiculously serious. He had got into the habit of haranguing Joel as if he were an audience of several thousand people:

"Religion is an unfortunate word. It has been wrecked by a lot of ballyhooing mountebanks who call themselves ministers of the Gospel. I beg your pardon, but it's true. The more I read about it, the more I listen to you, the more I am convinced of it. What Gospel, I ask you, are these fellows preaching? The good news about Prohibition, about narrow-minded morality, blue laws and a drab and colorless existence. And if they ever take any time out to rest from their righteous labours of trying to make everybody else do what they think is right, they sit back smugly and wonder that there are cynics, atheists, agnostics in the world. You can't believe them, Joel—and if not them, who can you

believe? None but yourself. If you don't like the Bible, chuck it; cast aside all the old fetishes and turn to the new humanistic ideas. Live the good life for its sake alone. Don't bother about a hereafter. For all we know, there isn't any. Live straight, and nature will see to it that you get your reward. That's religion."

Joel's aquiline features were dimly lit by the flare of the fire on the hearth.

"You may be right, Kit—I can't see it that way. God is everything or nothing. I'm afraid, Kit—afraid of myself. I can't prophesy what would happen if I should stop having any scruples."

"That's just the trouble, you dumb twitch, you seem to think that religion is a package of scruples. It's not. It's simply being yourself in the best way you can."

In April, their paths deviated ever so little for the first time. Joel took compulsory track, Kit decided on tennis. They continued to see each other but they no longer monopolized each other's time. Bull sessions grew less and less frequent with a gentle spring breeze rustling the young leaves outside the window. Joel was beginning to be one of the boys. He went in for what he considered vice on a large scale; he became a devotee of pool, poker, womanly anatomy and even began to smoke. (Shades of the gold watch he would now never see on his twenty-first birthday.) Word went 'round that Joel McCarthy had snapped out of it—he was no snob.

But Kit hadn't snapped out of it. He still saw a good deal of Joel, but the bull sessions of the "old days" were mere memories now. He was left with nothing to do but brood over his friend's *downward* career and nurse his own soul in solitude.

III

It was the last day of the official college year: the

grim teeth-gritting day before finals, the day when room assignments were made. Joel found Kit curled up on the sofa with a volume of William Morris.

"Come on, you horse's neck," he cried, "let's to the torture. We may draw a high number and get a room in Copley."

Kit got up slowly and laid his book on the table as if it were a piece of Dresden china. His face was drawn and set.

"Listen, Joel, I've something to tell you. I don't think it would be wise for us to room together next year."

A moment's silence while Joel recovered himself, then: "What's eating ya? Ain't we friends?"

Kit was looking at the floor.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "you see, we don't seem to have the same tastes any more—what with your poker and outlandish hours. You may remember that I am trying to live up to some of the things we used to talk about."

And then and there the binding cable snapped. Joel's hand was on the knob of the door—he smiled bitterly.

"All right, you dam' little fool; I don't care. The trouble with you anyhow is you've got too much religion."

J. T. Golding.

Conversion

*If you believe, as one supposes,
A Christian man should do,—
That God is love, and that disposes
Of all things else
Like Heavens and Hells,—
If you believe that that is true,—
I'll be a Christian too!*

L. A.

TO S. T.

*Tread on them, spurn them; nor quicken the glide
Of thy steps o'er the squealing conglomerate sea
Of the fools who would favor, the dolts who deride—
Turn all the world aside,
But look on me.*

*Majesty, majesty, what could it be
That followed thy footsteps and never forgot
That once from their splendor thine eyes glanced at me?
Laugh at what they did see,
But leave me not.*

*Follow and faint for thee, this is my lot:
Cool in thy majesty, smile and deride;
Wander where whispers are easy forgot;
Smile and give pity not,
E'en if I died.*

*Majesty, majesty—shall I abide
Ever, and never behold thee again?
Fain would I ever my love have denied
Than, having finally died,
Have loved in vain.*

Lockhart Amerman.



Winterend

*When wind on winter hedges
Was sometime wont to blow,
The world lay crisp and vibrant,
And life's blind fire burned low.
Then 'twas I walked the snow-clad roads,
The winding roads and far—
And laughed at iron-bound winter frost,
And loved each icy star.*

*The winds would weep and whistle
And round my forehead wheel,
But light my heart would mock them,—
For this was vivid, life was real.*

*And I, in joy defiant,
My truest self would find
Where life's dim fire blazed lowest,
Along the shouting wind.*

*But now the embers flicker,
And purple hills grow green,
And warm soft languor dulleth
The keen cold edge of being.*

*Up, with the flames of springtide,
It flares in growth and pain;
In flash of April sunshine,
In flood of April rain.*

*The dull heat stirs and troubles
Alike the wit and clod;
And fools, in thoughtless rapture,
Blaspheme and call it God.*

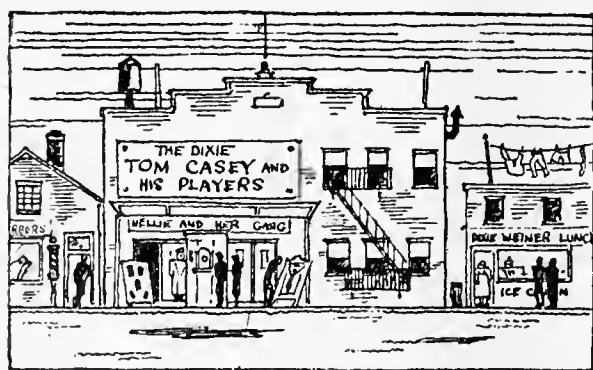
J. W. Martin.

The Fringe of Thalia's Mantle

THEORETICALLY, the American theater is bounded on the east by Sixth and on the west by Eighth Avenue, on the north by Columbus Circle and on the south by the cloak and suit belt. True, one may gather from the dramatic section of *The Times*, there is a *hinterland*—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and Los Angeles—in which the outstanding Broadway plays are shown after their New York demise. But New York is apt to forget that the Muse's mantle has a fringe, a fringe which touches New York herself. Nor can New York look scornfully on this outer circle of the drama and say, "Oh you mean the Hoboken stunt which was popular only because the metropolitan stage was dull for a moment, or the Chautauquas whose plays the Bible-belt public supports because of heavenly duty." No! Theatrical enterprises in the fringe of the drama, though they may never soar to the heights of art, are as self-supporting as the Guild, and fill as definite a field as the Moscow Art Theater. For instance—

"STOCK"

The Dixie theater in Uniontown was once a skating rink. Now, hemmed in on one side by the Dixie Weiner Lunch and on the other by the Dixie Barber



Shop, for forty weeks of each year, September to June, it presents "high class musical comedy tabloids." Since high class musical comedy tabloids are apt to

be peppered with jokes of somewhat doubtful nature, these presentations draw, for the most part, audiences which are not representative of Uniontown's better element.

But from June to September, Uniontown's theater public with a united front (the winter attendants of the Dixie continue to go, from force of habit) goes to the Dixie. For, as the "tab" season draws to a close, newspaper advertisements announce that "for the summer months the Dixie Theater takes pleasure to announce that it will present the Tom Casey stock company, "eleven all-star players, direct from a run of forty-four weeks in Youngstown, Ohio," in a series of "all the latest Broadway hits." The opening play is announced as "Rain," "given exactly as presented by Jeanne Eagels for three years at the Globe Theater, New York." Uniontown's theater public, whose dramatic entertainment during the past nine months has consisted of three Sunday School class plays and the high school operetta, prepares to attend *en masse*.

A word as to whom this theater public includes in Uniontown. Or better still, a word as to whom it does not include. The fourteen members of the Uniontown ministerial association (those poor souls must swelter in a Redpath Chautauqua tent to see "Nothing But the Truth" for their only "theater" of the year) will not be present when the advertisement-covered asbestos curtain is rung up for the initial performance of "Rain." Nor will the Seamans or the Husteads, who go to the Nixon in Pittsburgh every time the Ziegfeld girls or Fred Stone cavort on that stage (they would scarcely be bothered to make the seventy-mile trip by such unimpressive names as Alfred Lunt or Ethel Barrymore). Nor will the members of the Queen Esther Class of the Methodist Sunday School; although they may discuss at their next meeting the propriety of seeing "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," the play announced for two weeks later. The rest of Uniontown (and we must mention especially Miss Winona MacDowell, the dancing teacher, who once aspired to the stage, rumor has it) is eligible

to attend the first performance of the Casey players.

"Rain", then, will open before a packed house; but will not prove to be such a finished performance (this, however, is our own sophisticated judgment). The three "native girls" recruited locally to augment the professionals on the Sunday afternoon before the Monday matinee opening, will appear as much undressed as the stage manager and male lead dared to present them, but they will have some difficulty in remembering their five-word lines. The "minister" will have quite evidently gained all his knowledge toward the interpretation of his part from the funny papers; the female "heavy" will be more of a water-front sailor's companion in speech and manner than a South Sea Islander. But the box-office manager will have no cause to complain at the end of the thirteenth performance of "Rain" that week (shows Saturday at 2.30, 6.30 and 9.30 P.M.).

Nor will he be able to complain after any of the twelve following weeks of the company's Uniontown stay, during which the company will give, in turn, "Getting Gertie's Garter," "East Lynne," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The Bat,"—and other "recent Broadway successes."

Calling Mrs. Warman in regard to the next meeting of the Uniontown W. C. T. U., Mrs. Burwell will deliver the following little *obiter dictum*: "You know I went to the Dixie last night and saw 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,' and I almost cried my eyes out." And explaining that the boy-friend has taken her to see "Rain" last night, Mabel Wilson, of the W. T. Grant sales force, will declare to a sister clerk that she'd "rather see a good play any day than a movie."

THE VALLEY QUEEN

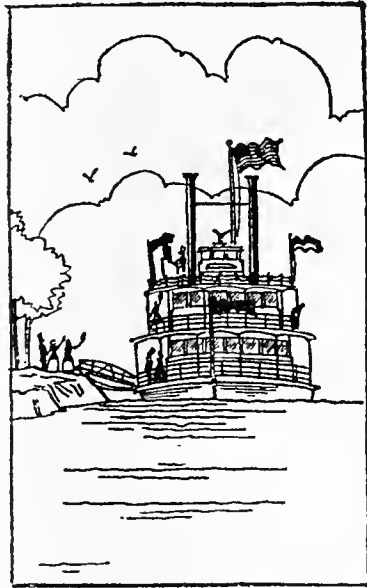
Along the Ohio River and its tributaries, there are still a great many towns and settlements where the show-

boat supplies the only professional entertainment of the year. In such places the movie, if present at all, is limited to one day a week; and in the minds of the townspeople is no adequate substitute for the real thing as provided by the troupes on the *Cotton Blossom II*, *Verne Swain*, *Valley Queen* and many others.

The approach of the *Valley Queen* is heralded by a series of blasts on the deep-toned whistle of the tow boat. As it reaches the bend in the river at the upper end of town the steam calliope breaks forth into a ballyhoo that no river town can resist. The notes of a calliope echoing down the valley hold a peculiar fascination in the potential excitement they connote. By the time the spring line is thrown ashore and the boat eased up against the bank, nine-tenths of the male population of May's Landing and all the children are down at the wharf to enjoy the perennial thrill of seeing the showboat tie up. And from now until curtain time the village is in a state of suspended excitement.

More than likely some of the members of the troupe are known by the people, and these acquaintanceships are proudly renewed at this time. The blonde that has played little Eva and done a buck and wing in the olio afterwards for the past ten years, is still a person apart in the eyes of the men, and any among them who can nod to her will be

Before the crowd reluctantly returns to its labors, the band "concert" is given by the various members of the cast who can "double in brass"—and most of them have to be able to do this to keep their jobs. Dressed in



red flannel uniforms that have seen better days, they go uproariously through their repertoire of old favorites; and the concert winds up with a spiel by the impressario of the troupe. Everybody leaves happy, cheerfully believing that the "drama to be presented this evening will be the most unique and wonderful to be offered in the Ohio Valley."

The time from now until supper is occupied by the troupe in wandering around the town. Passes are given where they will do the most good; notably to the constable, the Methodist minister and a few other moulders of public opinion. But everyone must be back at the boat by seven to be on hand for another concert calculated to arouse the interest of those few who have remained unmoved by the matinee. This is hardly necessary though, since most of the town will probably have been standing around since six o'clock anxiously awaiting the time when they will be permitted to buy a ticket and get aboard.

The plots of the various melodramas in the repertoire of one of these "Tom" shows do not vary noticeably and the characters are capable of infinite burlesque. The villain will wear black whiskers and the heroine will be blonde, and virtue will win out against manifestly impossible odds. Nobody cares though and it is all swallowed without questioning. After everyone is seated, the lights are dimmed, the curtain is rolled up and the drama starts on its rather hair-raising three-act course. If the scenery and effects are not always convincing, this defect is compensated for by an uncritical audience. After all, there are no criteria from which invidious comparisons can be made; so the show is always a success. After the plot has ended with everyone receiving his or her just reward, the manager will step before the curtain to announce six acts of high class entertainment for an additional cost of only fifteen

cents. And nearly everyone will stay for this doubtful exhibition of slap-stick, buck dancing, juggling and what have you. And then it's all over for another year.

THE ITALIAN MARIONETTES

You take the Broadway (BMT) subway to Canal Street, walk east on Canal to Mulberry, turn left (keeping on the left-hand side of Mulberry too), walk a few hundred yards further and there you are. You may meet others on like mission as yourself, for by now the marionettes have been so extensively written up that they are probably in receipt of a considerable number of visitors. But in other respects the atmosphere of the neighborhood will be as Italian as Naples. Both outside (where there are gaudy colored posters of heroic size) and inside (where there is a long oblong floor sloping down to the stage) the building will remind you a little of a small-town movie theatre—the “shows Friday and Saturday nights” type. You pay your quarter at the door, ensconce yourself in a movie theatre seat which is palpably antique—of about the early Charlie Chaplin period—and light a cigarette discreetly, for though smoking is technically forbidden, there is no policing system to enforce the ban.

Before your eyes two figures in gorgeous brass armour, apparently life-size, stand in grandiloquent converse, the words coming from somewhere behind the scenes but the figures themselves making appropriate gestures with the assistance of a couple of iron bars which sprout from their bodies and disappear into the stage heavens. Gradually you gather that a quarrel is on, for the words become more impassioned and the accompanying motions resolve into dramatic menacings with the sword. Then the fight is on. And the fight, of course, is the real heart of the marionette show—the thing which causes the scattered audience of small boys and grown-ups alike, to shriek with delight or pound out a tattoo with their

heels on the floor. It is all taken with tremendous seriousness and exhilarating naïveté. The two knights on the stage, meanwhile, have maneuvered cannily for an opening, made a few tentative sword thrusts and finally rushed together, hacking and slashing furiously with great ringing of metal. There is at first little obvious advantage on either side, but as the fight grows hotter they retreat a few steps and crash back at each other with terrific impact; and now you begin to see that God is in truth on the side of the heaviest artillery. At last, flying together (this is no mere metaphor; their feet actually leave the ground) from opposite ends of the stage in a final smashing charge, they conclude: the lighter and weaker falls down dead and the victor struts up and down the stage in glory. Immediately there appear several other mailed knights, including one whose gilded crown (in place of the customary helmet) proclaims him to be the King. The conqueror is congratulated and kneels to be knighted—this, considering the fact that his legs have no joints in them, being no small feat in itself. Then, one by one, they all strut off, the footlights dim to a purplish twilight and the corpse is left alone on the stage. In the hush that follows the clamor there is a ghastly and murderous reality about it all. Actual human death seems to brood over the scene.

But suddenly all illusion is destroyed. Two apparently immense human hands reach out from the side to seize the dead man's boots and drag him out of sight, and a whole head and shoulders appear leaning down from above to roll up the turgidly painted backdrop and leave before you a completely different picture. You realize for the first time that the marionettes are not life-size but only about shoulder-high. At this moment you are approached by a boy of ten or so and asked if you would care to go back stage for a little while. Thinking it will probably be worth the quarter tip, you

follow him through the shabby white door labeled "No Admittance" and are safely installed off stage to the right, where you are out of the way and can observe the inner workings at your leisure. On a platform behind

the back-drop stand two husky young Italians (they are the sons of the proprietor—and, for that matter, the small boy was too) manipulating the characters on the stage. They are remarkably adept at it, but it is no small job, for they must not only work the arms but hold the figures upright as well—and a marionette in full armour weighs some 140 pounds. The marionettes themselves you have opportunity to examine somewhat more closely, as



those not in use hang in a long row beside you. They are made of solid wood and are somewhat reminiscent of a football tackling dummy but without its silly headless appearance, being provided with vivid facial expressions, some clothes, and truly magnificent bright brass armour. All of this is made and kept in repair by the proprietor's family, and since the male marionettes get as rough treatment as any tackling dummy ever did, the upkeep alone must be a considerable task.

But you return to watching the action of the play from your vantage position off stage. You are struck again by the high degree of co-ordination achieved between the sons, who are the authors of the actors' gestures, and the father, who is the source of their flowing words. He sits in the left wing, perspiring in obese profusion, but repeating the lines with genuine feeling and referring only occasionally to his typewritten

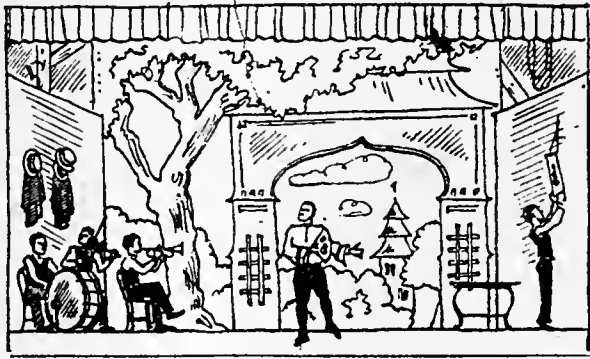
prompt-book. It is evidently an artistic passion with him. And somehow, as you leave, you feel this to be the case with the whole venture, even though it is upon a paying basis: it is perhaps symbolic that you must depart without being able to find the small boy—or anybody else—to tip.

CHINESE

Unlike the crack visiting company of Mei Lan-Fang up town, this (it is only one of three or four that New York boasts) is housed in an old weather-beaten building on Grand Street, wedged in among the countless cut-throat dry-goods stores which are perpetually and blatantly going out of business. The theatre, more genuine than the stores, actually has gone out of business on several occasions: at some time in its past history it has been an Italian vaudeville theatre, and signs in Italian still mingle with others in English and Chinese on the walls inside to give the place a very Tower-of-Babelish air. The seats are decayed and dusty, the aisles are strewn with many orange peels and a few peanut shells, and over all hangs that aroma suggestive of insufficient sewage disposal which is so typical of the low class theatre. The ticket is vaguely reminiscent of a laundry check. Rows of stolid Chinese—mostly young men, it seems—sit there contentedly munching the food—oranges and apples are almost the only recognizable article—which they are supplied by the vendor who keeps constantly strolling about the house. So much is moderately familiar to the habitu   of the ordinary American legitimate theatre

But the stage is different. The American theatre's frequent use of the curtain is seemingly unknown; instead, the audience is confronted throughout the performance by a back-drop vaguely suggesting a Chinese garden scene in vivid reds and dirty greys, and by two plain diagonal side-pieces which end abruptly in midair

at about two-thirds the height of the center prop. In front of these are ranged an intriguing assortment of miscellaneous chairs and tables certainly so ordered for some far more subtle purpose than realism. On the left of the stage sits a very necessary part of the ensemble, the orchestra—a conglomerate of some half-dozen pieces leaning very heavily on the drums and cymbals. The musicians are collarless and in shirt-sleeves—at least in summer—and their black coats and dingy straw



hats hang on the scenery behind them. The property man and his assistants, clothed in the conventional black which informs the audience that they are invisible and theoretically not there at all, wander all over the stage, pottering with the various scenic accessories.

The play itself, to the untutored Western eye, seems somehow to be largely a case of that grand old Church chant—"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end." Action evidently falls outside convention's pale. On the stage a few figures in classical Chinese garb stand discussing what, to judge from their own (and the audience's) complete lack of emotion, can only be last month's weather report. Upon the orchestra apparently falls the duty of punctuating each sentence they utter—which it does, and the man with the cymbals is the only person in the theatre who evidences the least trace of enthusiasm. Finally, some of the characters show signs of leaving and the property man rather illogically rushes to their attendance—his supposed absence from the scene seeming not to hinder him in the slightest from helping the actors on with their oute

cloaks. This done, he holds up a chair shoulder high, the departing guests duck under it to signify going through a doorway, and the person who seems to be the protagonist is left alone on the stage. What follows, appears to the benighted Occidental to be a sort of song and dance act to slow time—the actor advancing to the footlights and embarking on a shrill, singsong soliloquy which, though embellished by sundry slow whirls of the body, solemn pointings of the toe and sly flicks of the fan, is nevertheless of fifteen interminable minutes duration. Soliloquies, however, are apparently much more exciting than mere dialogue, for the band breaks in far more frequently—and noisily—and the long rows of Celestial faces in the audience actually show traces of emotion. Doubtless some great crisis is imminent any hour now; but the American visitor, raised in a speed-mad world and lacking the inexhaustible patience of the Oriental, will probably not stay to see it.

BURLESQUE

“Rotten!” “Stinking!” “Drag him off!” “*Give him the hook!*” With that, to the surprise of the habitués of the legitimate playhouse, a huge hook slowly comes from the wings, clasps the almost emaciated and very cross-eyed young man who had been singing “Among My Souvenirs” half a pitch off key, and hauls him off the stage.

It is amateur night at the Bijou, home of “Philadelphia’s best burlesque.” Nineteen sailors, forty-odd fish-wives, a scattering of college undergraduates in search of life in the raw, and some three hundred truck-drivers, longshoremen, cheap clothing store proprietors and drug store clerks, have assembled for a thrill. At the moment they are enjoying themselves by blasting the chances of one of the competitors for the three-dollar prize given to the amateur who gives the most

applauded skit between Acts One and Two of the regular show. They have already given a good hand to the much painted little blonde of some fifteen years who had shown she could twist the lower half of her anatomy almost as well as Jessie Arnold, starred dancer of the show; and they have feebly applauded the Italian giant who can balance a kitchen table on his chin. Next they will give their support to a pair of blacks who hoof and clack back and forth across the stage to the tune of "Me and My Shadow" from the loudest eight-piece orchestra in the world (the brass section alone of that orchestra could put the whole of the Philharmonic to shame for sheer noise).

The amateur part of the show, like the speech of the nasal-voiced Hebrew before the performance, advising the audience to take this wonderful opportunity to buy the latest French magazines and see what "you'd like to see on the stage—butcha *won't*," is merely an incident to the whole performance. Something to be put up with.

Keeping the audience in its uncomfortable seats is the thought of the second act. Culminating in the dance of that "greatest of oriental dancers," Zara, whose ungirded loins will bring her curtain call after curtain call, the second act is sure to bring the court-room scene and the contest of the chorus girls, those two great numbers without which burlesque would not be burlesque. In the former "Rags" Murphy or "Ketch-On" Bates (with all due allowances for perverted taste,



"Rags" and "Ketch-On" *are* funny) will preside over the hilarious trial of the woman whose purse was stolen and the man who had made advances to the innocent girl——how innocent that plaintiff will look. In the latter, the audience will be asked by the stage manager (who previously has explained that some of Broadway's greatest stars have come from burlesque) to pick the best dancer from the chorus of twenty women, each of whom tips the scales at more than 150 or less than 100. If there happens to be one chorine who weighs in at an intermediate figure, she will win, despite the fact that three of her gold teeth show.

The whole show is vulgar, gaudy and sensual. But as they come from the Bijou, the exploring collegians will hold forth against hypocritical purity and solemnly declare to each other that in the modern burlesque is the last remnant of William Rowley and his fellow Elizabethans. The rest of the audience will hope that next week's show is more gaudy, more vulgar and more sensual.

"NIGGER"

The Gibson theatre on South Street, the center of Philadelphia's black belt, does not cater to occasional white trade as does the one on Broad. If you buy a ticket at the latter theatre, you will find yourself in the section reserved for whites, whereas in the South Street establishment you will find yourself surrounded by suspicious blacks. The best thing to do is to buy a box seat and then stand at the back of the box. Besides the obvious advantages of this procedure, there is the added advantage that the smell of nigger-sweat that pervades is somewhat lessened by the gale of cold wind which blows out of the wings.

The show gets started when the bullet-headed pianist bangs his foot twice, which is the signal for the overture to set out on its wild brassy way. Once warmed up,

this gentleman shows off some piano technique that is fearful and wonderful—reading from a score that has only the themes indicated, he can fake his way through anything that is set before him. Shading in expression and time are practically unknown; everyone plays just as loud and fast as possible straight through to the end. Some sort of divine inspiration cuts them off when a trumpet or trombone break seems appropriate. There is no specified length or plan to this overture; it just rolls along till the music lights blink, and then stops in mid-air.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Gibson is a sort of glorified vaudeville—in a large part negro aping of the big Broadway revues, even down to the befeathered and spangled costume displays in the finales. But this is all flavored with a great deal of black abandon and accompanied by a large measure of *ad libitum*. And in this respect the *commedia dell'arte* had nothing on the inventive genius of this type of negro actor; for the book, like the musical score, is capable of any impromptu changes that suit the mood of the performer.

Naturally the poorer parts of the show are those where the expensive stunts of Earl Carroll et al are attempted. As, for instance, the popular "living chandelier" which is greeted by cheering and applause on the part of the audience. Here six or seven high yellow girls—almost bare—are suspended on a tasseled frame in mid-air. (One thing to be said, though, is that it is no more stupid here than it is in its elaborate setting in the white revue.)



But the most entertaining parts are those given over to dancing. This is of two kinds—the usual anatomical variety that flourishes in burlesque, and the unique and marvellous loose-jointed tap and buck dance. Routines are things to be taken lightly by the girls in the chorus; usually it is left up to the girls' taste to do what personally seems best at each individual moment. But the tap and buck dance is what sets this show off from any other sort of entertainment, and it is this that is likely to keep you till the end—nigger-sweat notwithstanding.

J. B.

J. L. M.

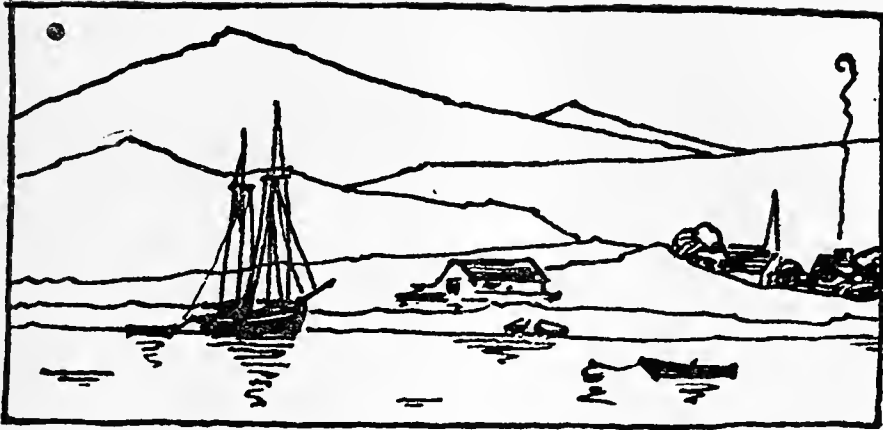
J. W. M.

Twelvemonth

*When we two were in love last year,
And supped on sighs from day to day,
I lived in hope and hence in fear
Lest skies should fall or love should pall,
Or you my fevered faith betray
And send me packing on my way—
Such woes I wailed to gods above:
For we two were in love.*

*And now in sooth I go my ways,
And fret my heart no more
With fear of blame or hope of praise,
Or loving, as of yore.
But freed from warring bane and bliss,
I find my soul in sweet accord,
And life much saner save for this:
I grow so deadly bored.*

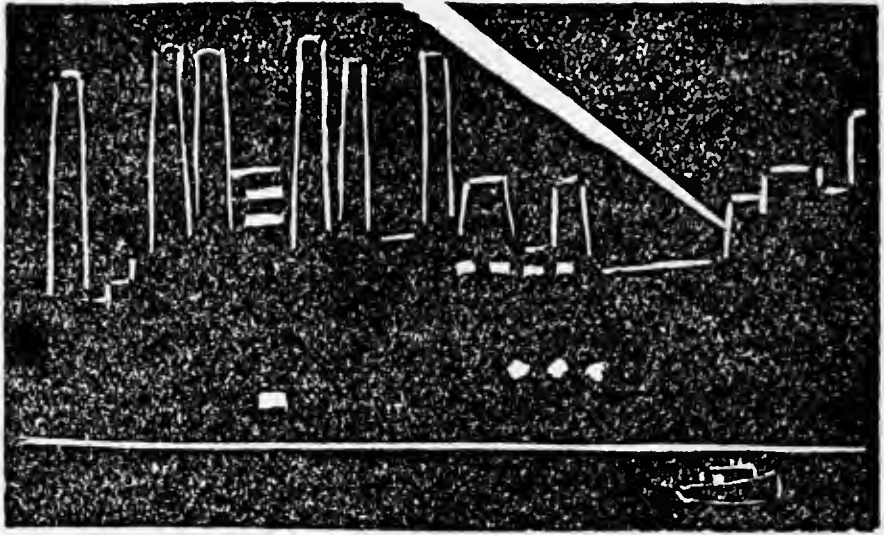
J. W. M.



Marine Philosophy

*I know not what our port will be,
But tell me—what's the odds?
I'm master of my ship at sea,
The owners are the gods.
We've sailed on seas from black
to green
In frost and fire and fog,
And where we've been and what
we've seen
Is written in the log.
Our bow can drink its fill of foam,
The hull can brave a toss;
And if, perchance, we don't come
home—
The gods can stand the loss.*

Lockhart Amerman.



Rose Was Queer

ROSE was queer. Miss Toriccio had said so many times to the other two stenographers, though of course she didn't say so now because Rose had just come in from lunch—and of course she didn't call her Rose. That was one of the queer things about her: you would no more think of addressing her as Rose instead of as Miss Cohen than you would of calling Babe Weiss Miss Weiss instead of Babe. It was no case of snobbery on either part; the unusual decorum of Rose simply seemed to attach to Rose as part of the nature of things. Now, for instance, as she took off her light green felt hat, straightened her hair and replaced her handbag in the top desk drawer, it was not "Say, kid, the boss said—" but "Mr. Silverman left word for you, Miss Cohen, that that Evans and Moyer deed doesn't have to go out till Monday."

Rose murmured her thanks and sat down. The deed wouldn't have been much work, but she was glad she didn't have to type it off just now: it was mid-afternoon and Friday and mid-July—and they all spelled compara-

tive exhaustion. But, fortunately, in the offices of Silverman and Rosenberg, attorneys-at-law, these facts were also likely to mean some lull and let-up in the week's work. Mr. Silverman had already left to spend the week-end with his family at the beach and the junior partner was having a final conference inside now. A single typewriter clacked forlornly in an atmosphere which, oddly enough, seemed as if it actually ought to be one of quiet. At the switchboard Miss Weiss answered a solitary buzz, said sharply, "Mr. Silverman? He won't be in till Monday," and went back to her reading. . . . The typewriting came to an end in a final furious pattering of keys and the whip of paper being yanked from the machine. Silence reigned.

There were four of them in the outer office. Miss Weiss and Miss Toriccio, who were reading the current number of *Liberty*; Miss Goldstein, who was reading a drugstore edition of *Bad Girl*; and Rose, who was reading *A Few Figs from Thistles*. It was really this, more than any other one thing, which set up the barrier of formality and made her Miss Cohen to them, though to each other they were Dot and Babe and Beatrice. In the prose world they lived in, anything metrical smacked of the unusual, Eddie Guest was highbrow and Edna St. Vincent Millay was merely someone who had been mentioned in the *Graphic* as being arrested in a Sacco-Vanzetti riot. Rose's propensity for reading Millay as well as such other things (Dot Goldstein had once investigated all this at lunch time) as *The Lady of Shalott* or *The Lotus-Eaters* by one Tennyson, who had written for the English text-books in school, definitely marked her as queer. She looked rather queer too. Not particularly pretty, but rather commandingly tall, with a nose that was almost straight and deep brown pools of eyes. And as strong a predilection for wearing green that it amounted almost to a mania. She was queer, that

was all—especially the way she would stare abstractedly out of the window for minutes at a time.

Rose was staring out of the window now. The Silverman and Rosenberg offices were on the seventeenth floor and fronted on the Chambers Street side instead of on Broadway, thus virtually overlooking the river. The river. That was the saving grace of the Silverman and Rosenberg offices: it was not only the whiffs of fresh cool breeze which sometimes blew off it, but the fact that the water offered what the too-cluttered land never gave, a horizon. Not much of a physical horizon, of course, for the flat smokiness of Jersey City soon put a stop to that; but to the mind's eye the view was boundless—the dirty, hedged-in stream became a broad highway out to the unimagined ends of the earth. There was a courier from these vague distances coming up the channel now—a liner, with its three towering stacks looking immense and real, gliding up to its berth at Fourteenth Street. An actuality and yet a symbol. And late tomorrow morning (Rose recollected) there would be several of them dropping down the river to the oily lower harbor and the open sea. The romantic open sea where the long ocean swells dipped and tossed or the wind ripped the green water into white-capped clashing waves. And meanwhile there was a mild air and pleasant ripples even in the river. And, if your imagination was good (as Rose's was) and you half-closed your eyes, you could build up a whole world of fancy around those ripples.

*Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Floating down to—Camelot;*

But "Camelot" broke the spell, for you couldn't help remembering that it was really Staten Island and that

Staten Island, by the ferry, was the nearest you ever got to the open sea where went the liners. And that started another train of thought: it made you think of all the things you wanted terribly and hadn't a chance in the world of getting, and that stirred up all your emotions. Which was bad.

Her day-dream came abruptly to an end with the opening of the door from the inner office. Mr. Rosenberg and his client came walking past her to the door. "Well, so long, Meyer," she heard him saying, "don't you worry about it—we have him where we want him." And there followed in a purposely louder tone one of the obscurely obscene remarks which he seemed to make chiefly that he might laugh at the stenographers' disapproving bewilderment.

Rose tried to return to her book, hoping that he too would return to his office. But he came over to her desk instead and stood there grinning, feet wide apart and fingers tucked into his upper vest pockets, a statue of shyster self-satisfaction. "Well, how's Rosie?" he remarked. In spite of everything, he insisted on calling her by her first name and making much of the fact that it was contained in his own; "one of my girlies under the Rose," he would explain and was at times a disgusting combination of the paternal and the amorous.

"Watcha reading?" he inquired and reached over to pick up the book. "Say, this is good," he added and declaimed it aloud for the benefit of the office generally:

*"The women squatting on the stoops were slovenly and fat,
(Lay me out in organdie, lay me out in lawn!)
And everywhere I stepped there was a baby or a cat;
(Lord, God in Heaven, will it never be dawn?)*

Huh," he said, "you wanta be careful reading immoral things like that." And he laughed heartily; he imagined himself, among other things, a second Oscar Wilde

(without knowing very clearly just who the first one had been) and Rose to be a heavensent butt for his wit.

"Really," said Rose in a frozen voice, "I don't think it's particularly funny."

"Ho ho, that's rare," he chuckled at this new source of amusement and went laughing back into his office. At the door he paused to throw off a casual largess: "I don't think any of you need to stick around today after about four-thirty or so." And he closed the door.

That meant the afternoon was nearly over. It always was mostly gone, anyhow, by the time Rose got in from lunch. Dot Goldstein went out from twelve to one, Babe and Beatrice from one to two, and Rose from two to three—and so her return seemed to mark the beginning of the last lap. . . . But Rose felt just at present that she would rather have had the other half-hour of work than Mr. Rosenberg. The salary was good, and the easy inefficiency of a small lawyer's office gave her plenty of stolen leisure, but he was so palpably reformed East Side—reformed, that is, financially—that he was a terribly depressing influence. He reminded her too forcibly of her own background: every time she would be off a-soaring in the dreamy distance (as this afternoon) there would be Mr. Rosenberg with a jibe on his lips to bring her tumbling back to East Side realities. Her background—she could never get away from it.

She had been one of those souls that aspire above their environment and one of the rare souls that aspire enough to struggle against it, a skylark chained to earth and fiercely beating its wings. But Rose no longer beat her wings fiercely against the inevitable; she had found that the chain didn't break—it only chafed more painfully. She tried, instead, to pretend it wasn't there at all, to build up a protective covering of cynicism between her spirit and the world outside, to shelter in secretiveness her sensitivity to beauty. Had she possessed

capacity for expression in proportion to her longings, she would have flaunted them healthily before the world; but Rose had no real abilities, only dangerously unusual powers of appreciation—and aspirations. And so she was moody and “queer”. She learned to hide her emotions—which were different from the obvious ones her environment expected her to have, and hence slightly indecent—under a mask of boredom. She learned to get along with the friends which God—on whom such unpleasantries as the East Side are conveniently and conventionally blamed—had given her. But she was not happy.

Miss Toriccio brushed against her walking towards the clothes-tree in the corner, and abruptly Rose awoke from her new day-dream and realized that it must be half-past four. Slowly she reached for her hand-bag, opened it and walked to the mirror above the wash-stand to make a few freshening dabs at her face. Methodically she put on her hat. She glanced a last time at her desk to see that nothing was awry, then ran to just catch a passing elevator. She enjoyed the swift plunge past floor on busy floor; it was like a sudden cross-section of life. . . . She crossed Chambers Street, pawed in her bag for a nickel and stood watching the excavations for office-building foundations as she waited for the bus. Finally it pulled up at the sidewalk and she joined a dozen others in squeezing her way into the city's dirtiest conveyance. By a miracle she found a seat.

The gears ground jerkily, and she swayed in her seat and tried vainly to forget the transportation system of the Department of Plants and Structures, and her own route homeward. East on Chambers Street, under the Municipal Building, up Madison through a smelly corner of Athens and into the heart of Jerusalem. Off at Gouverneur, a block north to Henry Street, turn right and there was home. Supper. Then with her

friends to the Settlement Dance that evening. A short day tomorrow. And Sunday. Her crowd would probably go again to Midland Beach which they had lately affected in preference to Coney Island. The only part of it she really cared for was the ferry ride to New Brighton at the northern rim of Staten Island where they changed to the bus for the beach; the Staten Island ferry always provided her with one of her moments of intense vibrant living—that catching of the breath which came at the instant when she could sight straight up the canyon of Broadway through the jagged masses of towering steel and stone. It was the only time the city was beautiful for her. On the water: it gave her a feeling of detachment—which was the only way to enjoy a big city anyhow. The river, at least, was romantic; it offered a way of escape—the highway down which the liners went out, out into the turgid greenness of the lower harbor and the blue haze of the open sea. But all it was to her friends was an inconvenient obstacle that you burrowed under in a tube or skimmed over in a ferry-boat. What did they care for the open sea and the dim distance? the horizon of all their ambitions lay in brick-and-steel apartments in the Bronx—near enough to the elevated and with modern plumbing. . . . Which, after all, was the rational way out—to long only for things you had some chance of getting. . . . But that cool green pathlessness of the ocean—

“Gouverneur!” shouted the driver.

II

They climbed pantingly to the top of the Neighborhood Playhouse on whose be-tiled roof the dance was held. The local pick-up orchestra had already started playing and the couples were whirling in the amazingly complicated dances of the East Side. It was a kaleidoscopic scene—the boys perspiring in close-knitted polo

shirts which, in brilliant blues and yellows, were the stylish way for the young-shipping-clerk-about-town to be high-toned and insouciant that summer, and the girls moistly following them in cheap silks of every hue. Over the rough tile dance floor hung strings of electric light bulbs and in the distance through the humid air loomed the electric sign of the *Jewish Forward*, one side in English characters symbolically pointing to the west, the other in Yiddish facing east towards the Playhouse. Far behind it and above gleamed a few lofty points of light where scrubwomen were at work on the upper floors of the Woolworth and Municipal Buildings. But the dancers were too used to these things to notice them and too overheated to bother anyhow.

Rose danced a few numbers with Sam Pecarsky and Izzy Berg, two of the boys who had come with her; then there was an intermission and her crowd gathered at the Grand Street parapet of the roof for a round of the belligerent kidding which passed as wit. ("Why doncha wash your neck for a change?" "Aw, how would you like to go to South Ferry?" And so on.) Rose hovered on the outskirts of the group, rather bored. A few tentative squeakings of the violin indicated that the orchestra would soon start again. A strange youth stepped towards her: he was brown-haired, clear-skinned and not unhandsome, and there was a pleasing air of the unknown about him. The taste and quality of his haberdashery proclaimed him no East Sider and Rose, noticing that he wore a vest in spite of the heat, guessed that he was no New Yorker either.

"May I have this dance?" he asked.

She nodded. They started off in a slow whirl.

"I'm sorry," he remarked, evidently feeling some apology necessary, "but I absolutely can't do these complicated dances everyone else is doing. They leave me simply staggered."

"I'm glad," said Rose, "I hate them." Then, after a pause, "Is this the first time you've been down here?"

"Oh yes. I have an aunt in Brooklyn, but I've only been in New York myself once or twice before."

"Oh—where do you live?"

"Lancaster Pa."

"Oh." Lancaster Pa. had never figured in Rose's dreams; it was a mere name on the map.

There was another silence. Then, "Perhaps I should have introduced myself before. My name's Paul Starner—my sister's working at the Settlement House for the summer."

"Oh," said Rose again. She had seen Martha Starner once when she went in to return a book. "My name's Rose Cohen." And conversation lagged.

"You know," he ventured at length, "I rather envy you living in New York—these skyscrapers and the way they tower all together down here in lower Manhattan—the kick you get when you see them from the ferry and the—" And he became incoherent with romantic awe.

"Well," said Rose dryly, "when you live here all the time it's not so romantic as you think." Then, with more interest, "Do you go to college?"

"Uh-huh."

"In Lancaster?" She had the over-precise enunciation of the second generation to learn the language; "Lancaster" she called it.

"No, I go to Lafayette—in Easton." And there was another lull broken only by intermittent exchanges of information concerning the movies which they had or had not both seen. Then came another intermission to allow Mrs. Lewis, the Settlement House matron and chaperone of the dance, to make her customary announcement of the dance the following Friday night and her customary (and futile) rider that wearing coats be

the mode among the masculine guests and non-smoking among the feminine. The music recommenced.

Rose found herself still dancing with the oddity who actually rhapsodized over New York. Conversation remained a bit strained and the dancing, like any other exertion in this weather, was certainly exhausting work, but she was rather beginning to like him. "Suppose we get something to cool us off," he suggested finally, and they worked their way over to the other parapet where the small refreshment table stood.

But the ice cream (which was the only "refreshment") had just given out. "It doesn't matter," said Rose.

"Yes, it does," he objected. "Really, we must have something cooling. There's a drugstore on the next corner—let's dash over there and have something where we can sit down to it. Besides, the dance seems to be pretty near over, anyhow."

"Well—" said Rose and she paused in deliberation. Then, quickly, "all right."

They sat at a dusty glass-topped table and dallied over stale marshmallow-nut sundaes. Conversation went down much more smoothly now and they began to discover unsuspected grounds of congeniality—that, oddly enough, Paul majored in English at college, for instance. And so, in spite of some hesitancy on his part—as of one venturing on partially unfamiliar ground—they discussed favorite authors. They found themselves agreeing famously.

"Do you like Edna St. Vincent Millay at all?" he inquired casually.

"I think she's *splendid*," said Rose, smiling across the table at him. Her eyes glowed with interest; she was thawing out remarkably.

"*'We were very tired, we were very merry—'*" he quoted banteringly.

" '*We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry,*' " she took him up. "I *do* like that one."

"Well, then," he grinned back, "let's."

She gave him a questioning look.

"Ride back and forth on the ferry—there ought to be *some* night boats between here and Staten Island. And I've always wanted to see lower Manhattan from the water when it's lighted up."

Rose took a deep breath. "Come on," she said.

They stood in the almost deserted prow of the ferry-boat and watched Manhattan's pin points of light come swiftly nearer. The night wind blew into them at right angles, whipping Rose's skirt into rolling balloon-like ruffles and blowing Paul's tie out to the side: after the dull heat of the land it was almost chilly. They stood close together talking in low, understanding tones; they were Rose and Paul to each other now. The moment they stepped aboard the dirty boat at South Ferry had seemed to mark in some mystic fashion the opening of a new chapter. Rose felt the sea breeze in her face and drank it in with a hungry joy; her eyes sparkled as she looked up at Paul.

"Glad we came?" he questioned.

"Mm-hmm" she nodded and smiled.

"We'll have to do it again. Can't we go somewhere together on Sunday?"

"I wish we could—the trouble is I've promised to go down to Midland Beach with my crowd for the day."

"Where's that?"

"Down on Staten Island—you take the bus there just outside the ferry terminal."

"Oh. Well, why can't you go with me instead? I'll only be here for a little over a week and I do want to make sure of seeing you again."

She stared straight in front of her toward the looming ferry-slip without answering.

"Please!" he begged but she still gazed indecisively in front of her without a word. There was the final crunch of the boat glancing against the bulkhead. It marked the end of the chapter which had begun when they first left the slip, Rose felt.

"All right," she said suddenly.

They met in the mid-forenoon of Sunday, at the ferry house; he spotted her in the crowd by her green dress. "Hello there," he said simply.

"Hello," said Rose and they shoved their way through the clacking turnstiles. It was largely a companionship of silence this morning: the ferry was crowded with lunch-box-laden families and the resulting atmosphere seemed one for casual discussion only—harbor landmarks and such like. . . . Interplay of question and answer as monotonous as the rocking-beam on an old-fashioned ferry-boat—and as free from grace or brilliancy. Yet somehow as solidly satisfying and as certain of eventually reaching its goal. By the time they had disembarked, fought their way on and off the bus and finally arrived at the beach, they felt (and it was no mere figure of speech) that they had known each other for days.

To Rose it seemed somehow as if it were Midland Beach that was new and strange and Paul who was old and familiar: instead of insisting (for one thing) that they go through the usual ritual of bathing and beach ball, he evidently found it much more amusing to wander chatting up and down the boardwalk with delightful aimlessness. It gave her the feeling of a patronizing visitor graciously deigning to inspect the place. She took lunch in one of the open-air, marble-topped restaurants with a feeling of conscious condescension, and followed him into sundry amusement concessions with an air of grandiose abstraction in higher things. And when, in these abstracting higher things, Paul got beyond his depth on the subject of books, they found other things of

interest to talk on. About Paul's home, for instance, and his exploits at college and then finally about the sea and its romantic fascination; and as neither of them had ever been any nearer to the sea than they were now, this topic lasted a long while.

Then in mid-afternoon, wandering out onto the gray wooden pier from which the boat ran to the Battery direct, they suddenly decided to return to New York. The boat itself was small, rickety and covered with soot, and gave the general impression of having been in its prime some time about the era of the Civil War; but Rose had never been on it before (for it cost twice as much as the other route), and even if she had traveled it every day, she thought to herself, it wouldn't have made a bit of difference—it was fun to travel it this time with Paul. He seemed to understand how romantic that string of anchored oil tankers, with rusty hulls, really were. Anyone else, she reflected, would have merely laughed. But Paul was different.

Their puffing Argo slowly neared the clustered towers where (contemporary American folk-lore had it) men kept watch over the Golden Fleece. At the feet of the skyscrapers nestled the gentle green of the Battery—charming and almost idyllic from the water, its crowds of people in shirt-sleeves so many pretty white dots. A sort of Brobdingnagian flower bed. Romance again. . . . Then they tied up to the land and all virtue was gone out of it. The dots resolved into clumps of the frowsy unshaven and unwashed seeking relief from tenement heat; and the shirts proved to be far from white. It was harsh, blazing reality and romance fled before it like a frightened shadow. Paul and Rose hurried sensitively through it, plunged into the subway and were sped uptown to the Cameo for the other flickering shadows and solacing unreality of the motion picture. The comparative quiet of the theatre was comforting; they

leaned toward each other in the sympathetic darkness. Rose was happy.

And they went to the theatre again this way every night but one of the ensuing week.

III

The breeze from the sea was languid and caressing, the rollers were moon-kissed and sibilant, and tiny patches of lazy cloud kept continually obscuring the stars. Rose with Paul beside her, was intensely conscious of all these. They sat silent together on the sands far beyond the end of the board-walk, and gazed on the gently heaving sea. The syncopated merry-makings of the regular Sunday night revelers and other disciples of jazzed joy were a ghostly tintinnabulation in the distance; the skies and the sands and the sea were the only things present and real. Those and Paul. He seemed preternaturally near, and she clung even closer to him as to the focus-point of all her vagrant dreams: to her he was romance incarnate. And she realized intuitively that she was something of the same to him, that the aura of strangeness hovered about her and slightly awed him. She sighed in complete content—if it could only last.

But it couldn't. Paul was whispering as he pled with her, that he must go home tomorrow and no matter how tightly she clung to Paul and today, tomorrow was there—inevitable, waiting. And then he would be gone. Today was the only thing she could be sure of.

And very suddenly she leaned her head back limply on the sand and closed her eyes—final, exquisite gesture of surrender.

IV

Mrs. Lewis was tired; exhausted in nerve and muscle. What was more, she still had a trying afternoon before her: it was the combination of worries which had frayed

her nerves to bits. This morning there had been that wearing business of getting uptown early and meeting her daughter Clara (who was married and lived over in Jersey City) to help Clara select a new coat and see about exchanging some mischosen Christmas presents. Then the rush to get back to the Settlement House with Clara in time for Saturday mid-day dinner, and after that the dispute between the cook and the colored clean-up man which had had to be ironed out. And now this affair of Rose Cohen.

The affair of Rose Cohen was more than a mere last straw. "It leaves me simply flabbergasted!" she told Clara. "Of all the girls I've known down here, the last one I'd ever imagine getting in trouble with a boy is Rose Cohen. She's always been much more refined and sane than any of the others. You've seen her—the one in green that came in to return *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* that time you were down here around Thanksgiving." Mrs. Lewis was a great reader herself and took a special maternal interest in Rose.

"Oh," said Clara. "Have you found who the boy is?"

"Yes—that's what makes it so embarrassing for us. You remember Martha Starnes, don't you? One of the Vassar girls doing social work down here last summer. Well, it was her brother Paul. He came on to stay with their aunt in Brooklyn for about a week early in July and he was down here a good bit."

"But how could you tell? Not about the girl, I mean, but about him. Did the girl make a fuss?"

"No. Rose never opened her mouth to me—that's what's put me in such a ticklish position this afternoon. She just went on as before, refusing to say anything about it but acting even queerer than usual—Rose always was a little queer, in a way. I wouldn't have known at all if I hadn't meddled. But she left one of his letters in a volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay when she

returned it to me; and before I'd hardly more than found out what it was, I saw how matters stood and that he wasn't going to do anything for her. And then I flew off the handle."

"But what could you do? You couldn't let on about having seen the letter."

"Well, I shouldn't, but I was so mad clean through on Rose's account that I did. I wrote straight back to the boy purely on my own hook and flourished the club over him."

"Mother, you didn't! What will people think of you?"

"I don't know what they'll think, but I know that I did. Perhaps if you knew the girl you'd understand why—though I'm not so sure that I *really* understand myself. Rose isn't like the usual lot—she's really terribly sensitive and shy at heart and she couldn't face it out the way most of them do. And, anyhow, the boy turned out to be a much better sort than I'd thought. He finally gave in and agreed to marry her."

"But they're miles apart in everything you can think of, Mother. Don't let mere morality make you forget that."

"No, they're not. From what I've seen of him, Rose has just as much real culture as he has. And it's not so much a case of mere morality as a case of giving Rose a chance in life. He'll probably get a job here in the city and they'll take an apartment up in the Bronx and she'll get out of the East Side, for one thing. Of course, I don't don't know just what they *will* do."

"But what does the girl want to do?"

"That's what's worrying me. Rose doesn't know anything about it. The boy made me promise, on account of some crazy kid notion, to break the news to Rose first. He's staying with his aunt in Brooklyn now but I have to tell Rose before he'll appear on the scene.

And that's why I rather dread this afternoon—I'm in a distinctly false position."

Mrs. Lewis felt even more in a false position as she sat there without the moral support of her daughter, watching Rose close the door and take a chair on the other side of the room. The matter, she reflected, almost panic-stricken, did seem a bit remote—Rose's condition wasn't so *very* obvious to the eye even now. It was hard to begin. "Rose," she tried, "I hope you'll realize that I really am interested in you and that whatever I may say—" She held up her hand to keep Rose from interrupting: she felt that if she once stopped she would never get through. And she stumbled on through to the end.

The silence in the room was thick and poisonous. For a full minute Rose kept her eyes fixed on the floor, the red slowly dying out of her face and neck. Then, abruptly, she clenched her fingers anew and looked up. "No," she said tensely. "No. I won't marry him. Thank you, Mrs. Lewis, but I won't. Let's not talk about it."

"Oh, come now, Rose, you haven't had time to realize what it means. You'll be much better off—"

"No." The clenched fingers twitched nervously.

"But Paul's perfectly willing now—"

The outburst came. "Can't you *understand*? It was real last summer—he really loved me, and even if he doesn't love me any more, I still have the memory of that week. But if he marries me now, it'll only be because of pity—and you! We won't love each other and the memory will be gone for good. I'd rather have the memory—it was worth it!"

"But, Rose, he's going to marry you and it can go on from where you left off."

"No. No. No. It's gone. It's dead. *Can't* you understand that you can't bring back the dead? Can't

you leave them peacefully in their graves? It's morbid! It's ghoulish!"

"Yes, but Paul's willing to mar—"

Had Rose's nature been a stronger one, she might have gotten out of the room without a scene; but she could not resist a final dramatic pause in the doorway. "Will you go to hell!" she exploded in a shriek that skidded dangerously near a sob. And she slammed the door.

Mrs. Lewis fled to the consolations of her daughter. "Never," she exclaimed, "have I been so insulted in my life! All I wanted to do was to help her, and I tried to put it as gently as possible; I don't know what more I could have said. I don't know what possessed the girl. Rose is queer, that's all."

J. W. Martin.



BOOKS

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY

ROBERT BRIDGES

Amid all the welter of novels that are Books-of-the-Month and motion pictures that Epics-of-the-Era,-Age or-Century, there occasionally does come something whose appearance is a real literary event. Of this select small company is *The Testament of Beauty*. In the burst of welcoming acclaim many things have been stressed which need (and can receive) little re-emphasizing here: that it is the Poet Laureate's first poetical publication in some five years, that it is a monumental achievement for a man of eighty-five, that it is a re-wedding of philosophy to poetry, that it is a latter-day Wordsworthian *Prelude*, that it abandons traditional English metres for the classical hexameter, that it introduces hitherto-profane simplified spelling into the very high places of literature, and so on.

It is probably the manner rather than the matter of the poem which will first strike the average reader. Whether or no Dr. Bridges is right in his contention that English prosody should depend on the number of "stresses," instead of syllables, in a line, it would still seem beyond dispute that the preponderant bulk of English poetry has in practice followed the latter style. The first tendency, therefore (and one which is furthered by the occasional verse which can be scanned accentually as well as quantitatively), is to attempt to make the poem fit the traditional rhythmic patterns to which the present-day English ear is more closely attuned. It is only after reading several hundred of the four thousand-odd lines which the work comprises that one

really begins to be charmed by the subtle overtones which, under the whip of the Poet Laureate's great skill, Greek and Latin rhythms can bring to English poetry. But, for all that, the final impression produced on the modern not-particularly-cultivated ear is one of a vast number of vividly poetical phrases—and even whole lines—which, nevertheless, in their totality give the effect of exquisite and highly refined prose. Compare, for instance,

*"Inasmuch then as the ideas in any one mind
are a promiscuous company muster'd at random,
ther wil be such disorder as Reason can perceive
and may hav skill to amend;*

The approach to simplified spelling, it should be added, is mainly to assist in reading the lines correctly.

But the actual content is perhaps even more striking. Though *The Testament of Beauty* is from beginning to end a definitely philosophic poem, as pure philosophy it would seem to be nothing more startlingly new than a modified Platonism. Rather than a mere re-hash, however, is it a re-interpretation, in terms of this fevered modern age, of the position Dr. Bridges has arrived at during a lifetime which has seen many shifts and changings of the fashionable winds in both thought and poetry.

Although he mentions airplanes or football quite as casually as he does Dante or Pythagoras, and goes to a modern factory for a poetic simile just as readily as anywhere else, he is nevertheless intensely aware of the deep foundation of tradition on which modern civilization rests; and the Introduction (first of the four books) is largely concerned with the setting forth of this. The thesis, if one may call it such, is that it has been the feeling for Beauty which has chiefly set man apart from the beasts and the higher from the lower man.

*"This spiritual elation and response to Nature
is Man's generic mark."*

And again, near the end of the last book,

*"Verily by Beauty it is that we come at WISDOM,
yet not by Reason at Beauty:"*

The next two books, *Selfhood* and *Breed*, center around Plato's famous chariot simile: *Selfhood*, or Man's individual aspect, and *Breed*, or his social aspect, are the two horses which must be skillfully tamed and guided by Reason. Throughout both of these books, as well as the concluding one, *Ethick*, there are to be found any number of those products of extraordinary intellectual and poetical ability that one loves to quote. Some, almost platitudinous in content, are noteworthy chiefly for the latter quality—as

"Time eateth away at many an old delusion,"

and

*"Knowledge accumulath slowly and not in vain;
with new attainment new orders of beauty arise;"*

At other times there will be a peculiarly apt quotation from Virgil, or a parody so perfectly in context and so far removed from flippancy that one realizes only as an accidental afterthought that it is a parody. Thus, in discussing the changed relations between East and West,

*" their wiseacres hav seen
the electric light i' the West, and come to worship;"*

And if one desires compactness of quotation, perhaps both the matter and the manner of the poem are best summed up in

*"Not knowing the high goal of our great endeavor
is spiritual attainment, individual worth,
tat all cost to be sought and at all cost pursued,
o be won at all cost and at all cost assured;"*

(Oxford University Press, \$3.50)

J. W. M.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

H. M. TOMLINSON

There was a time when a novel afforded the reader the vicarious thrill of living strenuously, of loving as he could never love, of fighting as he would like to fight, and of daring as he would never dare. If the background provided for the hero were an historical one, the tale gained by having a somewhat greater pretense to truth. But at the present time the picture seems to be reversed, and the characters, and even the plot, are but an excuse for setting forth the background. Particularly is this true of the recent deluge of war books, of which Mr. Tomlinson's is one. Any unity which the book has lies in the theme of the utter helplessness of the individual when confronted with the stupidity of the mass, and the corresponding helplessness of the mass when opposed to the greed of the individual. The characters serve only to show the inexorable workings of the fate which drew all men into the cataclysm of the war, and the plot is more concerned with this tide in the affairs of men than with the men themselves.

In the opening event of the launching of a ship in the Boer War, through all the incidents in the family life of the Bolts, accompanying Jim Maynard to Africa, and stalking with Charlie Bolt up and down Fleet Street, there is the veiled figure of the spectre foreshadowing the precipitation of the disaster. Ever felt, ever present, ever dimly seen, yet never brought into the open, this spectre is the central character of the book, around which all else revolves.

Historians can analyze the war, pick it to pieces, and examine every shred, but they no more give a living picture of it than does the biologist of the animal which he dissects; and Mr. Tomlinson is more interested in the human aspect than in any dissection. He also chronicles

facts, but all are nicely calculated to fit into the experience which he is skillfully weaving. At no single spot of the book can one point and say, "That is the war." It is in the mind of the reader that the feeling of the war is evoked. And so this book will be used as a source for the war no more than poems of nature are used by botanists. The author has not chronicled the war, nor has he described his emotions at the time. Instead, he has used psychological means to produce those feelings in the mind of the reader. He does not try to describe the indescribable; he reproduces it. The experience of the whole is not to be found in the mobbing of the philosophical tobacconist, in the musings of the old clergyman, in the pathetic efforts of the elder Bolts to keep the knowledge of their sons' deaths from each other, nor in the final scene of the picnickers among the rows of crosses in Flanders' fields; it is in the sum of these incidents, and in the camera-like flashes which the book contains, that there are dimly to be perceived the intangible and baffling spirits of war, peace, and humanity.

The book makes no effort to point a moral, or to solve a problem; it is merely an attempt to catch a set of emotions and portray the experience of an individual highly sensitive to the group, and in this it has succeeded remarkably well. If it is this that the reader seeks, he will find *All Our Yesterdays* to be one of the greatest of war books. On the other hand, if he seeks entertainment alone, the book is not to be recommended.

(Harpers, \$2.50)

C. W. M.

IT WALKS BY NIGHT

JOHN DICKSON CARR

As the gruesome red hand on the jacket might indicate, Jack Carr's first novel, *It Walks By Night*, deals with murder. Four murders in fact. Dr. Rothswold, Viennese plastic surgeon, and Monsieur le Duc de Saligny,

Parisian sportsman, have met their fate before the story proper begins. Alexandre Laurent, diagnosed as a "lust-murderer", also of Paris, steps to the beyond with head in hand, before the volume is twenty pages old. And, with a final gory flourish, Carr disposes of M. Vautrelle, a pretender in Paris social circles, in the last quarter of the volume.

With this foundation, Carr sets out to tell his story. He bothers very little with murders (a) and (b), however. Laurent, the aforementioned "lust-murderer", performed both with very little ado, so that he could consummate a long-planned murder of his former wife, Louise, engaged to marry Saligny. Already built similarly to Saligny, Laurent had the plastic artist remake his face to resemble exactly that of *le duc*, and then neatly clipped the doctor's head from his body. *Le duc* is disposed off with comparative ease also. Nor does the murder of Vautrelle seem to matter much. It was just another of these bloody slayings in the dark corner of the garden, after which the murderer escaped easily in a high-powered motor. It was the killing of Alexandre Laurent, then posing as Saligny, and already remarried to (and about to put an end to) Louise that engaged the best efforts of THE HAVERFORDIAN'S old friend, M. Bencolin, master detective of the Paris police force. This also was the murder which was important enough to call for a diagram of the scene of the crime on page one of the book.

It is no business of ours to explain how Bencolin, working boisterously, swiftly and with the customary aid of all the possible criminal technicians of the Paris bureau of police, found who was responsible for the four murders. As police officials usually do, he arrived at his conclusions with the most clever brain work and physical labor possible. Had he just examined the diagram carefully (as even the unskilled reader is advised to do), he would have had the murderer in the Bastille (or

wherever they put criminals in Paris) before page twenty-five was reached. But naturally that would never do. Dr. Grafenstein, a famous psycho-analysist, had to be summoned (just what the good doctor proved in the book is beyond the understanding of this simple soul). Suspicion had to be cast upon one after another of the characters, even including the inevitable valet of the murdered man. The son of an old schoolmate of Bencolin had to be asked to assist in the detection of the criminal, although the most aid that he rendered (aside from telling the story) was to furnish Bencolin with a good motor and several glasses of brandy.

In a word, Carr has concocted a promising and complicated plot which is solved by the single statement that the detective on guard outside the room where the prime murder was committed could not see the murderer leave because it is humanly impossible to see around a corner. *Quod erat demonstrandum*. He has used all the old favorite tricks to cast suspicion on one character after another, and then left these characters dangling in mid-air with no explanation as to why they did not do the murdering.

On the other hand, the book is masterfully written. Jack Carr left Haverford to go to Paris, and in three brief months there he assimilated enough atmosphere of the boulevard and casino (tut, tut—not that he didn't make a careful study of the architecture of Notre Dame) to give the readers of *It Walks By Night* descriptive passages that almost breathe out the air of the sophisticates' paradise. Those who have met Bencolin before in these pages, as well as a host of new acquaintances, will not be disappointed in the book.

(Harpers, \$2.00)

J. L. M.

THE 42ND PARALLEL

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Mr. Dos Passos shows a remarkable fertility in this excellent picture of American life from the turn of the century to the war. His central figures, whose stories converge but slightly, range the whole country, socially as well as geographically, in the course of their wanderings. They are: (1) Mac, the printer who sells dirty books, temporarily deserts the I. W. W. to marry a girl he has got with child and settle down, and then goes down to Mexico to see the revolution; (2) Janey, the efficient and typical secretary; (3) J. Ward Moorehouse, son of a station-agent, who, after divorcing his dissolute first wife, marries a neurotic heiress and becomes a prominent Public Relations Counsel, feeding the public great gobs of publicity about the need for protecting American institutions—that is, capitalism—from foreign socialistic onslaughts; (4) Eleanor, the interior decorator who becomes J. W.'s intimate but platonic friend; and (5) Charley, the restless and vaguely ambitious mechanic who goes to war for lack of anything else to do.

There are also a host of Hogarthian minor characters—agitators, whores, wobblies, artists, real estate men, and what not. The social and historical background of the times is admirably given by concise interpolated biographies of such men as Big Bill Heywood, Carnegie, and LaFollette; and by brief sections, called “The Camera Eye,” which picture the streams of consciousness of various people, or “The News Reel,” which consists of jumbled masses of newspaper headlines. Through them all runs a vein of satire, and the same vivid realism which distinguished *Three Soldiers* and *Manhattan Transfer*. Mr. Dos Passos’ designedly chaotic structure and style may grate on the reader who prefers his novels in the good old manner, but we think you’ll like the book.

Incidentally, if you present it to grandma, remember to read it first and prepare a glossary for her.

(*Harper's*, \$2.50)

M. I. N.

THREE PLAYS OF MENANDER

L. A. POST

It is almost a platitude of European literature since the Renaissance that each of the major dramatists of antiquity has had his day or his disciples among the poets and playwrights of these later times. One alone of these dramatists has failed to receive of our world the recognition accorded him by his own: this is Menander and the reason the very sufficient one that until a chance discovery of a mutilated papyrus codex in Egypt in 1905, he was known only by repute and by isolated quotations in other ancient writers. This deficiency Mr. Post's book is intended to assist in remedying; and although, as Mr. Post points out, "the modern stage has reached a point where it has little to learn from Menander," this latest volume of the Broadway Translations should nevertheless prove very welcome to the intelligent layman who wishes to mend his knowledge of the greatest comedy writer of antiquity.

Previously, about the only easily available translation of these fragments of Menander was the translation (by another Haverfordian, Francis G. Allison) in the Loeb Classics—a translation which, whatever may have been its merits in preserving Menander's original metres and the precise meanings of the individual Greek words, was as English verse and English drama execrably bad. Mr. Post, on the other hand, has not attempted to foist on English comedy the utterly foreign medium of verse, but has followed rather the true spirit of Menander in rendering the three plays into supple and colloquial dramatic prose. It smells (if one may stretch the metaphor a bit) of the footlights rather than of the lamp.

As any remains so fragmentary as these necessarily require, a reconstruction of the missing parts is supplied and a preface introduces the layman to Menander the comedian and his position in Greek and Roman literature. At the end of the volume "An Estimate of Menander" makes stimulating comparisons between his genius and that of other classic writers of comedy from Plautus to Goldoni.

(Dutton, \$1.75)

J. W. M.

BENEDICT ARNOLD—THE PROUD WARRIOR

CHARLES COLEMAN SELLERS

There is always a temptation to burst into paeans of praise when one can point proudly to the actual printed word of an alumnus who has entered the ranks of full-fledged publishing authors. In the case of *Benedict Arnold* we find this temptation quite difficult to resist. At a time when nearly every biographical attempt is avowedly interpretative, Mr. Sellers has contented himself with a scholarly catalogue of events which clears up a good deal about the life of a much maligned character in American history. Not that he makes any attempt to whitewash the treachery of his subject; he merely explains the situation which led up to the impulsive act which wrecked Arnold's whole life. As to the accuracy of Mr. Sellers' historical data, we must confess that our study of American history in the dim past was never very exhaustive; and since there is a very impressive bibliography in the back of the book we are willing to wager Mr. Sellers probably knows what he's talking about. What we particularly liked about the book was the author's urbane and suave manner of keeping out of the reader's way.

If you can put up with the necessary enumeration of rather lengthy facts and derive any pleasure from sugar-coated history, you are sure to enjoy this one.

(Minton Balch, \$5.50)

J. T. G.

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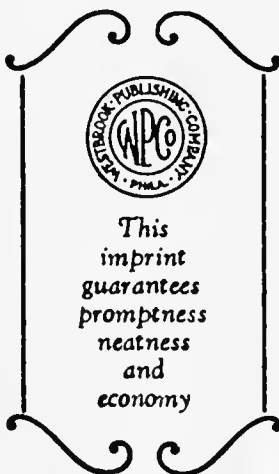
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DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT
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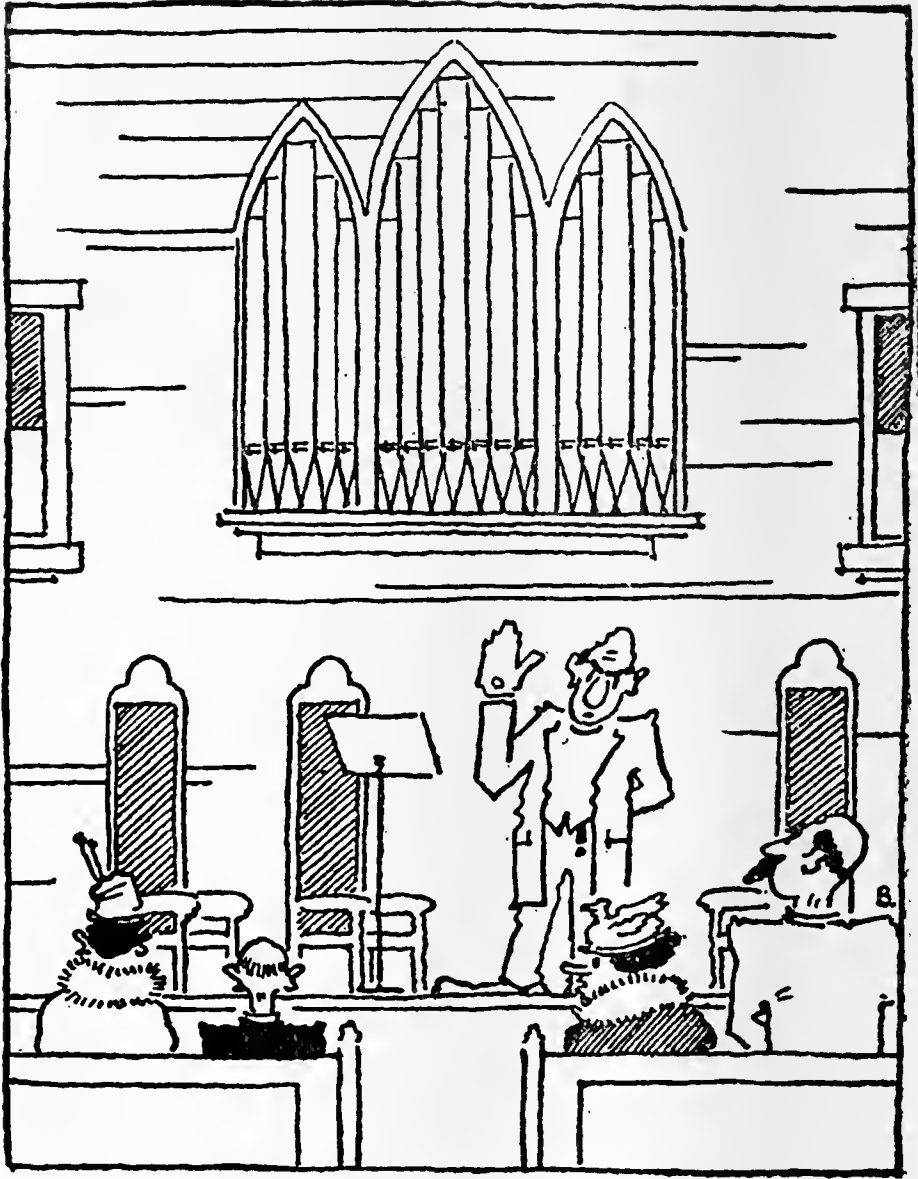
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A RED-HOT SERMON

We Worship at Wildfawn

IMAGINE, if you can, dear reader, an ordinary street corner in the suburbs of one of our eminent centers of population, situated in that central portion of these United States known variously as the Corn or Bible Belt. (Here we render sincere apologies to our esteemed contemporary, *The American Mercury*.) Imagine, too, the fatigue and annoyance with which I came to a halt at this most ordinary of corners at exactly a quarter before eleven on the morning of a certain wintry Sabbath. And here I would remind you that this series of fond imaginings is not presented to you in any other cause than that of practical fact. It is merely a case of gymnastics by which your imaginations may be fashioned (we hope) into marvelously elastic and sympathetic organs, so that you may, at least in part, appreciate the odd and peculiar state of mind which caused me to fling common sense to the winds and drink at the fount of pure religion as it is dispensed to the good burghers of Wildfawn Heights. I am making no apology; I simply cry your tolerance (an efficient word, I believe, in matters of religion, so-called).

As I have said, I was tired, cold and utterly disgusted with the bright-faced gentleman at the hotel desk who had recommended these suburbs through which I had been wandering for the past two hours as containing "some perfectly beautiful and stunning examples of modern architecture." Several miles of practical laboratory work with these "examples" had done little to better the condition of my temper. Beautiful architecture! I recalled the gentleman's round shiny face and sighed at my own credulity. Stunning it may have been, if you take "stunning" to mean the spectacle of street after street of human dwellings erected in every conceivable shape and form from Moorish mosques to weird mélanges of Spanish patios and Norman chateaux,

each larded with great gobs of sloppy stucco and landscaped by a few straggling firs and cedars. But beauty—in the Bible Belt beauty is in its infancy, perhaps not even born. Of course, I mean only physical beauty, for what, I submit, could surpass the beauty of soul and spirit which caused the trustees of the University of Wildfawn to dismiss from their faculty one of those dangerously atheistic scientists who dared to impugn the veracity of the Holy Writ.

And so *revenons à nos moutons*—I came to a halt desirous of nothing more than rest and contemplation of something other than the irritatingly suburban landscape all about me. To my left lay Wildwood Boulevard, a wide imposing avenue, that stretched away into the flat distance and probably met some Petunia Lane three miles beyond the horizon for all I knew or cared. Before me was more modest Ferndale Road along whose paths and sidewalks I had just been wandering. On all sides were new stuccoed abodes, all neat, all new, all irritating both to sight and intellect. There was but one relief, and my eye actually brightened as it lighted upon a red brick edifice half-way up the block on Ferndale Road. I judged it to be about twenty years old—it looked actually venerable in its setting. But what could it be? I approached it on the opposite side of the street. It seemed as if its architect had been possessed of some hazy desire to build an ingenious combination of a public library and a railroad station. A “stunning” portico of Corinthian columns contrasted rather well with the dark red of the brick. But the turreted tower in Edwardian Gothic seemed to have little in common with the rest of the building; it must have been some years before the library-like portico was added to the building, for it had a distinctly alien look and the whole effect was rather astonishing.

I found my curiosity arising anew out of the ennui

of the last few hours. Here was a strange edifice that challenged me by its very appearance. I crossed the street and made to read the great inscription over the portico. I had fully expected to read "WILDFAWN PUBLIC LIBRARY" and was accordingly rather surprised to read instead in great Latin letters "THIS IS NONE OTHER THAN THE HOUSE OF GOD". "Interesting to say the least," I was thinking when my eye lighted upon a large sign planted,—yes, literally planted,—to the right of the entrance of the building. The plot was thickening; I drew near, quite heedless of the people who were passing along the walk and into the building (I am sure there must have been other people because the place was full when I went inside although I had noticed no one). I stopped directly in front of the sign which announced to the general public the following gospel in letters some four inches high:

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the content of this worthy advertisement, but the name Wildfawn Heights "intrigued" me with its delicately silvan atmosphere, and "a red hot sermon" sounded exceedingly timely in January. So in I went intending to sit in some obscure corner. But my hopes in that direction were destined to be nipped in the bud; hardly had I got through the doorway when some good brother clad in a talkative gray checked suit and oxfords of a touching yellow hue, came panting up to me, grabbed me by the arm, pumped my hand, pawed me with true commerce club zeal, and finally seated me half-way down the center section of the auditorium beside a rural looking gentleman with an obviously wilted collar and a still more obvious case of halitosis. All this before I could realize quite what was happening.

At length I recovered my equanimity and set about amusing myself in admiring the beauties of the Late Pullman interior, marvelling the while how ingeniously it had been fitted into Wildfawn's conception of a Gothic shell. For the auditorium of the Wildfawn Heights Methobapterian Church was an object worthy of the profoundest wonder and awe. With unerring logic its architect had modeled it after the fashion of a classical amphitheater, since it was to be used for Christian worship. In place of a stage, however, there was a raised platform of paneled oak upon which five large dining room chairs upholstered in red plush were ranged on either side of a varnished soap box which I boldly presumed to be the pulpit. I found myself speculating as to whether this admirable setting had ever been used for the production of Greek tragedy. A phalanx of green- and gold-tinted organ pipes made a rather remarkable background for the red plush chairs towering above them like great stalks of green corn which together with the fear of God had made Wildfawn what it was today.

I was busily regarding these evidences of ecclesiastical splendor when the reflection of the organist's bald pate in the little mirror above him caught my eye. Spell-bound I watched him scratch his head reflectively as he prepared for the coming ordeal. Then he hitched himself together and ground out Händel's "Largo" in a valiant attempt to accompany the Anvil Chorus of conversation going on in the congregation. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a little concealed door in the paneled woodwork separating the choirloft from the pulpit platform began to open stealthily and a thin, rather pinched individual in a Prince Albert and *pince nez* appeared.

"Aha, a detective play!" I would have cried if I had not known that this could be none other than the heated Dr. Gaupp himself. He stepped up to the fumed-oak pulpit, arranged his notes, and inserted them in the proper place in the Bible, took the hymnal, and sat down regarding his flock with a smile of beatific vacuity. At once half a dozen ushers, deacons, elders, and what-not trotted down the aisles and handed him slips of paper—Western Union telegrams probably.

Came the choir; and even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. After a few preliminary titters and powderings of noses they were ready. The good padre advanced to the pulpit and announced in a voice that trembled and ended in a questioning key, "Let us rise and sing Number 113." I shared a limp-backed hymnal with my rustic companion and joined lustily in the singing of "Hold the Fort for I am Coming." I thought we sang rather well, that is, as far as volume goes, but at the conclusion of the first stanza, Dr. Gaupp held up his hand to motion for silence.

"Now you folks can sing this grand old hymn better than that," he said reproachfully. "Come on, let's *sing!*"

Sing we did. The very chandeliers trembled.

"That's better. Now let the ladies sing the third verse and the men the fourth."

At the conclusion of the hymn we sat down with a great rustling and regarded the late-comers scrambling for their pews, while the reverend pastor bid his sheep to prayer. It has always been my custom to stand, kneel, or bow my head in a strange church just as the rest of the congregation does; so when I saw the people settle back comfortably and stare in Buddhist contemplation at their minister while he recounted all the news of the week along with the daily weather report to God, who seemed to be sitting in the topmost tier of the balcony, I did likewise.

An anthem, a portion of Scripture, then another hymn. "Beulah Land" it was this time. The basses rumbled forth a mighty accompaniment to the shrill sopranos. There was no need for any goadings on the part of Dr. Gaupp this time. The spiritual power of the song thrilled the thirsting hearts of the people, and it was with great exultation that they sang:

"I've reached the land of corn and wine."

Then came announcements:

"The Young People's Society will meet tonight at 6.30 o'clock in the church parlors. The topic will be, 'If I were a millionaire'. Miss Mabel Mitts is the leader. Our evening service will be at 8.00 as usual. This is boarding house night, and all those who live in boarding houses are specially invited. We hope to bring you a special message. The ladies of the church will serve a pie supper in the church tomorrow. Tuesday afternoon I will conduct the funeral of our beloved brother Mr. George G. Gaspar, at four o'clock. Wednesday night our midweek prayer meeting will be in the nature of a surprise. Bring the kiddies. A ladies' pocketbook

containing three car tokens, a handkerchief, and two vanity cases was found in the Sabbath-School room. Next Sunday morning I will preach on 'Ann and Lindy. What Does it Mean to You?' The evening service will be in charge of Mr. Gus Prinz and his Country Club Bible Class with special music. The morning offering will now be received."

Mopping his forehead the clergyman retired to the comfort of his five plush chairs. The soprano's eyes were bulging with spiritual zeal as she rendered "Oh for the Wings of a Dove" as an offertory. Somehow I found it hard to imagine her as a dove, an ostrich perhaps, but scarcely a dove.

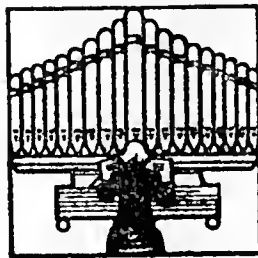
And now came the *pièce de résistance* of the whole performance, the much advertised red-hot sermon. It was a masterpiece; "West of Zanzibar" was the title. In an easy, quite confidential style, Dr. Gaupp informed us of his visit to Hollywood during the preceding summer, and of how in the course of an afternoon he had learned not a little of the great art of the cinema. There, he said, he had had the great good fortune to see Lon Chaney making the film "West of Zanzibar" and had been so impressed with the making of it, that contrary to his usual custom he had gone into a theater to see it. It was the story of a cripple who tried to drag his worst enemy's daughter down to the depths of sin in a wild attempt at vengeance, only to find that she was his own daughter. He described the degradation of the Island of Zanzibar until I resolved mentally to visit that depraved land. His voice was so soothing that I scarcely realized that somehow the scene had shifted until I heard the name of Moses, and then I knew that he had worked around from Lon Chaney to the Old Testament. Suddenly his tone changed. I awoke with a start. He was banging the Bible, snatching and waving it frantically in the air, making metaphors and semaphores at the

same time. An electric thrill ran through the congregation as he cried out, "But, Oh! my friends! You may leave the Land of Egypt and cross over to the Land of Canaan if the fleshpots of Zanzibar have not seared your soul, for then West of Zanzibar will be the land beyond the Jordan, and you may lay up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal the broken pitcher that went too often to the well!"

With gusto and vim we sang the closing hymn "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" I started to go out, but my Commerce Club friend seized me, got my name and address, invited me to come to the Country Club Class, which always met for a few holes of golf before Sunday School, and promised to look me up during the week.

But the next Sunday I took a walk to the other end of town. My feet hurt me, for I was doing penance by wearing a new pair of shoes. I had told the Commerce Club man the wrong name and address.

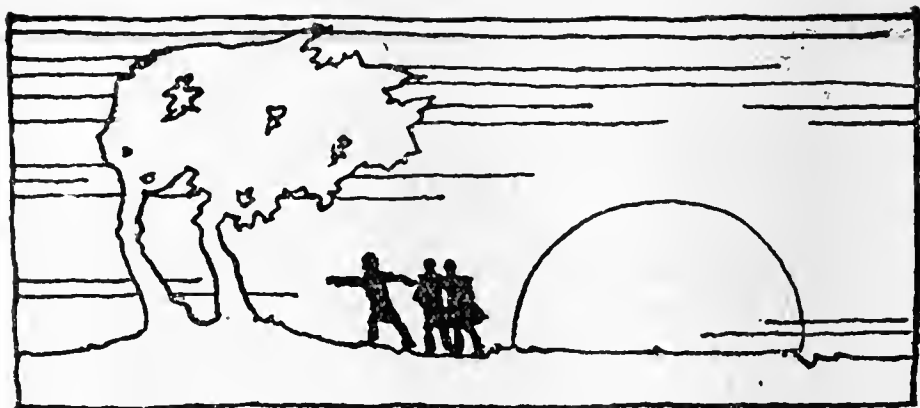
J. T. Golding.



Deity

*High am I upon the mountain
Where the lonely cypress stands,
And the lower branches shifting,
Back and forward
Slowly shifting,
Touch my body
And caress me with their hands.
Here the air is cool and cutting,
Here the sight is swift and keen,
And the distance of my vision
Is unbounded,
Here my vision
Sees the wonders that no mortal eye has seen.
Mist there was but it has risen—
All the countryside is green;
In the midst there flows a river,
Calmly silent
Flows a river;
And I look on
All the secrets that have been.
Here upon the tall green mountain,
Looking down on lower lands
Where the lazy smoke is drifting,
Swirling gently,
Smoke is drifting—
Here I know that
I am God who understands.*

L. A.



Exit Unus Trinitatis

*We three, we jolly three,
Thru what seemed an eternity,
 Waded thru waters of pain;
We three have put to rout
Endless enemies clad in doubt
 Who ne'er will rise again.
To tie and tether us three together
 The gods have given us deep affection—
They will have their joke and we bear the yoke
 With a mutual wink in their direction.
We three, we jolly three
Over a silently starless sea
 Walked upon wings of wind:
If the gods have glee,
Why, so do we—
What do they think that mortals be?—
We are free and triply free
 To leave the gods behind.
Their pace is fast,
But to the last,
We'll give them a race for their money—
So let them shout,—
I have no doubt
 They find it very funny*

*To bother the three of us ever and ever
With endless fear of separation,
No doubt they think it very clever
To end our lives with a slow damnation.
We three are dying all
But over the mound where our graves are dug,
The flag of us still is flying tall,
And we greet the gods with a careless shrug.
We three are all together
Bound in iron bands,
Wet and wild the wind and weather,
Savage the gods' demands—
We can escape them for the now
While we smile and drop our sorrow,
Brave indifference and courage show
E'er today becomes tomorrow.
I of three am old, and going
Slower than the other two:
Faces peer at my window showing
Infinite evil they will do.
The sands of life are disappearing
Never again shall we three be hearing
Sounds as rich and as endearing—
Voices three are two become
And I creep with ghastly fearing
Into my grave to a funeral drum
Beating a rhythm as I grow numb—
Flee away from the wrath to come. . . .*

Lockhart Amerman.

Switzerland in Retrospect

TWO years ago we spent a very happy week in Switzerland. Happiness doubtless comes to some unsought; in our case it was the result of thoughtful consideration beforehand. We decided to vagabond, to tramp the hills from inn to inn, carrying on our backs the minimum necessities and avoiding those outposts of organized luxury, the grand hotels. We chose a part of Switzerland that has been deservedly popular for more than a century and still avoided crowds. We did it in the first place by tramping, and in the second place by timing our excursion in the middle of June. The result was that we had our choice of accommodations, were glad to see occasional fellow-tourists, and never had to commit ourselves to anything in advance. June is of course a cooler month and usually a rainier month than August in Switzerland. The cold is considerable at night at any great elevation, and at Mürren, which is a mile above sea-level, we sought refuge from the chill in bed soon after dinner. The days on the other hand were even hot at times, and trampers can always keep warm. It must be confessed, however, that a whole-heartedly rainy week would have diminished the fun, though I cannot believe that it would have throttled it entirely. As it was, we were lucky, for there were only two rainy days, and on those we were at Meyringen and at Lauterbrunnen, both of which have spectacular subterranean gorges and cascades; and water dashing against rock in a gloomy cavern is even more hypnotic and sombre in rain than in sunshine. Besides, anyone who knows his vagabonds knows that they enjoy walking in the rain.

Our rendezvous was Bern. Here we purchased light raincoats and spiked walking-sticks. We tried but failed on account of mist to see the snowpeaks from the ter-

race with its famous view, but we were duly impressed by the natural features and the medieval reminiscences of that charming city. It is not so very different now from the description that I read of it as a boy in Jacob Abbot's *Rollo in Switzerland*. I wonder if anyone reads the old *Rollo* books now. A great deal may still be learned about traveling from them. Fussiness, pretension and conceit are discouraged on almost every page by the wise author. To me *Rollo* and Uncle George are heroes of a bygone age and to follow their footsteps is itself a pilgrimage. They arrived at Bern by diligence from Basle and they took four hours next day to reach Thun, now half an hour distant. It must be nearly a hundred years ago that their adventures took place. Yet the steamers on the twin lakes of Thun and Brienz are the same now as they were then; and it rained on us as it had on them, so that we took the train and not the steamer from Interlaken to Meyringen.

First day. No mountains yet but the rain has almost ceased. We tramp from the station picking our way among hotels and souvenir shops well out into the country where the guide-book promises a modest inn. It turns out to be just what we want, remote, cheap, and unpretentious, but spacious, comfortable and quiet, just the luxury we seek. From it we can make excursions without ever toiling through the streets of the town, and we have about us at all times an environment of unpolluted mountain scenery. We have time to inspect the gorge of the Aare before we settle down. This is well worth seeing under any conditions, but I don't suppose it would give us half the enjoyment if it were not set for us in an atmosphere totally different from the ordinary. Our little inn is so unassuming and so out of the way, and so simple in its arrangements that it is easy to cast off in imagination a century or two, or at least a generation of human progress. It gives us that Babes-

in-the-wood feeling of unreality, as if we had discovered a desert island all by ourselves and had no cares in the world. The story of the garden of Eden has a more than historical truth, for no man lives who has not hankered to be in it and to have the whole of human existence in front of him where it is no burden, instead of behind, where he feels its weight. Of course the garden of Eden is only comparative. One should not shake off too many centuries. But there is something very restful and secure about the early Victorianism of an unexploited Swiss inn.

Second day. We start for Grindelwald amid the sparkle of sunlight on trees still dripping from the rain. Our packs are light; it is our first day of walking. We do not know where we shall lunch or how far we shall go. The funicular to the Reichenbach falls saves us an hour. Here the sunlight is altogether an advantage, and the abundant falls are an excellent background for the morning climb. In any case there is a special thrill about the first day's tramping. The pine-scented mountain air is intoxicating in itself. There are little surprises everywhere until you reach the upper valley, when there are great surprises: unfolding vistas, the sudden emergence of the first snow-peak around a corner, the gradual discovery of new peaks and of new aspects of old peaks, until they seem to do a fantastic dance as they play hide and seek with the plodding wayfarer. At last the Wetterhorn appears unmistakably in the distance. It is providential that mist veiled the mountains when we looked for them at Bern. They seem suddenly to have been created; nevertheless we search the map and identify them. The Rosenlauri glacier invites us and there is an excellent hotel for lunch, but the enthusiasm of inexperience is too strong and we press on, astounded at our own energy and tirelessness. We have much to learn about tramping. Soon the carriage road ceases and becomes

a trail and the trail seems to be only a cowpath marked by occasional dabs of paint on the rocks. There are no more houses; the path suddenly goes up and up; finally the trees come to an end, and there are splashes of snow among the rocks and the flowers. We rest and rest again. Legs unused to climbing refuse to move. The packs have grown not merely heavy but crushing. The lunch we might have had at Rosenlauri becomes an obsession. Still we go on, steeper, steeper, steeper, slowly and more slowly. The last ten minutes are the hardest. When the goal is in sight, then is the weakness of the legs most apparent.

Four hours it had taken us to reach the Grosse Scheidegg, less than a ten-mile walk after all. Yes, but we had climbed nearly five thousand feet in the process, and that is equivalent to many miles on any system of calculation. The restaurant is open! I suppose we should survive if it weren't, but it distinctly doesn't seem so at the time. The view is a good foretaste of what is to come later. The Grosse Scheidegg is a great ridge that shuts off Grindelwald to the east as the Kleine Scheidegg shuts it off to the west. Incidentally the Kleine Scheidegg is slightly the more elevated of the two. The valley of Grindelwald is in plain sight ahead or rather beneath; to the left is the mighty wall of the Wetterhorn; to the right is a conglomerate mass of mountains that serve as foothills to the snowpeaks, though any one of them would tower far above the White Mountains of New England. We are later to visit one of them, the Faulhorn, approaching from the opposite direction. The descent into Grindelwald is a change, but as all know who can remember their first climbs, descent is much more painful at first than ascent. Still, no weariness is proof against the exhilaration of novelty.

When we reach the point where the slope changes

from near perpendicular to merely steep, we stop to gaze at the Wetterhorn cliff and at the upper Grindelwald glacier that is coming into view around the shoulder of the mountain. We detect a slight movement. It is a roped party making its way along the blank face of the cliff. We conclude that what looks like a crevice in the rock must conceal a path. It seems a shame to go still further into the valley when we are well up the mountain already. We will go up! We struggle across pastures and snow patches to the crevice and find the path. But what a path! On one side sheer cliff, on the other a drop of hundreds of feet. It is really easy, however, and we follow it up across the face of the cliff to the look-out point on the shoulder of the mountain perched far above the lower course of the glacier. Looking down from the Woolworth building is child's play to this. We overhang the abyss; at our left the ice field emerges from the heights far above and plunges in a frozen cascade to the valley unbelievably distant below. It is enough; we will go no further today.

We scramble back to the trail and find an inn that is really an undersized farmhouse. The Wetterhorn will stand a great deal of gazing at from this point, and as we drink innumerable cups of tea, we know that we shall lodge here for the night. There is nothing to be gained by moving. On this decision the Wetterhorn thunders approvingly by sending down three avalanches, each more magnificent than its predecessor. First comes a distant rumble and far up appears a light cloud of snow. The thunder and the crackling are repeated a little louder, and a larger cloud appears a little nearer, and so on and on until, as the noise dies away, huge masses of snow come plunging over the three-thousand-foot cliff and roll down the slope below among the grazing cows. Score one again for June. It is the last month for conspicuous avalanches.

Third day. The spring has temporarily gone out of our muscles. We walk an hour to Grindelwald and are just in time for the train. Nothing contributes to a walking tour like a ride in the train. Down the valley we coast nearly to Interlaken, then we crawl by cog-railway to the Schynige Platt. At last the full glory of the snowpeaks bursts upon us. Wetterhorn, Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau rise cold and clear and glittering white among a host of rivals and satellites. We have emerged from the atmosphere of earth into a new world and are in no mood to descend. We do not have to. The map shows a trail to the Faulhorn, where there is a hotel accessible only by mountain paths. Four hours, says the guidebook, with a climb of about 2500 feet—just a stroll compared with what we did yesterday.

The first two hours go very well. Then we begin to climb and encounter occasional snowpatches, then occasional patches of rock amongst snow, and then nothing but snow deep and wet. Mist gathers and becomes thicker as we mount. The path is well defined in the snow or there would be no finding it. It is not much trodden, however, and the snow gives way beneath us. Where it lies deepest, progress is slow. Shoes are soaking wet. The mist is very thick. We are imprisoned in a waste of fog and snow and have that nightmare feeling of hopeless struggle. A friendly native, sent out by the Faulhorn Hotel to improve the going, offers to carry our packs and assures us of progress and of ultimate welcome. Again we plod. At last on a peak above us appears the hotel. There is still a stiff climb, but it is well rewarded. The mistress of the hotel knows just what to do. She supplies wool socks, felt slippers, and hot tea. A few guests are before us. They have come up before from Grindelwald, a shorter but steeper climb. Fortunately it is June and there is room for us, unannounced though we come. After dinner we are called

out to see the last gleam of day. The fog has settled below us and forms a billowy sea in all directions. Far in the distance show two gleams of red where the sun's last rays break through. We have scant hope of a clear sunrise. We sleep.

Fourth day. Clang goes the bell. It is twenty minutes to four. The cold is intense. We emerge to find the slush of yesterday frozen solid. In the gray light the horizon is outlined with perfect distinctness. Not a cloud is to be seen, and here we are lucky, for except on this one morning there are always some clouds. The light comes slowly. The earth's shadow, cast on the sky above, creeps toward the horizon. The first point of flame shows between mountains to the east. Almost in a moment daylight has come and the snowpeaks are blazing along half the horizon. In the other direction the Lake of Brienz just beneath slowly emerges from gloom and we look across the hills toward the Black Forest.

To bed nearly frozen. When we appear again it is quite warm enough in the sun for breakfast outdoors. We linger long at the table, loath to desert the gorgeous spectacle. When we do leave, we descend slowly, for our weariness has accumulated, and we stop for lunch and again tea on the way to Grindelwald. Surfeited with nature, we lodge for once in the middle of the village.

Fifth day. There is no question about climbing up. We take the train to the Kleine Scheidegg. There we halt and rather wistfully watch the Jungfrau train off on its climb to the highest station in Europe. We do not go along because we are not equipped nor in training for high climbs, and we are now content merely to see and not explore. We will wait to visit the Jungfrauoch until we can hope to climb the rest of the way to the peak. Not for us the sentiment of the lazy tourist with regard to the Alpine pioneers:

*"They climb the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain.
To us, O Lord, may grace be given
To follow in the train."*

Instead we take the trail to Lauterbrunnen. The Wengern Alp is our predestined place of lunch—predestined because Rollo and Mr. George spent the night there. One of their sententious conversations lingers in my memory. "What a pity that the clouds are in the way," said Rollo, "so that we can't see! Do you think it will clear up before we go away?" "Yes," said Mr. George, "I am very sure it will; for I am determined not to go away until it does clear up." Worthy Mr. George! Type of the dauntless tourist!

The Wengern Alp is its own reward. Here you have a close-up of the Jungfrau as near as can be across the valley, just as it was in the days when Rollo and Mr. George made their way from Lauterbrunnen on horseback. Here too is the man with the telescope who picks out *Gemsens* for you, chamois gamboling in the snow as large as life, though the naked eye can barely make out a speck or two against the white. He also brings closer the tangle of gigantic icefalls to make more real the dangers of mountaineering.

The descent to Lauterbrunnen is hot in the extreme, for the western sun beats against the slope in all his fierceness. The valley of springs itself is cool, for it has a sheer western rampart a thousand feet high, the rampart over which pour a dozen streams in graceful strands of mist.

Sixth day. It rains, which is good for the falls but bad for the people who want to see them. Still we visit them and walk some miles up the valley for lunch. Sunshine again on the way back. Here first we patronize a bookshop and buy detective stories. It is the begin-

ning of the end. The cable railway for Mürren is impressive. We take twenty minutes to ascend well above the western cliff. Then there is a short ride by electric railway to Mürren itself. We have arrived at a village that is inaccessible to automobiles, perched above the precipice of Lauterbrunnen and enjoying a view of the snowpeaks that is almost a panorama. They no longer seem distant. We are much too intimate with them for that. This time the Jungfrau is on our left and a whole chain of new and varied peaks stretch round to the right almost encircling us. Mürren is a famous center for winter sports. Nevertheless, if I were to venture on skis up there, I should be very nervous about the possibility of joining the Staubbach in its plunge to the valley below. We are almost the only visitors to Mürren at this early date, and we feel woefully inadequate as we descend at the station to face the line of porters. But Swiss porters are admirably trained and speak only when spoken to. Furthermore we cannot possibly with our knapsacks look like good material for the Palace or the Majestic.

Seventh day. Mürren provides an appropriate climax for the week, since here I reach my highest up. The Schildhorn rises behind Mürren until it is nearly ten thousand feet above sea level. It is one of the few mountains of that height that may be climbed without a guide. It never loses its cap of snow, yet is perfectly accessible. The path is steep at first, but provides plenty of variety later as it follows a shallow valley with a swollen stream. Later we come upon rocks and an ascent through soft snow. Here for the first time the lady of the party calls a halt. She gives up hope of reaching the summit. I am urged to hasten on and return quickly. My luncheon is left in her care as a hostage. The final peak at last comes in sight, showing a dome of snow to the north and sheer rock to the south.

I toil up the rocks. I realize that I need more training for high altitudes. I arrive panting at the final snow-slope. At last I am high enough to feel the rarity of the atmosphere. Progress is reduced to a short series of steps followed by along series of breathing exercises. Lungs expand until they almost burst the ribs but still the air does not come fast enough and legs must wait for lungs. Legs have no chance to tire; it is lungs that are doing most of the work. All things are comparative; to me the Schilthorn is a greater achievement than Mont Blanc itself would be to a practised mountaineer.

No illusions of greatness are possible, however, for as I approach the summit about twenty boys from a high school in Zurich suddenly appear on the summit from the opposite direction, leaping lightly from rock to rock in spite of fairly large packs. A peak like this is all in the day's work for them. They pause a moment and one by one merrily do a glissade down the long snow-slope. I have never seen a glissade before. Consequently it is most fortunate that I have their example to follow, for it saves me a good half hour. Like them, when I have seen the view from the summit, including Mont Blanc across the French border to the west, I sit down in the snow and let go. The loose material gathers in front and acts as a cushion. My stick, thrust into the snow behind, serves for a rudder. The speed is breathless. In two or three minutes I have covered the distance that involved a painful hour on the way up. Incidentally the snow leaves me soaking wet. I begin to run, wishing that lunch was not so far away. But lo and behold! At the first shelter the good wife is waiting with the luncheon, and what is more, she bears witness to my snowslide, though she is not greatly impressed by what I considered terrific speed. We take the whole afternoon descending, for we are saying good-bye to the Jungfrau, and we must store up much honey in the hive of memory.

Eighth day. Back to Bern and domesticity. The Swiss tour is over. As we look back at it, we are convinced that at every point we scored over the ordinary traveler. We had adventures, we followed the impulse of the moment, and we had many an informal glimpse of the people of the country. Our expenses were about five dollars a day for the two of us, aside from carfare and souvenirs. We found our knowledge of German useful once or twice. Our packs grew lighter as we proceeded, for we wore old clothes and left them behind when soiled. We enjoyed Switzerland because we found it different and unspoiled, and we found it so because we mostly followed paths where the pedestrian is sole monarch.

L. A. Post.

Contentment

*Let him who longs for ladies have his way;
 I'd be the last to limit his desire;
 Let him be gallant, let his heart be gay—
 Facing the world, he'll set the world on fire.
 Let him forget the future and the fate
 That in the distance of the days to be
 Waits now and shall continue so to wait
 For all of such adventurers as he.
 Give me the quiet of the firelight,
 A bowl of roses and a cup of wine,
 Where I can read and cogitate and write
 And claim one lady fair as truly mine—
 Let him who longs for ladies pick and choose,
 I'm satisfied to have a faithful muse.*

L. A.

Misfit

A MORE normal English family than that of Lucian Hough would be difficult indeed to find. This was especially true some ten years before the war wrecked a majority of normal British homes. Sir Lionel Hough had received his knighthood as a reward of merit after years of satisfactory service in the foreign office of his government. It was said that Lady Hough had married a little above her; and certainly it was true that she permitted no one to forget the rank and station of her husband. Her oldest son, Peter, shared with his mother the feeling of divine appointment to the English aristocracy, and it was the disappointment of her life that Lucian failed to appreciate the tremendous advantage which he enjoyed.

For undoubtedly Lucian was a misfit. Those pleasures which were the acme of his father's existence were as nothing to him. To ride to hounds, to shoot plover, to bag a brace of pheasant, to hit up a century for Eton—in none of these could Lucian find that calm joy and perfect peace which is the heritage of every normal Englishman. Indeed, it was at an early age that Lucian began to show the differences of temperament which were such a blow to his family. When he was ten years old, his brother Peter was packed away to Repton, and a like future was promised to young Lucian when he should attain sufficient years. But to the horror and amazement of his most normal relations, Lucian exhibited neither the extreme awe nor immeasurable pleasure which was to be expected under the circumstances. In fact, during those holiday periods when he was regaled with tales of Repton from the mouth of his enthusiastic brother, the even tenor of his life seemed hardly shattered at all.

Lucian had strange ways. It was unbelievable that a boy with his supposed advantages should prefer the

company of Board-School urchins to that of his own enviable family. But it was a fact and the bane of Lady Hough's existence was that very affection which her younger son exhibited towards those whom he should have recognized as his social inferiors: Lucian could not seem to realize the immense and impassable gulf which separates the English gentleman from those who provide him with his daily bread. And it was with small joy and considerable trepidation that Lucian departed, bag and baggage, at the time appointed, for the school of his ancestors.

Between Lucian and his brother there had never existed that fraternal harmony which we are often informed is the joy of the English home. Just as Lucian was a misfit and a disappointment, to a corresponding degree his brother was all that could be desired in an embryonic aristocrat. Physically strong and mentally stubborn, Peter was ideally suited to continue the family tradition, and uphold the honor of the British Empire. It was not surprising, therefore, that disagreements between the two brothers were of frequent occurrence, and the propinquity of school life lent itself perfectly to the practice of those petty tortures which were the joy of Peter and the sorrow of Lucian. Disagreement grew into dislike, and dislike into enmity. The brothers commonly referred to each other in the hardly complimentary terms of "Stinking Beast," and "Little Funk". Affairs were brought to a crisis when Lucian, now in the third form, took under his somewhat skinny wing a feeble waif, who had for some time disgraced the school by the possession of a father who was a tradesman. *Noblesse oblige* rang unrealized in the aristocratic brain of Peter and he spewed forth with a vengeance his disapproval of such an impossible alliance. Young Lucian was taken one night from the arms of Morpheus and precipitated in summary fashion into the

somewhat muddy and chilly waters of a nearby frog pond—the several sturdy scions of unquestionable gentlemanliness who accomplished this deed, doing so with such thoroughness that the object of their machinations spent the remainder of his Michaelmas term in the sick-house, and finally escaped therefrom to return to the bosom of his family, pleading to be released from the advantages of a public school education. Amazed that a son of his could show such unappreciation, Sir Lionel granted young Lucian's request, more to rid himself of the boy's plaguing than because of any sympathy for his ridiculous fancy. Thus it was that at the age of fourteen, the latter started upon the somewhat unusual career of educating himself in the home of his forefathers.

With his brother away at school, and his parents busy with those sensible affairs which concern normal Britishers, Lucian found himself left alone for a good part of the time with sufficient leisure to devour the library that had been accumulated by past Houghs. There were no crises in this bookish life of his. On those occasions, when his brother was at home, he endured the presence of that young aristocrat, inevitably with silence, and occasionally with sobs. The fact that he was a family disgrace was borne in upon him at all times; and he renewed his acquaintanceship with those whom his family disdained. The older villagers misunderstood and distrusted him. It was not his place to take an interest in their humble affairs. They felt uncomfortable in conversation with a gentleman. Rumor had it among the elderly gossips that there was something queer about the "young 'un." But with the younger generation, his popularity was unparalleled. As his friendships increased, his scope of reading material grew wider. Upon one occasion Lady Hough was alarmed to find a volume of a distinctly radical nature reposing beneath her son's

bed. As she said to Sir Lionel—and there were almost tears in her voice—

“I can’t understand the boy. That a son of ours could so fail to appreciate the opportunities of his position! I know it seems hard to believe, but only the other morning I found the most awful book in his room. It was by a German named Marx, or something like that. I looked into it, but I could hardly understand anything the man was saying. I detest books by foreigners, and I’m sure it was highly immoral.”

But Lucian continued with his reading: and as he read, his views upon such vital questions as the landed Aristocracy and the British constitution became less and less satisfactory. His brother got in the heavy finals at Aldershot, went up to the Varsity, failed in his smalls, and was sent down for his drinking, distinguishing himself in every way that befitted a future Empire-builder.

Then War. And with it, in the opinion of Sir Lionel, his hidden worth. But his expectations were as came opportunity for young Lucian to demonstrate naught. For Peter, he obtained a commission in The King’s Own, and swallowing his doubts, proceeded to do likewise for Lucian, when the latter announced that he had no intention of accepting a purchased preferment. Argument was in vain. Lucian could not be brought to realize that the officers’ mess was the only possible place for the son of an English gentleman. In the face of paternal execration, and maternal hysterics, he signed himself up in the ranks of a drafted regiment, the existence of which had not even been considered as little a while ago as Waterloo.

But Fate had ante-ed and was not to be left out of the game. Three days after his arrival in France, Lucian was informed that a transfer was to take place, and he was shortly assigned to none other regiment than the

King's Own, Company Q. Even when he had taken up his quarters in the rat-infested barracks of that Royal division, he did not realize what lay in store for him. It was at the first assembly that he heard behind him, a well-remembered voice remark,

"Well, for God's sake, if it isn't the 'Little Funk'!"

Lucian sighed, his noble destiny was not to be escaped. But he was hardly prepared for the honor which followed, for his bunk-house was soon favored by a visit from none other than Lieutenant Peter Hough. Immaculately attired in a Bond Street tunic and trench coat, the filthy flooring reflected in his shining boots, the heir to the Hough estates bent his well-groomed head, as he sauntered into the domestic hovel of his younger brother.

"I say, you know," he remarked, in an injured tone, "you might have avoided this. Dashed awkward for me, having you here, messing around, and all that sort of thing."

Peter tapped his whangee lightly against his polished boot. Anyone could appreciate the situation—the man was hurt. It hardly seemed fair.

"To tell you the truth," said Lucian, "I had nothing to do with it. I assure you I had no more desire than—"

"Dash it all," his brother broke in, "you don't have to hound me, you know. After all, it isn't as if you were something to be proud of."

Lucian sighed again.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "I'll try not to get in your way."

Peter snorted, and kicked an offending book into the corner of the bunk-house; and to Lucian's relief, departed without further farewell.

True to his word, the younger boy saw as little as was possible of his brother in the two weeks that followed. Then they were sent to the front. The peculiar soul of

Lucian revolted against the slimy machine of trench existence. The discomforts of his life in England, offset by the occasional joy of a hot bath, seemed as Paradise in comparison with the unavoidable filth of France. War itself was a succession of bloody wrecks passing through the trenches on their way to the base hospital. The days were interminable, and the nights were broken by flares and minnies.

A week after his arrival at the front, came the opportunity for action. A Colonel with a D.S.O. and a friendly voice called for volunteers for a wire-cutting party under the command of Subalterns Greene and Hough. Lucian shrank from the suggestion of close contact with his brother, but as the latter passed him to join the O. C. before mess, he whispered in Lucian's ear,

"Funking it again, eh?"

Lucian wheeled on him.

"I volunteered this morning."

This was a lie, of course, but Lucian hastened to make it the truth. The party was set for four A. M., and half-past three found Lucian in full kit, gas-mask in one hand, grenade in the other.

Fifteen men stood waiting, three smoking, one praying, the rest talking among themselves. Lucian caught snatches of the conversation.

"Bloody Boche" . . . "Told her to take her stockings off" . . . "Right through the gut, 'e got it" . . . "And if I don't, tell her . . ." "Forgive us our trespasses"—BEEEEEP!! Like a thrush in Surrey in the early morning, thought Lucian. There flashed into his mind sunshine, and white curtains blowing out between green blinds. The man next to him was scrambling up the trench wall. A minnie whistled; the barrage behind them rumbled, and the party was on.

Lucian was hurrying, half walking, half crawling, across the fifty yards of mud that separated them from their objec-

tive wires. A shell struck behind him, and he was showered with mud. Something scratched across his face. The man next to him was clipping furiously. Lucian sawed at the wire till it snapped. A grenade fell near him. He heard the man at his side give a grunt, and a heavy body toppled against him. Warm stickiness dripped against his hand. BEEEEEP!! The recall. Lucian grappled with the body that lay on him. Somehow he managed to pick it up and started staggering toward the British line. A flare blued the sky. Lucian glanced at the head that drooped over his arm. There was something vaguely familiar about those features. He staggered on. Realization. It was Peter. A yellow glow creeping from behind. The British trenches twenty feet ahead. A shell fell to the right of him. A voice yelling "Gas!" Something burning at his mouth. The trench just ahead. He fell.

* * * * *

Three months later, Lucian returned to his company with a Military Cross and a dubious mental health bill from the M. O.

"Don't know what to make of that boy!" the doctor had said. "At times he seems all right, then again he talks like a fool. Recommends surrender, and all that sort of rot. Dashed rummy sort of chap, but he's got enough sense to be potted."

Indeed, the B. E. F. could not afford to spare even the mentally deranged, and as the M. O. had said, "At times he seemed all right." As for Lucian's own feelings, he seemed to have had none. His return to his company and his newly acquired rank as corporal meant nothing to him. He had acquired a post in the Quartermaster's Department; as a result, he ate with the "comms." Peter too had returned to the front and was now in command of the company. Save for a fragment of shrapnel lodged in his left lung, he seemed to be the

same man as ever. At any rate, his attitude towards Lucian had not altered. On the few occasions when his brain worked coherently, Lucian could imagine his brother saying,

"Dashed awkward, happening like that. I suppose the little beast thinks I'm under an obligation to him. Swanky little ass!" And so on, over and over again. The justice of his brother's cogitations did not——could not——dawn upon Lucian. He was as dense as ever to his own shortcomings. Even now, when he had gained advancement through that brother, he could not realize his debt. His own unworthiness to perform such a task as saving his brother's life was beyond his mental grasp.

It was some two weeks after his return that Lucian overheard the following conversation. He was about to enter the officers' mess dugout, when he was arrested by the sound of his brother's voice, mentioning him by name.

"Blasted little fool!" His brother was talking to Lieutenant Greene. "Didn't realize what he was doing, even then. He was gassed before he brought me in, I tell you. Never realized what he was doing. Don't believe he knew he picked me up. He'd have dumped me in a ditch just as soon. Always was that way, too. To tell you the truth, I can't see how the guv'nor ever got him. Nothing like the rest of the Houghs. Filled himself up on bloody Red propaganda. Wouldn't go to a decent school. Then he has to go and drag me out of No Man's Land. And he comes back with a dashed M. C. Dirty little beggar! Absolutely blotto now, but he doesn't realize it."

Peter laughed. It was the laugh of an empire-builder. But Lucian, being only a fool, smiled.

Lockhart Amerman.

BOOKS

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY

By Granville Toogood

After reading Mr. Toogood's recent successful first novel, it is practically a moral obligation for any Haverfordian to accord it a highly complimentary review; but it is from an entirely unbiased point of view that we commend it with the heartiest praise of which we are capable. The book has been since its publication on the Philadelphia list of best-sellers and it is small wonder, for with unerring pen Mr. Toogood has drawn us a portrait of Quaker City existence which is accurate in every detail.

The story of a genius of the piano who returns from European study discouraged and disillusioned, the book opens with his arrival in Philadelphia, and his journey out along the Main Line to Villanova, the abode of his wealthy conservative family. Incident to this trip is a short dissertation upon Haverford in which the author—autobiographically, we suspect—reminisces upon the joys of other days as experienced upon the college campus. Bartram Garrison, the character about whom the novel centers, enters upon the easy, somewhat vapid life of his relatives and friends, seeking—though hardly—hoping for understanding. Two women affect his career—Elaine, the beautiful daughter of a nouveau riche family with whom he falls in love immediately, and Anne, his next-door neighbor and childhood friend, who has always maintained a deep unselfish love for him. These three are the central characters but behind and above them all looms the patriarchal figure of Barty's

grandfather Lloyd, a sort of old Jolyon Forsyte, who dominates the little world in which he lives.

Delightfully humorous and keen descriptions illuminate the pages of this remarkable first novel. The leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra is described as Apollo in tweeds. The very air of the city and its suburbs breathes from each chapter. Inimitable Philadelphianisms are part of the daily life of every character. The book is fascinating to a Philadelphian as an interpretation of his own existence. It is of commanding interest to every reader as an outstanding piece of fiction.

(*Brewer & Warren, \$2.50.*)

L. A.

TANTALUS

By Jo van Ammers Kuller

We are informed that Miss Ammers Kuller wrote a novel called *The Rebel Generation* that created some stir among the critics. To one who has not read that book, the present novel does not afford the minutest clue that anything critic-shaking could come from the hand of our authoress. In short, *Tantalus* leaves this particular critic positively icy.

The story is about a Dutch factory-owning aristocrat encumbered with a stolid wife and family, who has all the supposed curiosities and inhibitions of an adolescent, in the sex line. He escapes to America (land of the free) ostensibly on business, but really on an erotic peregrination. An Atlantic City beauty-contest queen rejects his heavy Dutch overtures and so he takes a passionate Vassar graduate to his bosom. Having had his fling he sails for home but our college heroine follows hot foot on his trail. Finally, she manages to get him in dutch (we beg your pardon) with his people, and he is driven to divorce the faithful Thora and install the whoopee-maker in his ancestral mansion. Everybody is entirely

dissatisfied. Here our novelist talks largely about the new generation evolving new values and seeing life more clearly.

The style is ponderous, wit is entirely absent; we have no sympathy for anybody except the reader, and though the book might contain some interest in its curious analysis of contemporary American life, we personally have no qualms in declaring that it bears conspicuously all the obvious stigmata of tripe.

(*E. P. Dutton, \$2.50.*)

LONG HUNT

By James Boyd

Meet Murfree Rinnard, trapper. Red-fox cap, deer-skin shirt, moccasins and tall rifle. Yes, you guess very cleverly—it's Fenimore Cooper and all that bunch out-Coopered and brought up to the minute. The 1930 version swears, drinks, and lusts more than his predecessors, deserting his tawny Eastern wench because he loves his independence more. But you have to scratch Mr. Rinnard very slightly indeed to find the old, strong, silent hero equal to any occasion, thrilling to the vast solitudes of the forest and slaying the fauna therein. Yet in justice it must be added that Mr. Boyd wields a vigorous pen, and his descriptions speak to all of your five senses. If this sort of thing happened, then doubtless it took place as he tells it.

(*Scribners, \$2.50.*)

FRANKLIN

By Bernard Fay

Although M. Fay prefaces his biography of Benjamin Franklin with the statement that the new material he has contributed to previous knowledge of Poor Richard, consists mainly of several additional love affairs and

Franklin's activity as a Mason, he has revealed an almost entirely new Franklin to those whose previous knowledge of the famous Philadelphian has been garnered from the *Autobiography* and a few scattered paragraphs in Muzzey's *American History*.

The *Autobiography* leaves Franklin a successful printer, a recognized Pennsylvania politician, and a homely American philosopher. The conclusion of M. Fay's work leaves him a European, one of the Continent's leading scientists, a courtier and a *bon vivant* whose Passy home was a mecca for the intelligentsia of Paris—a typical eighteenth-century intellectual who happened to have been born and to have made his fortune in America. It is difficult to realize at first reading that Franklin between 1757 and 1785 spent but two years in America. Yes, he had represented the Colonies, first in England and then in France. In both he had to his credit several brilliant diplomatic strokes. But he also had muddled through many years of no accomplishment in England so much to the disgust of his colonial clients that "Pappy" Franklin (his wife called him "Pappy" in private or public) became one of the most unpopular figures in America. And his work in making the treaty of peace between England and America lost him what popularity he had accumulated with his fellow citizens when he had secured French aid in the war. America had even taken from him the postmaster-generalship which had been given him in 1776.

Telling his story much the same as Preserved Smith recounted sixteenth century history in his *Age of the Reformation*, M. Fay not only has added to the picture of Franklin, but also given a superbly done background of eighteenth century European and American every-day life. The book is replete with odd facts such as that the month of January, 1706, was cold and "John Coleburn of Dedham lost himself in the snow and his corpse was

found near Roxbury," that "an elderly man in Hungerford market was drowned in an excessive Quantity of Strip and go Naked, alias Strike fire, alias Gin" and so on.

(*Little-Brown*, \$3.00)

J. L. M.

IS SEX NECESSARY?

By J. Thurber and E. B. White

These two members of the editorial staff of the *New Yorker* have delivered certain goods that entitle them to be hailed as public benefactors. We earnestly advise everybody to read this masterpiece carefully (there is much to be gathered between the lines) and to lay up its truths in his heart. For here, in eight short chapters without extenuation or malice, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the weighty questions of Sex, both conscious and subconscious, has been uttered without so much as the bat of an eyelash. Turning to sixth chapter, for example, we find that it deals with What Should Children Tell Parents? and chronicles the sad case of the little boy, newly returned from summer camp, whose father refused to let him tell them everything about sun fish at the dinner table and whose mother was so stiff-necked that she merely dusted and returned to its shelf the book that he had carefully left open on the table at a certain place for her especial benefit. Chapter three, on the other hand, is very practical; it is a discussion of feminine types. That difficult and dangerous person, the Quiet Type, is analysed and many others such as the Buttonhole Twister and the Home Maker (boys newly out of College should avoid this last) are likewise described.

In a word, *Is Sex Necessary* is a priceless boon in an age when there appears to be much difficulty in finding a really reliable and erudite exposition of the Facts of Life.

Our authors have not only dropped many useful hints (e. g. young wives should gently but firmly explain to their husbands where guest towels come from, and mothers whose daughters are about to marry should not mislead them by representing that a nice boy baby called Ronald will arrive when the husband carries a bluebird into a room decorated with lilies of the valley—the-lilies-and-Bluebirds-Delusion), but even ventured into hitherto unexplored realms like the Frigidity of Men about how a certain type of man may become suspicious if a young lady presses her knees against his, and another type that is repelled by the rude contactual embrace that the modern female expects.

There are many illustrations some of them drawn by patients while unconscious (we have heard that New York bootleg is of a pretty deadly quality) and these are ably criticised by Mr. White in an appendix—we feel personally that their magnificent obscurity is not the least of their virtues.

If you cannot beg or borrow this book we think it would be a good idea to steal it with the intention of returning it (of course!) after you have read it.

(*Harpers*, \$2.50.)

SCHWEIK, THE GOOD SOLDIER

JAROSLAV HASEK

We confess that we set pen to paper with considerable trepidation after the cruel thrust recently delivered in this magazine at all war novels by that mud-slinging parody *Dumpf*. We dare to claim furthermore that *Schweik* is every bit as good as *Dumpf*, if not a little better. For while the latter laughs at the mud-blood-rape-God-help-us war novel, the former pokes fun at the war itself—mud, blood and rape included. The blurb on the cover announces that the adventures of the

good soldier laughed Austria to peace: however, this may be, it laughed us through several lecture periods and justified the upperclass cut system.

Schweik is a short cylindrical fellow with innocent blue eyes and a sense of humor. At first meeting he conveys the impression of feeble-mindedness and this very fact often proves to be his trump card in extricating himself from a tight place. He always comes through with a grin and an anecdote about how his grandfather had a third cousin to whom the same thing happened with several variations which he now "begs to report." Soldier though he is, our hero never gets to the Front and the only warlike thing he accomplishes is to get captured—by his own side.

The book is long and apparently written in installments like *Pickwick Papers*; and again like that novel, it is rambling and plotless but full of incidents which are exceedingly choice. We were also tickled by the rare mixture of English and American slang which the translator uses in rendering this extremely slangy book.

(Doubleday Doran, \$2.50)



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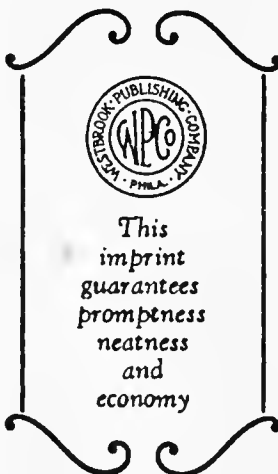
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LOCKHART AMERMAN, *Editor*

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DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT
Art Editor

J. B. APPASAMY
Book Reviewer



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Radiman Azul

Radiman Azul

I

*Far in the gorgeous reaches of the East,
Beyond the utmost bound of western thought,
Where nothing occidental ever came,
Where no one ever dreamed there was a West,
Nursed in the cradle of the morning sun,
Surrounded by the splendors of the dawn,
A prince was born called Radiman Azul—
His name an oriental mystery.
Fair was this Radiman and more than wise
To see behind a boasted loyalty,
And though men thought of him with jealousy,
He knew their admiration hid a sneer:
He knew they saw his vast futility,
A gilded puppet on a paper throne.
And such was his despair and hopelessness,
His disillusionment so all-complete,
There seemed a single happiness to him
Available at any time he wished,
And that enjoyment to resign his life,
And seize its final joy—a sudden death;
To fall asleep upon the breast of time
And dream of nothing but oblivion,
And feel no motion but the surge of years
Rolling their rhythm to the azimuth
In slow and semi-sonant cadences—
A way to rest, an opening to peace,
An end of trouble and the last of woe:
So would his passing be and nothing more.*

*But as he stood and contemplated death,
Regarding the abyss beneath his feet,
One cried him, "Halt!" and running to his side
Led him protesting from the yawning jaws
Nor heeded princely protests or commands.
It came to Radiman to be enraged
His only chance for joy in life was gone
And death, the only pleasure at his hand,
Was stolen from him ere he might delight.
He fought and struggled for the chance of death.
He cried aloud, "Of pity, let me die!
Life has no claim nor life an offering
To pleasure me but just a single one—
And that to die and rid myself of life."
The other held him firmly and replied
"The truth is not so barren as you say:
One friend you have, one true admirer
Who sees the nobleness in all you do,
Appreciates the fineness of your life,
Watches and waits upon your every word
Sincere in admiration and in awe,
A true companion and the same is I."
It came to Radiman to doubt these words,
He pondered for a moment full of doubt,
"Could I believe you—were I sure of you,
That truth rose forth astride your utterance,
Courage and hope, a newer finer faith
Should surely run a current through my soul.
The stars would shine with a more welcome glance,
The sun would stream the brighter on my back
And life would hold a balance-joy with death.
Assure me interloper that you are
What is the secret of your tale to tell,
Why do you bid me hesitate at death?"
The other smiled with gentleness and said
"There is a chain both strong and indestructible*

*To bind the world together pole to pole:
It always has, it does, and always will.
The furnaces and furious fires of time
Combined in heat to make a mock of Hell
Can never melt to ease the chain a jot
Whose links are strong as nothing else is strong,
Whose links are strong but light, an easy load
Unfelt for years but realized when removed,
This is the chain of love that binds the world
And helps her with her burden that she bears.
The sorrows of the ages on her back
Become as nothing in the face of love.
Love can explain my meaning—love for you,
Respect and admiration might suffice
But in a combination with true love
Naught can undo my boasted pledge of faith,
My heart, my hand are yours—and of a friend.”
Then Radiman was gay and gave his hand.
“My heart is filled with such a song,” said he,
“As never has been sung upon this earth.
I know your love that what you say is true,
Truth thunders on the withers of your speech
And I am sure and glad of your affection.
When man has wandered on the face of earth
And found it desolate of brother man,
Lost in the jungles uninhabited,
At last he cries aloud to God in vain.
Echo and mocking echo jeer his cry
And rain drips down from stinking jungle-grass,
A savage plunderer attacks his prey
And wakes the woodland with his bloody scream
And man can only shudder as he hears
With none to tell and none to sympathize.
Such is the melancholy state of mind
Which heretofore has stultified my life,
To such funereal measures have I trod*

*The gloomy paces of my lonesome youth,
But since this message comes to me of you
I can no longer doubt the joy of life.
I feel the very same exact sensation
Of him who leaps into the darkling sea
In desperation driven to the depths,
Demands oblivion on a sandy bed
And sinking is enveloped in regret,
For things impossible, for light and life;
Prepares all grudging to give his soul
Forever to the keeping of the sea
And then rejoices as he feels the hand—
Salvation persevering in his wake—
Is raised once more beyond the salty veil,
Restored to joy of earth, to light and life—
He sings a psalm to the highest star,
So sing I in a new discovery.
I am possessed of my fondest hope
My most impossible imaging
I, Radiman Azul, I have a friend!
God-sent of Paradise, come let us talk,
Tell me the furrows on your field of life,
The inmost cranny on the rocks of time,
The secret of those ever-blessed gods
That have at last thus carried you to me.”
He stopped his speech and both began to walk
Beside the brink of that ill-seeming cliff
Where Radiman had been so near to death.
The path descended to the river bank,
Whereon the stately waving willows grew
And cast a green reflection in the glass
That shone a bluer mirror than the sky
Where stream reflected overhanging tree.
Beneath the shade of such a tree they sate
And talked of what had been between them both,
But mostly planned the future yet to be*

*And spoke of things that love could bring to pass.
The fruits of friendship are the flowers of time.
To Radiman it seemed a Paradise
Thus to be able to have confidence
In one whose frankness equalled all his own,
Who told him what he thought and nothing less
And held him on the level of a friend.
They talked for hours upon the river-bank
And sealed their conversation with a kiss,
A common breath of sunlit air they drew,
Then parted faces with united hearts,
Sworn to eternal bonds of love for love.*

II

*For many years thereafter Radiman
Enjoyed the friendship that had saved his life.
The other he called lovingly Damijn
And held him as the apple of his eye,
The aim of every silver-shafted thought
That sped from out his generous friendly mind.
And similarly sensitive Damijn,
Who counted not a greater joy than this
To hurry at the word of Radiman
And do his bidding at the greatest speed,
And as a sign of truth in his affection
He chose from out the medly of his slaves
A girl of ebony whose shining skin
Betrayed in hue the color of her soul.
Steeped in the blackest of the magic arts
She practised infamies in secrecy.
Prince Radiman delighted in the gift
And treated her with greatest kindness,
He gave her jewels and a lovely name
And put her in a chamber by herself
Where constantly without her lord's consent*

*Or knowledge of her wicked practices
She spent the hours in black and secret sin,
Conversing with Azazel and Eblis,
Who were her masters in the magic arts;
Thus all along the well-trod paths of sin
Dark Rosamoor the witch-wild African.
But unaware of what was going on
Prince Radiman grew gayer day by day
And stronger between him and his Damijn
The bonds of friendship ripened with the years.
Fame grew on Radiman and crowned his age,
Wisdom like silver threaded in his hair
And through the eyes of justice peered a mind
Tempered in mercy, cooled by righteousness.
But far above the sway of other winds
His topsails bowed before the gales of love
Engendered in his friend the good Damijn,
And such his trust and generosity
He never paused to give an instant's thought
To what might happen when his back was turned
Within the room of Rosamoor the witch.
When for two score of years he had enjoyed
The pleasure of his friendship with Damijn,
He issued forth a proclamation bold,
Emblazoned on the trumpets of the world
And heralded to all throughout his empire
That Radiman, the high and mighty Shah,
Together with his friend and lord Vizier
Proposed to hold a great and solemn feast
To celebrate with proper pomp and show
The consummation of a mutual love
Unprecedented since the world began,
And to the feast and mighty carnival
Were summoned all the princes of the earth
To hie them with their folk to Radiman,
Who bade them welcome in the name of God*

*To join him in an hundred days of joy.
From every valley of the widespread earth,
From every peak and every briny isle
Came prince and pauper with a retinue:
Sikhs and Punjabi from the hilly Sindh,
Mahrat and Urdu from the burning plains,
Royal Phoenicians in their purple garb,
Sea-roving colonizers of the West,
Hoplites of Babylon in gorgeous mail,
Hordes of Assyrians with bloody flags,
Crude Goths in girdle-skins of mountain goat
And wily traders from the slimy Nile,
Date-bearing Touaregs and their Berber kin
Speeding on camels from Sahara sands,
Bold blue-eyed Britons from the chalky shores
Of Scot- and Pict-producing Albion,
Gauls and Germanics, Africans and Kurds,
Khans from the Russias and an amber prince
Laden with blossoms from Cipango far,
Hatim the generous, Zal and Rustum came
Without reserve to celebrate his joy.
The utmost vessels of the earth poured forth
And empires flocked to Radiman the wise,
To share his joy with good Damijn his friend.
One hundred days of celebration rare
Were posted and prescribed by Radiman.
The most delightful bacchanals were planned,
Ever considered on this earth by man
The manner of the carnival was so;
Before them all upon th' initial day
Arose the priests of all the gods of men
And cried aloud to every deity.
The prophets of Assyria cried out
To Asshur and to Ishtar and to Belit,
The holy men of India raised a prayer
To Vishnu in the seventh avatar,*

*The priestesses of Persia made ado
Before the shrines of Ashtaroth and Ra,
And Nordic followers of Asgurd's gods
Maintained an Amyclean solitude,
While great gruff Goths awoke the silences
With echoes to the alrunes of their hearths;
Thus was the feasting and the rout begun,
Then all fell to and reveled in the wine
That Greece's purplest hills had given forth,
And drank a draught or two to Radiman,
And swilled great bacbucs to the great Damijn.
Upon the third and twentieth forenoon,
Hatim the generous prince arose and said:
"Behold O Radiman, what I have here,
The fairest flower of all the orient,
The sweetest morsel for the gods to taste,
Offered in any market in the East:
Kailyal, the daughter of Kehama Khan,
My offering at your throne of happiness."
Two swarthy Africans he beckoned near,
Enveloping the burden that they bore;
They came before the waiting Radiman
And laid the gleaming bundle at his feet.
A moment's motion and she was unveiled,
The beauty of the East before his eyes.
Her hair was the smoke like dark velvet draperies of altar
fires rising up in inky clouds from pots of burning oil,
Her brow was as white as the fresh fallen hail that collects
on the mountain of Midian,
And her eyes were the ripples in a crystal pool that start
away from the splash of a falling black diamond—her eyes;
A column of flexible ivory tinted with whiteness and cream
was her throat,
And her shoulders were white silky cloud-twins,
Her breasts were paradoxically warm and welcoming snow*

*with a valley of utter and absolute joy that descended
between,
And her thighs were the pillars of paradise,
Houri-like, hard to believe to be human her hips;
Her thighs were surely the ultimate gladness of life;
Her dainty and tapering limbs like the delicate stems to a
pair of rare ivory goblets—a fleetness potential but
softened to slowness by the shackles of love, a possible
speed deprived of its power by passion:
And delicate feet, the roseate toes with henna bedewed and
betinted;
And sweetness of musk and of jasmine arose from the
sides of her form as she lay at the feet of the master;
And slowly she lowered her eyelids, the blushes of earliest
morning surpassed in the blossoming roses suffusing the
snow of her cheeks.
And glistened the dew on her lips—a goblet of warm wine
her mouth, red as a ruby, a kiss was a heady intoxicant
draught.
These things saw Radiman the wise,
In looking on her with a lover's eyes;
And what he saw him greatly moved,
For what he saw was instantly beloved.
But love and wisdom cannot coexist,
And o'er his eyes of wisdom came a mist
That shrouded it of sight;
And so he passed
Unto this last:
Into a most voluptuous delight;
Nor saw the passion burning quite as keen
Within the bosom of his friend Damijn.*

III

*Crept on the days of feasting and of song;
Prince Radiman, enamoured of the maid,*

*Proclaimed the fairest of his earthly wives
Kailyal, the daughter of Kehama Khan.
Hour on hour, under a shining sky,
Desire feasted on its couch of love.
(Love like the Prince's stands alone,—apart;
Like some strange savage on his lonely isle,
The only dweller on his native earth,
Possessor of the empire of his eye,
King and Commander of its every breath,
Just of necessity, temp'rate of demand,
The spark of reverence his only check;
God high above him and the earth beneath.)
Thus isolated and impassionate,
The ardor of Prince Radiman in love.
His people knew the love of Radiman,
And mocked behind his back with whisperings:
"Behold, in dotage grows our ruler fond,
And foolish simpers out his ripest years,
Drooling a silly sonnet to a whore
And shedding rheumy tears of false romance;
It would seem wiser that another reign,
And pride-encrusted crown and mace and orb,
Replace the bauble and the cap and bells."
But Radiman heard nothing of this talk,
Excelling wisdom in his generosity.
At the departure of his many guests,
He loaded them with precious souvenirs:
Gold and fine ivory, ebony and oil,
Attar and spices, mint and myrrh and musk.
Behind a veil of worthy seeming thanks
They hid a mutual wink and nodding jeer
At all the generous foolishness of age,
And went their ways. A pleasant sigh he gave,
And turned again to mingle with his love,
And settle into stupor with desire,
Reclining on the softest clouds of dawn,*

*Sipping th' eternal saki with a sigh,
And ever seeking for eternity
Within the channel 'tween a maiden's breasts.
The rumor of his dotage gained and grew,
And like the gathering of a tribe of ants,
Storing provisions 'gainst a time of fast,
Crawling from every cranny of their dung
There came the sewage of the country-side,
Waving aloft the firebrand of rapine,
The sword of slaughter and the flag of flame,
As some spry stranger at a house afire
Springs in the window with heroic face,
Ostensibly prepared to save a life,
Fills up his pockets full of valuables,
Skips out the window and is seen no more.
Eager for revolution and revolt
To seize advantage in their runtish arms,
What time the nation travailed in distress
They gathered everywhere and raised alarm,
Till rumor of their rising reached the prince,
Who rose from off his cushions with a sigh,
And ordered up the royal troops of guard
To ride with him and snuff the flaring blaze,
Before a direr peril were aroused,
And off he rode without a farewell kiss,
To her who was a houri beautiful,
Who pouted at the threshold of her lord,
That with such ease he could forget her bed,
Supplant her joys with arms of chilly steel,
And up beside her in her disappointment,
Azazel's shadow slinking in the grass
Approached the prince's Jonathan Damijn,
Who whispered invitation in her ear,
And urged her to the doing of his will:
"Tonight!" he murmured softly; she: "Tonight!"*

IV

*The stars cursed God and giggled in the sky,
The moonlight scorched the harvest to a crisp,
And Rosamoor the witch sat in her tower
Conning the eldritch fancies of her art,
Anon she gazes in a smoking bowl,
Wherein it is her custom to perceive
The happenings of fortune elsewhere,
The actions and the arts of every man,
At the precise same moment they occur.
Now gazing in this mirror of the Fates,
She staggers back and gasps at what she sees,
The wily daughter of Kehama Khan,
Clasped in perfidious passion with Damijn.
A spell she mutters and is borne on high,
Speeding invisible among the clouds,
Steps safely from the wings of Hell aground,
Before the tent of Radiman her lord;
"Awake!" she whispered in the sleeper's ear,
"Stark treason wallows in your bed of love!"
He started out of sleep and seized his sword,
"Dream of a falsehood; vision most fantastic,
Curse of my eyes and sorrow of my heart,
Gehenna gapes to welcome thee, begone!"
And crying drave his hanger through her heart.*

V

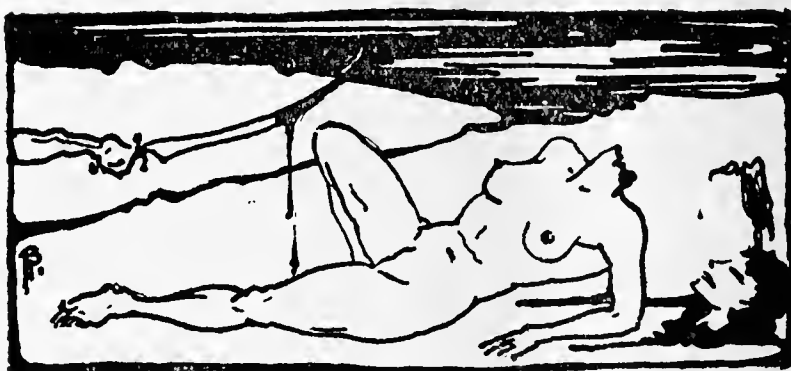
*Prince Radiman rode at the head of a column of glorious
glistening silver and steel,
And terror demanded the hearts of the mob at the oncoming
threat of Prince Radiman's leal;
Prince Radiman crashed through the line of the foe like
an axe through a thicket of dry-rotted brush.
And the rabble dispersed like dead leaves in the wind in
advance of Prince Radiman's ruinous rush,*

*And he turned in the saddle,
And said to his men,
To pursue and pursue and
Pursue them again,
But I must go riding
On hill and on dell,
To return to my love,
For I said no farewell.
Go bring me a courser,
Your fleetest of limb,
Despising a destrier
I'll hurry on him,
For I must go riding
On hill and on dell
To return to my love,
For I spake no farewell.*

VI

*In through the gaping tent flap stole the dawn,
Pale as the mother of a still-born babe,
Chilly and traitorous as a Persian's steel,
Gray as the hoods of hoary-headed Norns
Casting their Rurics by the Northern star,
And with the dawn Prince Radiman arrived,
Slipped from the saddle swiftly to the ground,
And stole with soundless step into the tent.
Mashallah! what a bitter drink to drain,
The dawn-stars tumbled down in disbelief,
And life and death commingled in their pain
An agony of terror-stricken grief.
Out from the city ran a madman,
Staring stupid and stark,
Beating a lunatic cadence,
Lost in the ways of the dark
And went far to the edge of the forest
And over the cliff he fell,*

*And the dawn came up in glory
As his soul went down to hell.
And the gardens of Allah have waited
To welcome the prince with a kiss,
But he pays for his self-destruction
In the sulphurous shades of Eblis,
And he suffers with only one sorrow,
That penetrates down to the core,
That he never had yielded to friendship,
But had hurled himself over before.
For he cries—what is written is written
In the infinite Book of our God,
Though the snow shall run down from the mountain,
And the grass shrivel up on the sod,
Though the sands of the desert be shrunken,
And the rivers of water decrease,
What is written by Allah is written,
And the rest is an infinite peace.*
Lockhart Amerman.



The Paradox of Tragedy

IT MAY be safely taken as an axiom that great tragedy has sprung forth on the stage only in periods of general social vigor and optimism.

A paradox, if you will, and yet so deeply grounded in history that one scarce needs pause on this aspect of it before going on to investigate its psychological basis. In the Greek drama, for instance, it seems something more than mere coincidence that the great tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides should be almost exactly contemporaneous with Athens' brief excursion on the road to empire, while both comedy and philosophy reached their peak when the Golden Age was no more than a faded glow on the horizon. There is, on the one hand (to adduce more specific evidence), the stark terror of Aeschylus' trilogy, the *Oresteia*, produced the year Pericles came to power; and there is, on the other, the never-palling fun of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* of only two years after the debacle at Syracuse, or the *Frogs*, produced a scant fifteen months before the taking of Athens by Lysander. And all of Menander, of course, came when Athens, like Renaissance Italy, was a mere geographical expression.

In modern times, it is true, it is more difficult to link the rise of comedy on the stage with the decline of independence and vigor in the forum, but the connection between social optimism and tragedy seems just as marked. Nearly all of Elizabethan tragedy comes after 1588 when the menace of Spain and the Armada was gone, the commercial plums of East and West alike falling more and more to English traders, and the nation as a whole just beginning to feel its power. Paradox or not, the atmosphere which produced *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, *Faustus* and *The Duchess of Malfi* was one of buoyant and bursting optimism. And though it

must be admitted that this atmosphere also produced abundant comedy, it is not till the comparatively cynical and disillusioned era of the Restoration and the early Eighteenth Century that we find comedy actually excelling tragedy as a genre. In the classic French drama much the same thing is true. Corneille, and Racine both belong to the century of French supremacy in Europe, one to the young bustling days of Richelieu, the other to the cock-sure age of Louis *le Grand*. But the crumbling world of Louis the Unfortunate produced only the comedies of Beaumarchais; and the luxurious gloom of the subsequent romantic movement gave to posterity no really great tragedy at all. The latter half of the Nineteenth Century was, however, in marked contrast to the first part, an epoch of great smugness, an epoch sure of itself and of the efficacy of that touchstone "Progress"—and an epoch that produced the tragedies of Ibsen.

Any social phenomenon so well sustained by history as this one must of necessity be anchored deep in human psychology; and, in truth, the exact point of anchorage is not far to find. Psychologists recognize in many human actions the workings of what they call the Law of Completeness—an urge on the part of every instinct in the soul for active expression, a persistent attempt to experience in one's own person all the crowded volume of life's activity. Human capacity for actual fulfillment being what it is, however, the Law of Completeness usually expresses itself as imaginative compensation for actual deficiencies or excesses—through the medium, usually, of either dreams or making phantasy. The ascetic wanders through dreams of wanton debauchery, the well-fed, well-sheltered youth longs for heroic privation; the crippled Henley writes a rapturous *Song of the Sword*. And it is this same Law of Completeness or urge to compensation which will, I fancy, explain the paradox of tragedy.

No modern theorizing, I think, has hit on the real psychological basis of tragedy any better than Aristotle did when he defined its function as "through pity and fear effecting the proper catharsis of such emotions." Tragedy, in the rough sense of the term, does exactly that—effects physical relief through bringing latent emotions to the surface and discharging them; or in terms of the Law of Completeness, providing vicariously, through the instrumentality of art, a means of expression for the various instincts of sympathy and fortitude under pain. In spite of the occasional Pollyanna in our midst, the average human very decidedly wants *some* pain, *some* sorrow, *something* of the bittersweet in his life; and if actual physical existence does not afford them, he will seek them elsewhere through all the varied media of art and imagination. One can see examples of it in everyday life by the dozen: the chronically melancholy adolescent; the gay crowd at a night-club reveling in sobbing love-lyrics and "nigger blues"; the well-fed dowagers at a play weeping with unobtrusive but evident satisfaction at the woes beyond the footlights. Nor does one need overmuch imagination to picture the Athenians of Pericles' day finding in the stern tragedies of Aeschylaeon drama a wholesome counterbalance to a too exuberant pride in their new-won empire. And in like situation are the hot-blooded gallants of Elizabeth's day: lest they should grow sick and sated with joy, they partake vicariously of the woes of star-crossed lovers and through the lips of Romeo and Juliet sip of the sweet sorrow of parting.

But the theory of mere sublimated, compensatory pain does not tell the whole story; great tragedy is made of even sterner stuff—is indeed, like philosophy, an unusually brave attempt to "see life steadily and see it whole"; an undaunted striving to portray truth as the dramatist sees it, no matter how horrible the picture

may turn out to be. And in the greatest tragedies of Ibsen or Shakespeare or the Greeks the final result thus achieved is a far different thing from mere reveling in heroic pain or romantic woe; and the attitude of the dramatist cannot be facilely classified as simply "optimistic" or "pessimistic." For as Galsworthy so well says in *Some Platitudes Concerning Drama*: "Nothing . . . is more dubious than the way in which these two words 'pessimist' and 'optimist' are used: for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be, and the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully." And (it could be added) not only must his delight in life be great, but his courage to face it undrugged by any illusion whatsoever must be no less so—an attitude requiring a general atmosphere around him of vigor and optimism, an atmosphere which will lend him balance by forever exclaiming prosaically and stupidly, like Judge Brack in *Hedda Gabbler*, "Good God!—people don't do such things." In any form of artistic endeavor so predominantly social as the drama, indeed, this atmosphere of the age is of no less importance than the peculiar cast of mind of the dramatist himself. In December 1914, for instance, Galsworthy was to most intents still the same man who had written *The Mob* early in the year; but the whole world had changed and *The Mob*, wonderfully accurate picture as it was of what was then going on all over England, could no more have sprung from that atmosphere of December than could *Oedipus Rex*. For in times of genuine public affliction, high tragedy is *too* true; it is like fencing without the mask and pad—the lunges come too near home for one to appreciate the usual niceties of thrust and parry. And so tragedy languishes in neglect until there returns a day when

men, once more comfortably encased in cushioning optimism and self-sufficiency, again feel not only safe in hazarding a few passes with that keen two-edged blade, but actually feel the need of a scratch or two to realize life in its entirety.

J. W. M.

Warning

*When my eyes first looked into yours,
My sweet and affectionate lass,
I forgot all my former amours,
And said to myself; "Here is class!"*

*You've hooked me with only a glance;
If you will command, I'll obey,
And on you attendance I'll dance,
As faithful as Little Dog Tray.*

*And perhaps you suspect that I'd waver
And tire of you, likely as not,
To cozen a new lady's favor—
Yes, darling, I would, like a shot.*

F. W. L.

He Attains His Majority

*When I commenced this mortal span,
And looked at life, that glamorous thing,
What boundless schemes in me began,
That I should compass when I came to man,
And all to full fruition bring.
Ah, naught my fancy fond could tether,
And naught but in my power did lie:
For we were young together—
The world and I.*

*But now, in truth, I come of age
And scan with rue the empty page,
And curse my days as all too few
To hold the things I meant to do.
Yet will I bide what time there be,
And snatch whatever joys I find
In what poor realms remain to me—*

*The sky above the surging sea,
The sunset and the shouting wind—
And do my task, nor flinch nor flee
The varied woes my fates decree;
But tread my road and fret not whither,
And live my life and ask not why:
For we grow old together—
The world and I.*

*And well I know that dawn will rise—
When wrinkles furrow up my cheek,
And life scarce flickers in mine eyes—
When I shall mock at high emprise,
Nor care e'er more to find or seek;
And laugh no more at wind or weather,
And thrill no more to sea and sky:
For we'll be old together—
The world and I.*

J. W. Martin.

The Greatest of These

ALL Hallows Eve, 1811. Outside, bleak Cornish moors, swept by the fury of a gale from the Scilly Isles. Within, Death, seated at the foot of an old four-poster, leering triumphantly. For Martha Tregennis has reached the end. Even optimistic Ethan can no longer deny it, though he has stoutly maintained that "the old lady'll live." Speechless, she lies there in the embracing bosom of her death-bed, for all the world like a little old mummy in a vast tomb.

In the great room at the head of the stairs, her family stand primly about her, waiting. There is David, her eldest, sombre and middle-aged, with armless sleeve, trophy of Trafalgar. He stands near the head of the bed, looking earnestly and ponderously at the pinched old face. There is Jonathan, merchant and model of home-spun propriety, standing with head properly bowed, nearby. There is Ethan, professional optimist and amateur country squire, pacing nervously before the glowing hearth. There is Abigail, that competent spinster, demurely pouring out her grief in smothered sobs.

And the little body in the depths of the bed lies, waiting. Outside, the wind is rattling shutters viciously, but she heeds it not, for Death has claimed all save her eyes. Little hawk eyes they are, peering out from between the coverlets at this estimable family of hers. She is thinking how much she despises them all, and how lonely it is in their very midst. . . . These strangers could not be her children! And the old squire himself, had he ever been her husband? No! They were all false and unreal, like a dream. She herself was but a ghost! She had died ages ago. She recalled vividly her death day; it was mid-summer, over half a

century before, a glorious July morning. They had sat together, legs dangling over the edge of that steep cliff at Land's End; far below, the Atlantic swirled in gentle furrows to a rocky beach, and sea birds cried. For a brief moment, then, he had been hers; it was he she loved, would always love. But Fate, assuming the phantastic mask of Pride, had whispered of the death of love into her ear. "A Buccaneer? with you—a common pirate? Never!" . . . A wounded look, a sudden kiss, and silence . . . the silence of an empty loneliness. She had tried to call him back, but something had told her she would never see him again, her heart had snapped, and then she had known Death. She wondered if he had drained his cup to the dregs when the "Jolly Roger" blew up with all on board off Trinidad. What a wine it must have been, blood red, heady, sparkling with romance and adventure! She seemed to see him, standing on deck, eyes wide, his fair hair stirring to the cool south breeze, a smile playing about the corners of his handsome mouth. He stood, and lived until it came, that shock that shook the sea. Then he was gone. Gone, Oh! Why had she not seen! Why had she not followed him to seek her own Arcadia!

* * * *

The wind blows against the shutters, but none heeds it, for Mistress Tregennis is nearly gone now. Even the little hawk eyes look tired and old, and the breaths come ever shorter. Suddenly, she sits up; she has seen someone opening a shutter, has felt a cold breeze. He is coming,—has come, not an old man, but young, gloriously young as he had been that day fifty years before. Age ebbs away as she allows herself to be lifted in strong, kind arms and carried from the room.

"David," she murmurs.

The little old body falls back on its pillow, the family crowd around like sympathetic vultures. "Poor mother,"

they whisper. But from the garden below, above the roaring of the wind, comes a faint ripple of laughter as two more tread the path to paradise.

J. T. G.

Monarch

*I am the King of Creation;
All has been made for me.
My God-given power shall endure
Throughout Eternity.*

*I view with delight my dominions:
The great rivers, mountains, and seas,
Warmed by the Sun at my bidding—
Cooled at my whim by a breeze.*

*See how my myriad cities
Burgeon and flourish and fall:
Jericho, Nineveh, Babylon—
I spent my wrath on them all.*

*All is but one to me:
Heaven or Hell or Earth.
Living dissolves in Death,
And Death is but second Birth.*

*Secure in the hand of God,
And meant forever to be,
I am the King of Creation;
All has been made for me.*

Frank Lindsay.

BOOKS

MRS. EDDY

By Edwin Franden Dakin

The Christian Scientists tried to suppress this biography of their great Mother, but it is to the lasting glory of *Scribner's* that the attempt was unsuccessful. It is easy to see why Mrs. Eddy's children should be so anxious to have the book far removed from the grasp of the reading public. All the scandal and all the unpleasant stories of the poor woman's life have been laboriously set forth. We see her first as the child, strong-willed and highly strung, who wrapped her family around her finger and got whatever she wanted by the simple device of throwing fits. We follow her through her pain-racked years up to the top of the ladder—almost to "the seat beside of Jesus" in fact. We see her a lonely woman unable to live happily for any length of time with any human being. We see her inventing, unbeknownst to herself, two distinct religions, the one, Christian Science theology which was her own contribution to the plagiarized Quimby manuscript on mental healing, the other an elaborate scheme of mental barricade against "malicious animal magnetism" or the imagined mental hostilities of people she believed to be her enemies, which became more and more as the years advanced a veritable devil-worship.

Nevertheless Mrs. Eddy had touches of greatness. She made up her mind what she wanted, and, in spite of all her physical and mental torture, she got it. It is the cock-sure people of the world who get ahead. They may not be the most pleasant companions, but they

are the people who get things done. Mrs. Eddy was the most cock-sure woman who ever walked, and for this reason I should call her great.

Mr. Dakin's account seems at first to be clouded with an excess of anecdote, but from a distance these anecdotes clear away and from the midst steps Mother Mary, alive and smiling, a real personality conjured up so effectually by the pages of this book that we should have no trouble recognizing her if we saw her on the street.

Even though you may not be interested in reading this fine biography, it is suggested that you might at least buy it and so do your bit for the freedom of the press.

(Scribner's, \$2.)

D. C.

STEPHEN ESCOTT

By Ludwig Lewisohn

This last effort of Ludwig Lewisohn is somewhat of a disappointment. We have been led to expect from this fine writer, when he chooses fiction, a very fine novel. In *Stephen Escott*, however, we find not a novel at all but a tract on what Mr. Lewisohn think about sex.

The first half of the book treats principally of the contrast between the failure of the marriage of Stephen and the stupid Dorothy, and the success of the marriage of his Jewish friend and business partner, Davis Samson.

Stephen and David have allowed their law practice to drift over to the shady side, and they specialize in obtaining separations for non-compatibles, and people who find themselves incapable of continuing in the marital state because of sexual inadequacy of one of the partners of the union. They are sincere in their work and they believe they are doing their clients an

act of human kindness if they help release them from an existence intolerable through no fault of their own.

Lewisohn tackles his main thesis through the figure of Paul Glover. This man, a friend of Stephen, has shot the lover of his wife and Stephen and David undertake to defend him. To their office Glover is brought for rehearsal and he tells his story to the lawyers and to us. He tells how his wife, whom he adored, seeking a new thrill, had become enamoured of an artist who cared no more for her than if he had been keeping her. Speaking through this unfortunate Glover, Lewisohn comes to the conclusion that adultery isn't the way out of our difficulties, that promiscuity doesn't solve the problem, that where there is love there may be an overthrowing of man-made conventions but there can be no deception without unutterable cheapness.

The opinions offered in the book impress one as being based on good common sense and they are stimulating as such. I, however, feel that the novel should not be substituted for the pamphlet. *Stephen Escott* is interesting for its ideas, but it is quite worthless as a work of art.

(*Harpers*, \$2.50.)

D. C.

THE SKY THROUGH BRANCHES

By T. Morris Longstreth

Many of the poems in this slim volume, the latest publication of a distinguished Haverfordian, have a genuine charm of thought and treatment. Some of them are rather successful attempts to translate into words the rough beauty of the country he knows so well. The poems on the whole give one the impression that as yet Mr. Longstreth has not acquired a technical sureness. Reading them one may hear familiar rhythms

and say, "Why, this sounds a great deal like Housman, and this is certainly written to a tune of Emily Dickinson, and here he is trying to do something like Robert Frost, and here like Robinson."

But to one who loves the great outdoors, its mirrored lakes, its rugged pines, and to one who knows and admires the people who live amongst it, this little collection of poems must indeed be a welcome treat.

From his poem, "Lake Stillness"—

*Mountains lured by some patient power,
To lie on the calm lake's breast enraptured,
Beauty snared for a magic hour,
And heaven at last by old earth captured.*

Lines like these make us await hopefully for Mr. Longstreth's next volume.

(*The Century Co.*, \$2.)

DANIEL DE FOE

Translated from the French of Paul Dottin by Louise Ragan.

The full title of this biography as it is printed in America is *The Life and Strange and Surprising Adventures of Daniel De Foe*. This aptly describes it; the book can pretend to no more. It is a very scholarly assemblage of the facts of De Foe's life. Little more is attempted; nothing more accomplished. M. Dottin has inserted in the midst of his chronicle a chapter of literary criticism concerning De Foe's pot-boilers, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders" and the rest which a college Sophomore would be ashamed to hand in to a professor. Outside of this unfortunate portion, the book makes lively reading for anyone who is in-

terested in English history, or more particularly in the period of the last of the Stuarts, and the beginning of the Hanoverians. De Foe was mixed up in much of the politics of his time. He was the intimate of William of Orange and the tool and spy of the ministers of Anne and George. One of the most energetic people who ever lived, he is an interesting person to read about. But after we have finished his story and know what De Foe did, we haven't much of an idea of what the real man was. We have only the vaguest hint as to his personality. Unless a biographer at least gives us what he feels to have been the personality of his subject, his work is meaningless. He must make us feel that we are in the presence of bit of humanity he has caught just as a fine portrait painter makes us realize that he has "caught" his sitter. M. Dottin has been more interested in collecting his facts than in interpreting them; and left to interpret them for ourselves, we come to the conclusion that Daniel De Foe was a man who did his work, died, and was forgotten, and that it is no particular contribution to the joy or wisdom of the world that he has been remembered again.

(*Macaulay*, §3.50.)

D. C.

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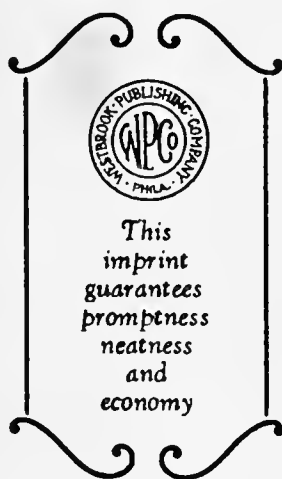
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